MEMOIRS

Of an Unfortunate

YOUNG NOBLEMAN, &c.

RPJCB

MEMOIRS

OF AN

Unfortunate Young Nobleman,

In which is Continued the

HISTORY of Count *Richard*,

Concluding with a

Summary View of the TRYAL.

PART the SECOND.

By the Author of the First.

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M DCC XLIII.

RPJCB

MEMOIRS

Of an Unfortunate

YOUNG NOBLEMAN, &c.

PART the Second.

NEW Scenes for Aſtoniſhment! For Pity! For Abhorrence in the innocent, humane and virtuous Heart, demand to have the Curtain of Obſcurity drawn from before them, and the different Images diſcovered, each in its proper and undiſguis'd Colours!

The World has ſeen the lawful Heir of *Altamont* making ſucceſsful Struggles againſt the Oppreſſion and Injuſtice of his unnatural Uncle, it now remains to ſhew what freſh and numerous Stratagems were invented, and put in practice to overthrow all his honeſt Endeavours for the Recovery of his Birth-right; and how providentially every

barbarous Attempt, either againſt his Life, or the Validity of his Claim, was render'd Abortive, and ſerved only to bring additional Confuſion on the Contriver's Head.

That ſubtle and malicious Spirit, who is capable of receiving no Satisfaction, but in the Depravity and Miſeries of Human Nature, fails not to flatter his Votaries with frequent Appearances of being near the Accompliſhment of their wicked Wiſhes, leſt a continued Series of unſucceſsful Villany ſhou'd make them grow weary of the Purſuit, and turn honeſt out of Policy.

The injurious Count *Richard*, being now reliev'd from all his Wants, and full of Mony, by the diſpoſal of his Predeceſſor's Goods, all the Timber he found fit to Fell on the *Anglia* Eſtate, and whatever elſe was Saleable, began now once more to erect his Creſt, and endeavour to Brow-beat thoſe whom Love of Juſtice had made eſpouſe the Cauſe of the rightful Heir; at the ſame time his Emiſſaries were induſtrious in aſperſing them, and procuring others, who wou'd give Evidence on which ever Side ſuited moſt with their own Intereſt.

In times of Calamity it is not to be wonder'd at, that there ſhou'd be many found, who when Bread and Conſcience are weigh'd againſt each other, will not heſitate to make the former Scale preponderate: The Count therefore did not want Perſons ready to give Affidavits according to Direction; but what rais'd his Hopes and Expectations to the moſt ſanguine Height, was ſome Aſ-

ſurances

ſurances given him by *Charlotte*, a Woman who had waited on the Baroneſs *de Altamont*, and ſome mention was made of in the firſt part of theſe Memoirs.

This Creature, after being diſcharged from her Lady, had been married to an inferior Tradeſman, and at his Death left in very wretched Circumſtances. Count *Richard*, being inform'd of this, preſently imagin'd ſhe might be of uſe to him, therefore ſent for her to come to him, and having entertain'd her with a long Story of the pretended Hardſhips he lay under, by the Claim of the Chevalier *James*, at length told her, that as he fear'd it wou'd one Day be brought into a Court of Judicature, if ſhe cou'd think of any thing for his Advantage in the mean time, he wou'd not be ungrateful.

She eaſily underſtood what it was he meant; but alſo knowing perfectly well the Nature of the Perſon ſhe had to deal with, reſolved to do nothing without being on a ſure Foundation.

She drop'd a thouſand Curtſies, and with the moſt fawning Grin (which no Body knew better how to aſſume) replied, that ſhe ſhou'd think herſelf extremely happy to be any way inſtrumental in ſerving his Lordſhip; but alas, ſhe was ſo much reduced by the frowns of Fortune, that ſhe cou'd not make any Appearance in the World capable of gaining Credit to what ſhe ſaid.

It has already been proved, by many Inſtances, that the Count was ſuperlatively laviſh in his Promiſes, whenever he ſtood

in need of a Favour, and equally penurious in the Performance, when he had once received it —— All he wou'd therefore have made her Hope, from his future Bounty, pass'd for nothing —— She was not to be fed with Air, as she knew some others had been — Her craving Wants demanded more substantial Relief, and before she wou'd enter into any Negotiation with him, he was obliged to give her an immediate Order on his Banker for Four Hundred Crowns: A Sum which, to part with, drew drops of Blood from his Heart; but he knew the Prejudice she might be to him, by swearing to the Truth, and on that Account it was necessary to buy her off at any rate, whether she came into Court on his side or not.

Having by this Present secured, as he imagined, all she cou'd do for him, he ventured to ask her, if she wou'd befriend him so far as to swear the Baroness *de Altamont* was never Pregnant?

Prepared as she was to come into any Scheme, that might prove of Advantage to her, she started at this Proposal: How, my Lord, can I do that, said she, when such Numbers of People of all Ranks have a thousand Times seen and paid their Compliments to the young Chevalier? —— Nay, it is possible the very Person who assisted at bringing him into the World, and others in the Chamber at the same time, as well as the Nurse who suckled him, may still be living to confront me.

Take

Take you no Care for that, replied the Count, ſome of them are no longer in the World, and others I have found means to Silence; and as for the Nurſe, her Evidence will infallibly be ſet aſide; for I pretend that the Chevalier *James* is her own Son.

Charlotte allowed that this was a Maſterpeice indeed; but now finding in how material a Point to him, and dangerous to her ſelf, he wanted her Aſſiſtance, was determin'd not to ſell it too cheap, therefore affected abundance of Scruples of Conſcience——ſaid, ſhe wou'd be glad his Lordſhip got the better, but to take an Oath ſo directly oppoſite to Truth, and defraud an Innocent young Gentleman, whom ſhe ſo many thouſand times had held in her Arms, and cheriſh'd when an Infant, went ſtrangely againſt her, and ſhe knew not whether ſhe cou'd be able to go through with it.

Count *Richard* had Penetration enough to ſee into the Motive of this feign'd Nicety, but willing to ſave any farther Expence, if poſſible, made uſe of all the Rhetorick he was Maſter of to perſuade her to come into his Meaſures, but all this had little Effect, till a ſecond Order on his Banker, for the ſame Sum as the former, oblig'd her to own he was too generous to be refuſed any thing, *and now, my Lord,* ſaid ſhe, *whenever your Cauſe comes to a publick hearing, I will ſwear poſitively, that during the whole Time my Lady and the Baron lived together, I was never one Day abſent from her —— that I dreſt and undreſt her every*

Morning and Evening, and that so far from being the Mother of a Child, she never had the least Signs of Pregnancy.

The Count was extremely satisfyed that he had gain'd this point, which he fancyed would quite overthrow all the Evidences against him, and was beginning to renew his Promises of making her easy for her whole Life in Case he got the better of his Nephew, which he now ceased to doubt, having a Witness so unquestionable; but while he was indulging himself with this pleasing Prospect, and endeavouring to keep her firm to his Interest by soothing her Expectations with future Gratuities, her active Brain was improving on the Project, and after she had well weigh'd what she was about to offer, *Suppose, my Lord,* said she, *I find a way to intimidate your Adversaries so much, as to make them drop the Process, and save your Lordship all the Trouble and Expence that must necessarily attend a Tryal?*

This made the Count open his Eyes indeed, and he presently cryed out, *How? How my dear* Charlotte! *This is the Method I will take with your Lordships permission,* answered she, *I am acquainted at a House where one of the* Chevaliers *most intimate Friends comes every Day: I will tell him of the Affidavit I am to make, and also pretend I have other very material Things to add. As he yet knows not who I am, nor that I ever had the Honour to belong to your Lordships Family, it will strike a great Damp to find there is a Person against them, who has it in her Power to swear and to be believed in any Secrets she shall pretend to discover.*

The

The Count, who eaſily ſwallowed any thing that flatter'd his Deſigns, was ſo tranſported at this Thought, that he cut a Caper as high as his Corpulency would admit —— then took her in his Arms, embraced, kiſs'd, and call'd her his guardian Angel, proteſting at the ſame time with the moſt unheard of Imprecations, that ſhe ſhould ſhare with him the Fortune ſhe preſerv'd.

But theſe were Demonſtrations of Gratitude, which had ſmall Effect on the Perſon on whom they were beſtow'd, and having got all ſhe in reality expected was impatient to be gone, where ſhe hoped to make a ſecond and perhaps a better Market; ſo telling the Count there was no Time to be loſt, took her Leave; and as he found ſhe wanted neither Cunning nor any other Requiſite to qualify her for what ſhe attempted, he would not detain her, but told her he depended entirely on her Friendſhip and good Management.

She went immediately about doing as ſhe ſaid, but had a Meaning in it very different from what he imagin'd: Her Deſign was, by boaſting how much it was in her Power to ſerve the Count *de Anglia*, to ſhew the Friends of the Chevalier *James* it would be for the Intereſt of his Cauſe to purchaſe her Friendſhip at any rate —— ſhe had engaged to give her Affidavit to a Falſity for a Sum of Money, and for a Sum of Money ſhe would have ſworn to the Truth, and without all doubt much rather; tho', not for the ſake of Principle but Safety, ſince in the one ſhe ran no hazard, in the other a great deal.

Macario, ever watchful for his Friend, was soon inform'd of this new Evidence, and she threw herself in his way on purpose to see what Offers he would make her to abandon the Count, and become one of their Side; but he was so far from proposing any thing to her of the nature she expected, that he remonstrated to her in such touching Terms the Baseness of the Action she was about to be guilty of, that she could not help feeling some Shock at it; and 'tis possible could not have fulfill'd her Promise to Count *Richard*, had she been call'd upon to do it at that Moment; but her ill Genius soon got the better of these Starts of Virtue, and she relaps'd into her former Hardness of Heart.

As the Time drew nearer in which it was expected the great Decision would be made, the Agents of this cruel Uncle grew more and more industrious, scattering the most vile Insinuations, not only against the Chevalier *James* himself, but also against all those who favour'd his Pretensions, not excepting Persons of the first Rank, as well as others; neither Virtue, Wisdom, Wealth nor Titles were a sufficient Defence from the poisonous Invectives thrown out by these subtile Vipers — all Degrees of People whose Opinion was of Consequence enough either to serve, or prejudice the Cause of their Patron, were practised upon by their insidious Arts —— several Persons were employ'd to write in its Defence, and others to dispence whatever the Malice or Treachery of their Fellow-Labourers in this detestable Employment could invent; but as these Libels were dictated by as little Genius as Truth, they were

were read by very few, and by fewer yet regarded. At the ſame time all manner of ways were eſſay'd to prevent and ſuppreſs real Facts from being brought to Light.——No Promiſes were ſpared in order to prevail on the Publiſhers of publick Papers to incert Paragraphs, and pretended Articles of News in favour of Count *Richard:* No Menaces omitted, which they thought might intimidate them from ſuffering any thing to appear againſt him; but all this had no Effect, the World ſaw through the Deception, and deſpis'd both that and its Authors. The Count became every Day more contemptible: Even thoſe, to whom his aſſum'd Dignity was of ſome little Service were aſham'd of owing any Benefit to a Man more mean and abject in his Nature than themſelves. I cannot forbear giving one inſtance out of a great Number might be produced of the Truth of this.

Among the many Advantages which the Capital of that Kingdom, where theſe Tranſactions hapned, has above moſt Cities in the World, is that of a fine River, on which Boats are continually paſſing, conveying People with the greateſt Eaſe and Safety imaginable to whatever Part they pleaſe.——A Gentleman who was fond of travelling in this manner, hired a pair of *Oars*; for ſo they call thoſe Boats which are row'd by two Men, as thoſe which are conducted only by one, go by the Name of *Scullar*. He had not been many Minutes in the Boat before he took notice, that the Coat of one that row'd him lying on the Bench, every now and then ſlipt off and diſcover'd a ſilver Badge upon it, which the

Waterman as often ſlaken'd his *Oar* to throw up again, endeavouring as much as poſſible to conceal the Badge. —— He thought there was ſomething odd in the Behaviour of the Fellow, and preſently ask'd him to what Nobleman he belong'd? On which he ſcratched his Ears, hung down his Head, without making any Anſwer, and on the ſame Queſtion being put to him a ſecond time only ſaid, *The Arms are a Count's, Sir.* ——*I ſee they are by the Coronet*, reſum'd the Gentleman, *but I would know what Count* —— *the Name of your Lord is not a Secret ſure.* —— *No, Sir*, replyed the Man, *but to tell you the Truth, I wiſh it were.* —— *I never carry a Fare but this plaguey Badge ſets them a Laughing, and Bantring me about my noble Lord* —— *and then they fall a telling ſuch a Pack of Stories of him, that I have wiſh'd him and his Badge too a thouſand times at the bottom of the River.* Still he was ſilent as to the Name, but the Gentleman recollecting that the Character ſuited but with one Perſon in the Kingdom of that Dignity, preſently cryed out, *I'll warrant you mean the Count* de Anglia? —— *The ſame, Sir, indeed*, reply'd the Waterman, *This War-Time we are glad of any Thing for a Protection, otherwiſe I'd ſee him hang'd before I'd wear any thing belonging to him.*

The Gentleman could not forbear ſmiling at the rough Simplicity of the Fellow, but being a Perſon of good Senſe, and a true Lover of his Country, and had alſo heard much of the Character of Count *Richard*, was not diverted, as the Waterman had expected, but on the

the contrary extremly ſhock'd, that a Man guilty of Actions which render'd him ſo deſpicable in the Eyes of even the loweſt Sort of People, ſhould by an aſſum'd Dignity have the Honour of ſitting in an Aſſembly juſtly reverenc'd over all the known World.

Nor did the juſt and univerſal Ridicule upon him confine itſelf to what was ſaid of him in his Abſence ——— a laced Coat —— a gilt Chariot —— or more modiſh *Landau*, was not of the leaſt Service to excite either Awe or Reſpect for the Owner. —— Not his pompous Titles, nor all the Shew he could make was able to ſilence the Tongues of the exclaiming multitude, or baniſh that Sneer which ſat upon the Faces of thoſe of the better Sort when ever he appear'd in publick.

An ugly Accident once happened, which, in ſpite of his natural Audacity and Tenaciouſneſs, forced him to be convinced of this Truth. He was going one Day either to viſit ſome Perſon, or meerly to ſhew himſelf (as was often the Caſe) when his Coachman driving full ſpeed through a dirty ill-paved Street, one of the Horſes ſlipt his Foot into a Hole, and fell quite down. The two Footmen jump'd from behind the Coach, and the Coachman whipt and ſtraitned the Reins in order to get the poor Beaſt up again ——— ſeveral People gather'd, ſome to aſſiſt, and others to be Spectators, as any thing will call the Mob together in that Country. ——— Great Tugging and Lugging there was for a conſiderable Time to raiſe the Horſe, but he was wedged too faſt, —— Count *Richard* was all the while

ſwearing

ſwearing and curſing his careleſs Dog of a Coachman, yet could not the fury he was in hinder him from hearing one of thoſe who came to help the poor Fellow in his Endeavours to remedy this Misfortune, ſay, *If it were not more for the ſake of the poor Horſe than his* Owner, *he ſhould lie and rot for me.*—*Tis a Judgment upon him*, rejoins another, *if his Nephew, the* Chevalier James, *that he ſold to* America, *had his Right he would have neither Coach nor Horſes.* A third being ask'd to aſſiſt, cry'd, *not I, indeed*, unleſs it were to *draw him to the Gallows.*

Much more of the ſame kind was ſaid, but this was nothing to the Scene that enſued, and 'tis probable the Count would have Prudence enough to ſeem as if he did not hear it, if ſomething yet more galling had not provoked him beyond all Patience. —— A Stand of Hackney Coaches being near, ſeveral of thoſe belonging to them were drinkiug at an Alehouſe, and ſeeing the Accident, came running out with good Nature enough to contribute toward eaſing the Horſe, but no ſooner found who was in the Coach, than they cryed out, one and all, with two or three great Oaths, according to their Faſhion, *'tis the Count* de Anglia, and were immediately turning away, as unwilling to do him the leaſt good Office; when one of them looking earneſtly in his Face as he was ſtill raging and curſing, *prythee*, ſaid he to the Coachman, *bid your Lord come out and help his Horſe himſelf, he underſtands how to do it as will as any of us.* His Companions ſtared at him as he

ſpoke

ſpoke theſe Words, which he perceiving, *'tis true enough*, cry'd he, *it is not ſo many Years ago, but I can remember when he, this great Lord, and I, both drove Coaches for* Tom Carrel; *for tho' he's Count* de Anglia *now, he was plain* Dick *then.* A loud Laugh and Halloo diſcovered how well this rough Aſſembly were pleas'd with any thing that was degrading to this ignoble Peer; but as all this paſs'd ſo extremely near him, that he could not poſſibly be thought not to hear it, he turn'd all the Fury he had been venting on his own Coachman, who had ſo groſly inſulted him, call'd him Rogue, Raſcal, Scoundrel, and all the foul Names he could invent, holding his Cane at the ſame time towards him in a threatning Poſture; on which the ſurely Fellow, who happened to be a *Hibernian*, ſtruck his Whip into the Coach, and retorted pretty near the ſame Language he had receiv'd.

Count *Richard*, now foaming with Wrath, jumps out of his Coach, and draws his Sword: This draws all that were about the Horſe to the Aſſiſtance of the Man, and crying out, *O the Coward! 'tis like him —— what draw his Sword upon a naked Man!* laid on him ſome with their Whips, which they took care to dip firſt in the Kennel, and ſome with Cudgels, ſo that he was in a ſtrange beſmear'd Condition. ——— His Footmen ran to the Reſcue of their Lord; but all they could do avail'd but little. ——— My Lord was ſorely beaten, —— his Sword broke into Shivers, and the Mob continued Shouting and Huzzaing till he got away, which he did with great

Diffi-

Difficulty in a Chair, which one of his Servants very prudently brought, leaving the Care of his Coach and Horſes to his Coachman, who fared much better after he was gone; and when the Horſe was releas'd went to take a Cup of Refreſhment with thoſe who had lent him their Hands; and was then told the whole Story how the Count, his Maſter, when Chevalier *Richard*, having ſquander'd away his little Fortune, among Women of the Town and Gameſters, inſtead of betaking himſelf to any of thoſe Employments befitting a decay'd Gentleman, did really hire himſelf to a Man who kept ſeveral Hackney Coaches, one of which he drove ſome time, and was at laſt turn'd away, on a ſtrong Suſpicion of having defrauded his Maſter.

If this be Fact, as it has been well atteſted by others beſide the Coachman, it muſt be owned that Nature never blended ſo many Contradictions in one Man —— Pride and Meanneſs, —— Avarice and Profuſeneſs, —— Cowardiſe and Raſhneſs, —— Cunning and Stupidity, —— Fickleneſs and Obſtinacy, —— in fine, he was every Thing by turns but Virtuous, and it would be incredible, had not too flagrant Inſtances convinced us of it, that a Man ſo born, ſo educated, could be dead to all Senſe of publick Shame, as well as ſecret Conviction. Had he given himſelf any time for Reflection he muſt certainly have felt ſome Starts of Remorſe, if not Contrition, for Actions which drew upon him the general Scorn and Deteſtation.

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We must therefore conclude, he either had not the Power of Thinking at all, or that Thinking was accompanied with Horrors he had not Courage to sustain; and this last seems highly probable, because he was always ready to indulge and give the greatest loose to every thing that might banish a serious Recollection.—Wine, and the most profligate Company of both Sexes, provided they flatter'd his Vanity, engross'd all his Moments, and while his Instruments were racking their Brains in inventing Means to seduce, or intimidate the Lovers of Truth and Justice, was he either lolling at a Gameing Table with Messieurs *Size Ace*, and *Double Dye*, —— carousing, and singing ribald Catches with *Guzzledown* his favourite Companion, and some others of the same Stamp, or rioting in those loose Pleasures, which those like him miscal Love, with some common Wanton of the Town, two of which he kept constantly in his House, and bestow'd on them by turns his amorous Caresses. —— How equally he dealt between them either his Person or Fortune, it cannot be possible to say; but this is certain, as it was obvious to the great Disturbance of the Neighbourhood, that each thinking herself aggriev'd, was a *Roxana* to the other, and threatned Distruction every Moment, not only to her Rival, but also to her unfaithful and injurious Lord.

To gain some Relaxation from these perpetual Clamours, which every Day presented him with a Scene of *Billingsgate*, as well as to gratify his inordinate Passion for Variety, he often

often went in ſearch of new Faces: Among whom was one, who had much the Advantage in Stature, not only of all her Rivals, but of moſt of her whole Sex; and had ſhe not appear'd in Town ſomewhat of the lateſt, and the Wonder been anticipated by the Arrival of of a Weſtern Gianteſs, might have been ſhewn as ſuch. —— This Creature inſtead of her real Name, was ordinarily known by that of Mrs. *Maypole*, and after being caſt off by a Player, (who being ſomewhat diminutive himſelf, had once thought it an Honour to be admitted to the Embraces of a Perſon ſo ſuperior in growth,) was ſpreading all her Snares in order to attract a new Keeper. Our Count happned to meet her at a Country Fair, —— made his Addreſſes to her, —— his Title, and the Promiſes he made, gain'd him an eaſy Conqueſt, and for a Time he was as much attach'd to her as ſhe could wiſh. ——— He viſited her every Day at her Houſe, which was at a ſmall Village, about a Mile Diſtant from the Capital, and ſaid abundance of fine things to her; at firſt ſhe flatter'd herſelf with ſoon being in Poſſeſſion of all might be expected in her Situation; but on finding he ſtill came empty-handed, no Bank Bills, no Gold Snuff-box,—no Watch, —— no Ring, —— no Trinket of any Kind, ſhe took the Liberty of reminding him, how little Reaſon ſhe had to believe herſelf the Miſtreſs of his *Heart*, when ſhe could not command his *Purſe*.

To this he anſwered, with mountainous Aſſurances, of what Things he intended to do for her, but had always ſome Excuſe or other for

for delaying the Execution, till at last she was so free as to tell him, she must haveMony to buy a Velvet Petticoat, a Mantelet and some other odd Things she wanted: On which he protested that he had not sufficient in his Pocket, but would certainly supply her the next Visit.

For once he perform'd his Promise, but in doing so shew'd an Oeconomy, which I believe was never parallell'd in any Age, or by any Nobleman in the World. ——— Cash began now to run pretty low. —— His Instruments were continually drawing upon him. ——— Lawyers Bills came thick. —— Few cared to give long Credit to a Man of his known Character, and the Event of whose Cause was so dubious. —— This main Point was not to be neglected for the Demands of a Mistress: —— He therefore most prudently consider'd, that as he made but an odd Figure in the Senate, never Spoke, nor had his Opinion ask'd by any of his Fellow-Peers, that it was altogether indifferent, both to them, his Country and himself, whither he ever appear'd there or not, so took his Robes, and having consulted with proper Persons, order'd those Ensigns of his Senatorial Dignity to be cut in Pieces, and transmography'd into a Petticoat and Mantelet for Mrs. *Maypole*.

It must be acknowledg'd this was a Thought worthy of the Person, and the Workwoman employed in this grand Affair perform'd her part so well, and placed to such Advantage, the Ermin round the Borders of the Velvet, that Madam *Maypole* was highly satis-

ſatisfied both with the one and the other, and the Count eas'd for ſome Days of any further Importunities.

But to be ſerious, — who that ſaw a Habit deſign'd to give a grace and weight to thoſe illuſtrious Wearers, who in their collective Body decide the Fate of Nations, now converted into the Trappings of a mean and abandon'd Proſtitute, cou'd refrain from loading the unworthy Perverter with all the Reproaches ſo infamous an Action merited, even thoſe who by Blood were moſt nearly allied to him bluſh'd, and had not the leaſt ſhadow of an Excuſe.—He had indeed ſhewn by this that he was the firſt to degrade himſelf from a Dignity he had ſo little Right to, and it ſeem'd to the ſuperſtitious a ſure Prognoſtick, that he wou'd ſhortly be chaſed away in Form from an Aſſembly he had of his own accord abjur'd, by demoliſhing and parting with thoſe Ornaments which were the only diſtinguiſhing Marks of his being a Member of it.

But let us leave him for awhile dividing his Time between Corruption and Debauchery —— the Dupe of every vile Incendiary and Sycophant, and the Contempt of all honeſt and good Men, and now caſt our Eyes on the long Suffering Heir of *Altamont*, who with his generous Friends was employing himſelf in Scenes of a far different Nature.

The worthy *Macario*, anxious as he was to ſee this injured Nobleman in Poſſeſſion of his Birth-right, was no leſs ſo, to have him qualified with every thing becoming his Dignity. He therefore took upon himſelf the chief care of

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managing the Proceſs againſt Count *Richard*, that he might have all the opportunity he cou'd deſire to indulge the politer Studies; uninterrupted with any of thoſe Perplexities, which are the unavoidable Companions of Law-Affairs.

This never enough prais'd and admired Friend, bore alſo not only the greateſt part of the Trouble, but of the Expence, which of Conſequence muſt attend the Proſecution of a Buſineſs of this Nature; and at the ſame Time ſupporting a young Nobleman in a Faſhion befitting his Birth, and the Titles he laid Claim to, and which might hereafter occaſion no Reflexions when he ſhou'd come to be in Poſſeſſion of it. *Amico* indeed had done a great deal, but ſome unexpected Misfortunes in Life falling ſuddenly on him, deprived him of the Power of contributing, according to the Generoſity of his Nature, or the Zeal he had in the Cauſe of Juſtice, ſo that he cou'd oblige the Chevalier *James* no farther than he had already done, which indeed was in two ſuch material Points, that without him he might a ſecond time have become a Prey to the Barbarity of his Uncle; by his getting the Witneſſes together, he proved to all the diſcerning Part of the World the Validity of his Claim, and by introducing him to the Acquaintance of *Macario*, who ſo well knew how to aſſert that Claim, and to defend him by the utmoſt Vigilance and Courage, from all the Aſſaults of his cruel Enemy, both publick and private, he furniſh'd him with the Means of being able

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to attend, without Impatience, till the great Deciſion ſhould be made.

Not all the fabulous Hiſtories of Antiquity, wrote with a View of inculcating the Social Virtues, ever produced an Inſtance of a more ſincere and zealous Friendſhip, than that which the generous *Macario* teſtified on all Occaſions, for his dear Chevalier *James* — Whenever the Noble Sufferer ſeemed Penſive, or uttered the leaſt Complaint on the Severity of his Fate, the other fail'd not to cheer him with the moſt tender and ſolemn Aſſurances, that he wou'd devote his whole Fortune (which was very ample) for the Recovery of his Birth-right, and loſe the laſt drop of his Blood in Caſe of any Exigence in his Defence.

Theſe were Promiſes very unlike what are made by the generality of Profeſſors — they ſprung from the Heart, and were accompany'd by Deeds — of the *one*, the Chevalier had every Day Experience, and an Accident, little expected by either of them, ſhewed him the Sincerity of the other.

Of all the various Diverſions one of the gayeſt and moſt opulent Cities in the World afforded, thoſe of the Theatre had the greateſt Share of the Chevalier's Attention; and as he ſeem'd delighted only with thoſe which had a moral Tendency, thoſe careful Friends, who were no leſs diligent in improving his Mind, than in promoting his Intereſt, always took care to inform him when ſuch were to be exhibited: He rarely went alone, not that he apprehended any Violence wou'd be offer'd him;

him, but becauſe it added to the Pleaſure of the Entertainment to comment himſelf, and hear the Opinion of thoſe more verſed in ſuch things, on the different Scenes as they paſs'd over.

Macario was with him one Night at the Repreſentation of a juſtly celebrated Tragedy, when a real and more dreadful one was intended to have been acted on himſelf. The Inhuman Count *Richard* was now, indeed, near triumphing in a ſecure and lawful Poſſeſſion of that Title and Eſtate he had ſo long uſurp'd; and being entirely freed from all the Anxieties and Terrors he had endured while holding them from the rightful Heir—whether the Helliſh Contrivance was his own, or whether he had any hand in it or not, we will not pretend to ſay, being determin'd to lay nothing to his Charge, but what can be proved by the moſt undeniable Evidences. The villainous Attempt therefore ſhall only be related, and left to the Reader to judge of as he thinks moſt reaſonable and probable.

The Play being ended, and the Company hurrying out as faſt as poſſible, *Macario* call'd to one of thoſe Fellows, who are continually waiting about the Doors with Lights, to get a Coach. In the mean Time the Chevalier *James*, and himſelf, preſs'd through the Crowd, in order to get into the Street——The Linkman ſoon return'd, and told them there was a Coach at the end of a little Paſſage, through which they might paſs and avoid the Crowd: Little ſuſpecting what was prepared for them, they followed the Light, which all

on a ſudden went out, and three or four Men at the ſame inſtant ruſhed upon them with drawn Swords, and both were wounded before they had time to draw, and when they did, were fearful of making any Thruſts, for fear of hurting each other: Providence however averted ſo fatal an Accident, and the Claſhing of the Swords bringing ſeveral Linkmen and others about them, the Ruffians fled without being able to do any Execution: A Light glancing full on the Face of one of them, as he was making his Eſcape, the Chevalier *James* knew to be a Perſon who had ſate near them in the Playhouſe, and he remembered had his Eye very much fix'd upon them, tho' at that Time he thought nothing of it—— the Moment that the Lights appear'd *Macario* had the preſence of Mind to ſeize another by the Collar, but his Companions getting between diſengag'd him, and the Preſs of People crowdin upon them, facilitated their Eſcape —— none attempting to ſtop them, as they judg'd it only a private Quarrel, and cou'd not judge which Party had been the Agreſſor.

A Tavern being very near, they ſtep'd into it, in order to have their Wounds dreſs'd, each fearing for his Friend more than for himſelf—— *Macario* ſeeing the Blood trickle down the Sleeve of the Chevalier, flew into ſuch tranſports of Rage and Grief, as proved the Sincerity of that Affection he profeſs'd for him—— the Chevalier alſo perceiving ſome Marks of the like Violence about him, cry'd out, Oh God! Wherefore do I live, ſince doom'd

doom'd to be fatal to the beſt of Men and Friends! —— Several Gentlemen, perfect Strangers to them both, but who this Accident had made follow them into the Tavern, were ſenſibly touch'd with the generoſity of their Behaviour, but no ſooner learn'd who they were, than they one and all concluded it cou'd be no other than the wicked Inſtruments of the Count *de Anglia,* who had made this Attempt to rid him of his injur'd Nephew's Pretenſions —— what was ſaid on this Occaſion wou'd be too tedious to repeat, but the Reader may ſuppoſe it was conformable to the Abhorrence all Men who had the leaſt Share of Honour or Humanity, muſt have of ſo execrable a Deſign.

A Surgeon having ſearch'd their Wounds, found them only ſlight Scratches; but in ſuch Parts as doubtleſs had been dangerous if not Mortal, had not their Cloaks, which were cloſe wrap'd about them, it being extreme cold Weather, broke the force of the Weapons, as it appear'd by the Cloth being cut in ſeveral Places.

The Gentleman, in a very ſincere and obliging manner, congratulated the Heir of *Altamont*, and his worthy Friend on their happy Eſcape, and after they had all taken a neceſſary Refreſhment, would needs go in a Body and accompany them to *Macario*'s Houſe, where the Chevalier was then a Gueſt, not judging it ſafe for them to go alone, as 'twas poſſible the Villains might be ſtill lurking about in ſome dark Corner, in hope of finding an opportunity for a ſecond Attempt.

This

This Affair afforded much matter of Reflexion to our Chevalier himſelf, as well as to all thoſe who were made acquainted with it.—— *Amico*, who, by the many Snares laid for his own Life, when in ſearch of Evidences, was perfectly convinc'd that the Count wou'd ſcruple nothing, heſitated not to judge him guilty of this: Few indeed were of any other way of thinking, whether they were miſtaken or not, ſome Accident hereafter may perhaps diſcover.

However from what quarter ſoever the Danger proceeded, it ſeem'd prudent to guard againſt it for the future, and the Houſe of *Macario* being ſituate in a Part of the Town pretty much retired, few People paſſing that way, eſpecially by Night, they knew not what deſperate Attack might be made upon it; therefore thought beſt the Chevalier *James*, who doubtleſs was the chief Perſon aimed at, ſhould be removed to a place of more Security; and as none cou'd be entirely ſo, if ſuſpected to contain him, *Macario* agreed for his Board and Lodging as for a Relation of his own juſt come to Town, at an extreme pleaſant Houſe on the Bank of a fine River, and belonging to a Perſon who had never ſeen the Chevalier, ſo had it not in his Power to betray him, had he been one capable of ſuch an Action.

Some Days after this Precaution had been taken on his Account, *Macario* was convinced it had not been needleſs.—— He frequently ſaw ſeveral ill-look'd Fellows about his Door, one or other of whom never fail'd to

to follow him at a diſtance to whatever Place he went, of which he ſeem'd to take no Notice, and in order to give them as much trouble as he cou'd, wou'd ſometimes go into By-lanes and Turnings, looking fearfully as it were behind him at every half dozen Paces, as if what he was going upon requir'd the greateſt Circumſpection. —— This afforded a good deal of Diverſion to him, when he afterward heard that Inquiry had been made, what ſort of Perſons lived in thoſe Houſes he had been ſeen to enter.

Amico was no leſs narrowly obſerved, and behaved much after the ſame manner; ſo that thoſe Wretches by whomſoever employ'd, cou'd be able to give Accounts little ſatisfactory to their Principal. This, as well as all other Endeavours to diſtreſs or deſtroy the Chevalier *James*, only ſerving to prove how much he was the Care of Providence, and that his Claim was juſt, by the unfair Means taken by his Adverſaries to render it void.

As his Proceſs was carrying on with the utmoſt Vigour, theſe generous Aſſertors of his Cauſe acquainted him by Letters directed to him under a feign'd Name, of every Step they took from Time to Time; and tho' they mutually lamented being deprived of the Happineſs of each others Converſation, yet as the neceſſity of the Chevalier's Affairs, and indeed the Preſervation of his Life depended on his Concealment, they were obliged to ſubmit to it, neither *Macario* nor *Amico* ever daring to make him a Viſit, nor

he to ſtir out of the Houſe where he was lodged.

His Confinement was indeed the moſt pleaſant one that Nature ever form'd or Art improved; it had formerly been the Palace of one of the greateſt and moſt luxurious Men that Kingdom ever produced, and tho' ſince his Time very much impaired, the arch'd and lofty Roofs, the curious fretwork Cielings, the marble Pillars, had ſtill an air of Grandeur, which ſhew'd the Wealth and Magnificence of the Founder; the Gardens were large, and laid out with an Elegance not to be criticis'd upon by the more modern Pretenders to Agriculture; great numbers of *Exotick* Plants were ſtill remaining, and Groves whoſe very Antiquity render'd them yet more pleaſing.

In this agreeable Solitude did the Chevalier *James* endeavour to atone for the Abſence of thoſe whoſe Company was ſo dear to him, by reading: *Macario* took care to ſend after him a great many ſelect and well choſen Books; but tho' no Man more zealouſly labour'd for Improvement, or for his Years was a greater Friend to Contemplation, yet, like *Adam* in Paradiſe, there was ſomething wanting to his Contentment, and in all the Correſpondence he had with *Macario* and *Amico*, they perceived a certain Air of Melancholy run through his Letters, which they eaſily accounted for, and too much regarded his Peace not to take ſome means to remove.

Whoever

Whoever has known the force of true Affection, or experienced the Joys that faithful virtuous Love affords, will own they found the surest Cordial to dispel all those gloomy Images which were beginning to take possession of his Thoughts. —— His beautiful Wife was then in the Country with some of her own Relations; but on a Letter from *Amico*, came immediately to Town, and hasted to partake, and add to the Pleasures of her dear Chevalier's Retirement.

The Spies in quest of him now also beginning to abate of their Diligence, through the Prudence of *Macario*, who gave out that the Chevalier *James* was gone to *Altamont*, those faithful Friends ventured to visit him frequently in the dusk of the Evening, so that he had nothing to regret in being debarr'd from coming to the Capital, but what the Felicities he enjoyed in this sweet and quiet Recess, amply compensated for. — Oh! who wou'd barter that happy Serenity which is always the Companion of Innocence, even when distrest, for those unruly Passions, that continual Vicissitude of Hopes and Fears, Anxieties and Terrors which are the Portion, and the Scourge of Guilt, tho' in the most seeming prosperous State!

The Chevalier *James*, conscious of the Righteousness of his Cause, and depending on the Justice of Heaven, and those that were to adjudge it, had no Impatience but for the arrival of a Day which shou'd convince that part of the World which yet were dubious, that he was far from being the Impostor his

cruel Uncle repreſented; and alſo to have it in his power to diſcharge thoſe Debts his Neceſſities had obliged him to contract. The injurious Count *Richard* on the other hand, in ſpite of all the Witneſſes he had pack'd together, in ſpite of having it in his power to corrupt a greater Number ſtill of thoſe capable of being corrupted, — in ſpite of all the Aſſurances given him by his Mercenaries, and in ſpite even of his own natural Confidence, was every moment ſinking under Apprehenſions — begging in the moſt abject manner, thoſe who had undertaken his Defence, to try every Stratagem, employ every Evaſion from time to time to hinder the Thing from coming to any Iſſue, and in fine, feeling in Idea all thoſe Puniſhments which his Crimes merited in Reality.

Methinks, the honeſt and open Endeavours uſed on one ſide to bring this Affair to a Deciſion, and the mean clandeſtine Artifices put in practice by the other to delay it, ſhou'd not have left any one Perſon in the World who cou'd poſſibly make a queſtion which Party was in the right.——'Tis certain indeed, that with all People of even the moſt common Underſtanding, the Count was caſt by his own fearing to be ſo; and if thoſe of the weakeſt Capacities were ever divided in their Minds, it was only when in company with thoſe Wretches who were ſupported by him for no other pupoſe than to go to Coffee-houſes, and other Places of publick Reſort, and trumpet forth a thouſand ridiculous Stories of the Chevalier

James,

James, invented by their Patron, and asserted by themselves with the most dreadful Imprecations, which yet made Impressions of no longer Continuance than the time of uttering them, and were afterwards either forgotten, or look'd upon, as indeed they were, so many new Proofs of the badness of a Cause that required such Subterfuges to defend.

For my part, I am apt to believe, that as the Heroes and Heroines of Romances are always described too near Perfection to be imagined real Characters, so if Time permits this Book to live to After-ages, the Reader will look upon it as fictitious, and not without the greatest Difficulty be brought to think that Nature ever cou'd produce a Monster such as Count *Richard*; the most wicked Wretches (will they say) is not without some Seeds of good —— there is a Light and Shade in every Man, and those in whom Vice most predominates, will sometimes even in spite of themselves do a commendable Action, —— but in the Character of this Count, there is not one white Line —— all is black and horrid —— the *Devil* and the *Brute* make the whole shocking Composition without the least mixture of *Humanity*, much less of that *Celestial Essence* of which we are told the Soul is form'd.

Thus will they argue, and indeed with the greatest appearance of Reason; and better it were that all shou'd pass for fabulous, than that any future Proofs shou'd arise to convince

Mankind of the Poſſibility how far the Species may degenerate. But to return:

Several Months paſt over in Endeavours on both ſides, ſuch as have been deſcribed —— thoſe concerned for the Chevalier *James* being Perſons of great Character in the World, and far above putting in practice thoſe little Artifices the meaner ſort of their Profeſſion are well verſed in, and which caſt ſo great a Diſgrace on Law, were not always aware of the Querks found out by the Count's Party, to delay the Cauſe coming to a Deciſion, ſo that they often gain'd their Point thus far. I wou'd not here be underſtood as if this cruel Uncle had no Men of Honour employed, undoubtedly there were ſome of very deſerv'd Reputation; but every one knows that the moſt penetrating may ſometimes be deceiv'd, and alſo that the number of Evidences weighs a great deal before thoſe Evidences come to be confronted by others, whoſe Teſtimony appears more conformable to Reaſon.

So great was the Expectation of the Publick for the Event, that ſcarce any thing was talk'd on while it remain'd in Agitation —— all degrees of People concern'd themſelves in it, as tho' their own immediate Intereſt had depended on the Succeſs of it, —— you cou'd not go into a Coffee-houſe, or any publick Aſſembly, nay, ſcarce walk the Streets without hearing ſomething ſaid of the *Altamont* Affair; and thoſe who had never ſeen either the unjuſt Poſſeſſor of that Title, or the injured Claimant, ſeemed perfectly acquainted

quainted with all that could be ſaid by either, both as to Defence and Accuſation. The People of any Condition never mention'd it without ſhrugging up their Shoulders, ſhaking their Heads, and lifting up their Hands and Eyes to Heaven in token of Aſtoniſhment, and the meaner Sort would quit their Labours and run a Mile to ſee either of thoſe two Men who made ſo great a Noiſe in the World:

It muſt be confeſs'd, that Count *Richard* ſhew'd a Maſter-piece of Cunning in ſpinning out the Affair to ſuch a tedious Length, for tho' it was infinitely expenſive, yet the Cauſe was his own, and on the Fate of it his Ruin depended; whereas thoſe that managed for the Chevalier *James* were obliged to carry it on at their own Charge, as well as to ſupport him all the time —— He flatter'd himſelf with wearying them out, and by this Succeſſion of Delays render them either unwilling or unable to proceed any farther —— Indeed, nothing can be more prodigious nor more worthy of being recorded to Poſterity, than that this wicked Deſign had not its deſired Effect.

Let us only caſt our Eyes on both Parties at once, —— let us compare the Circumſtances of the Opponent and Defendant, —— the one in the long and undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion of a vaſt Revenue, —— happy in the Power of conferring Favours and rendring it the Intereſt of Numbers to be his Friends, —— known and converſant with the great World, and enjoying all the immenſe Privileges of Peerage: —— From this exalted height of For-

tune, — from this Condition, which, if behaved in with Candor and Integrity, inſpires Love and Reverence in all beneath it — let us turn our Eyes on the Opponent. — A young Man thruſt out in Infancy, from all the Advantages of Education, — deprived of all Society but with the loweſt and moſt abject of his Fellow-creatures — inured only to Toyl, to Stripes, and all the Miſeries of Slavery — unknown, — a Stranger in thoſe very Lands he was born to inherit, — no Means of gaining Friends, but the Compaſſion which the ſad Story of his Wrongs excited. — Vaſt Diſparity! — Immeaſurable Diſtance! — What but the immediate Hand of Heaven could have raiſed, and ſupported this, of himſelf, helpleſs Orphan, or bowed the Pride of his inhumane Oppreſſor, ſo far as to make him tremble at his Name! — What but the ſame Wonder-working Power inſpired the Breaſts of *Amico* and *Macario*, with ſuch uncommon Ardor for the Intereſts of a young Perſon, they had ſo lately become acquainted with. — Such unwearied Diligence, — ſuch unexampled Tenderneſs, Generoſity, Integrity, Conſtancy in their Endeavours, for their new-made Friend. — What Age, what Hiſtory can parallel this Inſtance! — two Gentlemen, inſtigated meerly by their Love of Juſtice neglect their own Affairs, draw on themſelves the Reſentment of a Perſon known to be implacable in his Nature, hazard their whole Fortunes, nay, their very Lives in oppoſing Innocence to Power, and all for the ſake of one no way allied to them,

them, and who, if failing to recover his Right (as nothing can be more uncertain than the Events of a Law-ſuit) can never have the Means of returning any Part of the Obligations they confer upon him. —— Yet certain it is that this once hapned —— a rare Example to the preſent and to future Times, and which deſerves to be recorded, not on decaying Paper, but on Plates of Braſs, a laſting Monument of the moſt ſhining Virtue.

But as induſtrious as the real Heir of *Altamont* was for the Recovery of his Birth-right, thoſe, who aimed to deprive him forever of it were at leaſt equally ſo to accompliſh their wicked Ends: The Agents of Count *Richard* not being able, after all the Inquires they made, to get the leaſt Intelligence where the Chevalier *James* was conceal'd, gave out that he was dead, and that thoſe who carry'd the Proceſs on in his Name, did it only with a View to impoſe upon the World and diſtreſs the Count *de Anglia*—— as that young Nobleman had not been ſeen for ſeveral Months, this Report gain'd ſome Credit, and not only ſtagger'd many of his Well-wiſhers, but alſo ſerved as a Handle for his Enemies for moving that a Stop might be put to the Affair. —— The Chevalier was no ſooner inform'd of this than he quitted his Retirement, and appear'd in publick as he had been accuſtom'd before any Attempt had been made upon his Life, but did not ſo little regard it as not to go always accompany'd by a ſufficient Number to deter any from Undertaking ſuch an Enterprize a ſecond Time.

This brought all things again into their proper Channel, and all ſeem'd drawing to a Concluſion, when it was thought proper by thoſe Learned in the Law, that, as the conteſted Eſtates were ſituated in different Kingdoms, the Determination ought to be given in that where the Chevalier *James* was born, where more Lights into the Truth might be had than could be poſſibly expected at a greater diſtance from the principal Fact on which the Event depended.

Had this been ſooner reſolv'd upon, it would have ſav'd the Chevalier *James* the great Expence and Trouble he had been oblig'd to take in ſending for Witneſſes; but he had good reaſon however to be ſatisfy'd, ſince his Cauſe was going to be adjudged, where there was ſcarce one Perſon of any Note who was not, without the leaſt Regard to any partial Motives, perfectly convinc'd by the Knowledge of Facts of the Legality of his Pretenſions.

But this Decree was a Thunderbolt to the falſe Count *de Anglia:* Hated and deſpiſed, as he was, in one Kingdom, he was yet more ſo in the other, and the Reception he expected to find there, was ſuch as made him tremble, in ſpite of all his Hardineſs.

To heighten the Vexation of this ſudden Turn, he received the News of it when he was all in a Flame on ſome Domeſtick Embarraſements —— Mrs. *Maypole* finding no Effect of all the fine Promiſes he had made, and that the Robes confiſcated to her Uſe, were the only Proofs ſhe was likely to have of being the Miſtreſs of a Nobleman, refuſed

to

to continue any longer ſo, and beſtowed her Favours on a rich *Jew*, telling the Count to his Face, ſhe deſired to ſee no ſuch pitiful ſpirited Lords frequent her Houſe; but this was a light Mortification to another that happened at the ſame Time: One of thoſe Women whom he kept in his Houſe becoming pregnant, he was continually teized for Mony to provide Neceſſaries for the little Gueſt that was now very ſoon expected, which Demands not being readily comply'd with, the Lady, imagining herſelf ſlighted, grew outragious in Reproaches, and that Behaviour giving him an Opportunity of quarrelling (a thing perhaps he wanted) he turned her out of his Houſe, pretended ſhe had wrong'd his Bed, —— that the Child ſhe went with, was the Property of ſome other Perſon, and that he would have no farther Concern with her.

The poor Creature believing what he ſaid the Effects of a Paſſion which would ſoon be moderated, took a Lodging near his Houſe, and when ſhe thought he was of a Diſpoſition to liſten to Reaſon, addreſs'd him at firſt in the mildeſt and moſt moving Terms ſhe was capable of uſing; but finding they had not the leaſt Effect, and that the Anſwers he return'd were ſuch as gave her no proſpect of Relief, ſhe had recourſe to more violent Methods. —— She came every Day to his Houſe, was clamorous in her Upbraidings, and ſpared him not, even in the publick Streets; ſhe even drew a Mob one day about his Coach, who taking part with the Complainant, broke his Glaſſes and threw Dirt upon him. —— The

Pariſh

Pariſh-Officers being informed of this Tumult, and the Occaſion of it, ſent a Conſtable to ſeize the Woman, who declared the whole Matter before a Magiſtrate.

Bad as the Count *de Anglia* was, they had yet ſo much Regard to the Title he bore, as to wait on him, and adviſe him to make up this Matter in a private manner —— they remonſtrated to him, that all Men of Honour, or who had the leaſt Regard for their Character, always took care to prevent ſuch Things from becoming the Talk of the Town, and, in fine, that it was unbecoming his Lordſhip's Dignity not to make a handſom Proviſion both for the Woman and the Child. To all this he only anſwer'd, that he had nothing to do with either —— that the Woman was a vile Creature, and the Child not of his begetting, and bad them trouble him no farther.

Every one knows that Pariſh-Officers are a Sort of People not ignorant of the Power they have, nor are very apt to make any Difference of Perſons in the Exerciſe of it. —— Theſe no ſooner found the Count wanting in that Reſpect which they imagined due to their Authority, than they began to ſhew him he was under the Dominion of the Veſtry, and, in fine, made him give the Security of two ſufficient Houſe-keepers, that neither the Woman nor the Child ſhould become burdenſome to the Pariſh.

The forſaken Miſtreſs, having gain'd her Point thus far, thought it not yet ſufficient, without ſhewing ſome Marks of Reſentment to the Perſon for whoſe ſake ſhe imagin'd herſelf

ſelf thus unworthily treated.'——— She went to the Count's Houſe one Day when he was from home, and forcing her Paſſage through two Maid-ſervants that would have prevented her Entrance, flew up Stairs, where finding her Rival at her Toilet ſhe broke the Dreſſing-Glaſs, threw her Paint and Patch-boxes out of the Window, tore her Head-cloths, and fell upon her, ſcratching her Face moſt unmercifully. —— The other not tame enough to endure ſuch rugged Treatment, and more incenſed at the Loſs of her Beauty-helpers, return'd the Blows ſhe receiv'd with double Intereſt. —— The Maids ran up, but endeavour'd in vain to mitigate the Fury of the enrag'd Lyoneſſes, till the Cry of Murder alarm'd the Neighbours, ſome of whom brought a Conſtable —— the Door was forced open —— The Rival Queans were carry'd before a Magiſtrate in order to ſhew Cauſe for this mutual Aſſault upon each other's Perſons ——— Every Body took the Part of the pregnant Woman, tho', in effect the Agreſſor, on the Account both of her Condition and the Provocations ſhe had received; ſo that the other was condemn'd to Priſon unleſs ſhe could find Bail for her future Good-behaviour —— A Meſſenger was diſpatch'd to the Count for this Purpoſe, who was obliged to redeem his favourite Doxy by a good Sum of Money, none caring to be reſponſies in ſuch a Cauſe.

About the ſame time a Letter arrived from the Perſon who had the Care of *Anadea*'s Children, to aſſure him, that if he did not forthwith remit the Money that was due on

the

the ſcore of their Board, Clothes, Education, and what other Expences had accrued, they ſhould immediately be ſent to him, and that afterward a ſuit of Law would be commenced againſt him for the long Arrears.

This Epiſtle was ſoon followed by another, from one who, tho' he hated the Vices of the Count and deſpiſed his Meanneſs of Soul as much as any of his Enemies could do, yet having known him of a long time, and retaining ſome Regard, or to ſpeak more properly, ſome Pity for his Perſon, took the Liberty of adviſing him as a Friend to drop the Cauſe, and no longer think to evade Juſtice.—He told him, that if he ventured himſelf near *Altamont*, or offer'd to appear before a Court of Judicature, in a Kingdom where every one was convinced of the Legality of his Nephew's Claim, it would be altogether impoſſible for him to eſcape that corporal Puniſhment the Law inflicts on thoſe who poſſeſs themſelves of another's Right; and admoniſh'd him for the ſake of his own Conſcience and Safety, as well as for the Memory of his dead Brother, and the Regard he ought to pay to the Honour of his illuſtrious Family, not to ſuffer this Affair to come to a publick Trial, in which he would infallibly be caſt, and by that means not only be made a Spectacle for Deriſion to the Rabble, but alſo intail endleſs Infamy on a Name which for ſo many Ages had never been mention'd but with the extremeſt Reverence.

This, indeed, was Counſel infinitely more to be valued than all his Flatterers could give him,

him, and merited the utmoſt Thanks from him to whom 'twas given, inſtead of Curſes and Imprecations ſuch as the infatuated and abandon'd Uſurper of the Title of *Anglia* utter'd, at the reading it. 'Tis poſſible that he even hated this kind Adviſer who wanted to preſerve him from Shame, no leſs than he did thoſe whole Love of Juſtice had made endeavour to diſpoſſeſs him of his ill-got State. So little are moſt People able to bear being told what they are conſcious of the Truth of themſelves, and ſo diſagreable are admonitions tho' calculated meerly for our own Advantage! This is, indeed, too general a Fault in moſt Men, but Count *Richard* was guilty of it to an Exceſs, which made him ridiculous even to his own Creatures: And while he was conſulting with them in what manner Facts, they knew as well as himſelf, ſhou'd be miſrepreſented or ſhadowed over, would fly into the extremeſt Rage, if at any time they ſeem'd to think they were ſo. And while his own Heart beat the ſtrongeſt Alarm to fear, would ſuffer no other to ſpeak, as tho' they feared for him.

In the midſt of all theſe Perplexities *Charlotta* was daily reminding him of the Service ſhe was to do for him, and giving broad Hints that it was neceſſary for him to keep her Friendſhip —— She had taken a little Houſe, and pretended to let Lodgings ——Abundance of Neceſſaries were wanted, —— he found himſelf oblig'd to make her a Preſent of a fine wrought Bed that had been Part of the Furniture of his Predeceſſor the late noble

Count

Count *de Anglia*; but ſhe no ſooner had receiv'd this, than ſhe gave him to underſtand, Chairs, Glaſſes, Tables, and other Utenſils were requiſite to fit up the Apartment: —— He was ſufficiently uneaſy at theſe continual Demands; but there was no Remedy —— She, that he imagined could ſo much benefit his Cauſe by uttering a Falſhood, he was certain had it in her Power to be of yet greater Prejudice to it by ſpeaking the Truth; therefore ſhe muſt be comply'd with, let the Expence be what it would.

Every Body took notice of this Change in her Fortune, and as ſhe doubted not but there would be Conjectures upon it, not to her Advantage, ſhe artfully gave out, that a Relation of hers was dead, and had left her a conſiderable Legacy in Money beſide Plate, China, the above-mention'd Bed, and other Curioſities, which little became her to be the Poſſeſſor of.

To theſe vile Purpoſes were many of the moveables, which in reality appertain'd to the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, perverted; and what he ought long before to have enjoy'd with the Title and Eſtate, turn'd to deprive him for ever of the whole; but the World was not to be impoſed upon by this Feint; the Count *de Anglia* was obſerv'd to viſit *Charlotta* frequently and few there were that did not ſee into the Motives of this ſudden Complaiſance to a Woman who had been the Servant of a Lady to whom he had been ſo great an Enemy when living, and whom he ſtill continued to ſpeak of in the moſt reproachfull Terms; and this eaſily

eaſily accounted for ſo ſtrange a Reverſe in the Condition of a Perſon who they had ſeen but a ſhort time before in the extremeſt Penury and Wretchedneſs.

Yet how little dependence ought the Wicked to have upon one another —— Thoſe who will do a baſe Action to ſerve a Perſon when it is their Intereſt to do ſo, will not ſcruple to ruin that very Perſon when they can gain more by it. This Woman, from the firſt, had taken it into her Head to make the moſt ſhe could of this Affair, and tho' ſhe had met with a Rebuff in the Offers ſhe had made *Macario*, yet ſhe could not take Shame to herſelf, but reſolved to try what effect ſhe could have on *Amico*. As ſhe was not perſonally acquainted with him, nor with any he converſed with, ſhe was at a loſs how to bring it about; at laſt ſhe contrived to do it by way of Letter, as from a Perſon who wiſh'd well to the Chevalier *James*, but durſt not appear to be of his Side; and having well conſider'd what ſhe was about, ſo as not to be in danger of being diſcover'd to Count *Richard* in caſe the other Party rejected her Propoſal, ſhe ſet down and wrote the following Epiſtle

To Monſieur *Amico*.

SIR,

" The Title of the Chevalier *James* to the " Signories of *Altamont*, *Anglia*, and thoſe " other Honours and Eſtates of his Anceſtors " is clear in the Opinion of all People of " any

" any Diſcernment, yet, Sir, the moſt equi-
" table Judges cannot give Sentence but ac-
" cording to the Teſtimony of Witneſſes,
" whether True or Falſe, and if a greater
" Number of the latter ſhou'd appear, and
" inforce as it were, the Law to give a De-
" cree in Favour of the injurious Count *de*
" *Anglia*, how melancholy a Thing would it
" be to all Lovers of Truth and Juſtice, —
" how terrible a Shock to all his Friends, and
" what an irreparable Misfortune to himſelf
" ——— Think, generous *Amico*, that all
" depends on the approaching *Fiat* of the
" Court —— That the Deciſion once made,
" can never be recalled —— Count *Richard*
" to the end of his Life muſt triumph in
" the Poſſeſſion of his uſurp'd Dignity———
" The innocent and Lawful Heir not only be
" doom'd to Poverty and all the Miſeries of it;
" but be recorded for an Impoſture —— An im-
" pudent Pretender to another's Right; ——
" and you, *Macario*, and all thoſe Friends
" who have ſo nobly aſſerted his Cauſe at the
" Expence of your Fortunes, and even the
" Hazard of your Lives be look'd upon as
" the Abettors of a fraudulent Deſign; in
" *Law*, as in *War*, the loſing Side are always
" in the Wrong; —— tis Succeſs crowns all,
" and gives a Sanction to the worſt of Deeds
" ——— If the Chevalier *James* recovers
" his Birthright, your Friendſhip to him, and
" the Aſſiſtance he has received from you,
" will be the Praiſe of every Tongue; but if
" he loſes it, Infamy and Contempt will be
" all the Return you muſt expect. —— How

" much,

" much, therefore, does it behove him and
" you, and all who wish him well, to neglect
" nothing that may be conducive to the great
" and just End you have so long labour'd
" to attain. ——— I am inform'd, there is
" a Person, who for many Years served the
" the late Baroness *de Altamont* in quality of
" her Woman —— She must needs be con-
" sider'd as a substantial Evidence——in every
" Thing relating to the Birth of the Chevalier
" *James*, and what she says go a great way
" in obtaining a Verdict for which ever Party
" she takes. ——— I have also heard that
" Count *Richard* has spared nothing in order
" to get her into his Interest; but whatever
" Presents or Promises he may make her, it
" is my Opinion it would be easy for you
" to turn the Balance —— There is no Body
" so abandoned as to chuse to be perjur'd
" when they can get an equal Profit by de-
" claring the Truth. ——— I do not say this
" Woman will be guilty in such a Nature,
" however sollicited; but it is certain the
" Count boasts of having so material an Evi-
" dence ——— It would, therefore, I think,
" be highly necessary you should discourse her
" on this Head —— I am wholly a Stranger
" either to her Person, Character, or Cir-
" cumstances, but am enough acquainted
" with the World to know that there are
" very few who are Proof against the Tempta-
" tions, which will doubtless be offer'd by
" your Adversary —— the same, or perhaps
" less, than will bias her *against* you, may
" make her *for* you, and according to all

" Hu-

" human Probability, which ever Party ſhe " takes will be the ſucceſsful one.

" Be aſſured, Sir, this Advice ſprings from " a Heart ſincere, and warm for the Intereſt " of the noble Orphan, and full of Admira- " tion for that Zeal and Integrity, which you " and his other worthy Friends have ſhewn " in his Cauſe; but as it is wholly improper " for me to interfere in it publickly for many " Reaſons, I hope you will excuſe my ſub- " ſcribing myſelf any otherwiſe than

SIR,

A hearty Well-wiſher to Juſtice, and Your moſt humble Servant.

This Letter ſhe got tranſcrib'd by a Perſon ſhe could confide in, and ſent it to the Houſe of *Amico*, at a Time when ſhe knew he was abroad, to prevent his asking any Queſtions of the Meſſenger, or ordering him to be watch'd where he went.

Amico was a little ſurpriz'd at the Reception of it, but ſhewing it ſoon after to *Macario*, that Gentleman recollected the Advances ſhe had made to him ſome Time before on the ſame Account, and immediately concluded, it came from no other than herſelf, who had taken this Method to engage them to purchaſe Truth from her mercenary Lips —— They were in ſome Doubt, whether they had beſt comply with the Advice contained in it or not; and communicated it to ſome others who were concern'd for the Chevalier *James*;

James; moſt of whom thought it wou'd be prudent not to leave it to the venture, whether ſhe wou'd be Honeſt or not; others again were of Opinion, that whatever ſhe might have pretended to Count *Richard*, ſhe cou'd not be without ſome Scruples of Conſcience, which wou'd not ſuffer her to take ſo ſhameful an Oath when it came to the Point;—— But when the Matter was related to the Chevalier *James*, his Cheeks were fluſh'd and his Eyes ſparkled with virtuous Diſdain and Indignation.—— *No*, cry'd he, *it never ſhall be ſaid, my Mother's Woman has been bribed to give her Evidence on my ſide—— when a Creature who depended on the ſmiles of the Baroneſs* de Altamont, *and trembled at her Frowns, ſhall dare to bear falſe Witneſs againſt her Son, I ſhall be tempted to believe Heaven takes no Cognizance of what is done below, if ſome immediate Vengeance does not blaſt her in the Act of Perjury.*

It was in vain that thoſe that thought it it wou'd be Wiſdom to ſecure her, attempted to bring him into their Opinion: He was not to be prevail'd upon to give the leaſt Countenance to ſo wicked a Woman, and they were obliged to deſiſt any farther mention of it.

Charlotte in the mean time finding her Letter had not the effect ſhe flattered herſelf it wou'd have, and that ſhe receiv'd no Viſit or Meſſage either from the Chevalier *James de Altamont* himſelf, nor any of his Friends, was ready to burſt with Vexation at the Diſappointment—— ſhe looked on their Silence

in

in the Affair, as ſuch a ſlight to her and ſo palpable a Contempt for any thing ſhe cou'd do, either to ſerve or prejudice the Cauſe, that whatever Scruple ſhe might have before of wronging the Truth in ſo material a Point, Revenge made it now ſubſide, and ſhe became reſolved in good earneſt to eſpouſe the Intereſts of the falſe Count *de Anglia*, as much as ſhe had pretended to him ſhe wou'd do.

If any Credit, however, may be given to a Perſon who at that time was a Lodger in her Houſe, this vile Determination coſt her many a bitter Pang —— Conſcience, which as the Poet ſays, cannot be debarr'd Entrance neither by Bolts, nor Locks, nor Guards, was continually preſenting her with the moſt frightful Images— often in the dead of Night have all the Family been alarm'd with her ſudden Shrieks —— often has ſhe been heard to ſay in her Sleep, or at leaſt when it was ſuppoſed ſhe was ſo—— I will not do it —— I cannot do it—— tempt me no more—— what, the Innocent, the lovely Babe that I have held a thouſand times between my Arms, and thought my ſelf bleſt when I cou'd huſh his little Infant Frowardneſs with my Songs —— O, he is my Maſter —— my Lord—— begone, cruel Chevalier *Richard*, I will never call you Count again —— you ſhall not drag me to Perdition with you—— a thouſand ſuch like Expreſſions did ſhe utter, which, tho' wild and incoherent, convinc'd thoſe that heard them, that there was ſomething of dreadful moment ſtruggling in her Mind;

Mind; but there was one thing very worthy of remark, which was this.

Charlotte had a Daughter, who being married young, was left a Widow, and in as poor a Condition as her Mother: This Woman lived with her, and help'd her to make Petticoats, and do ſuch other Needlework as they were employed in, or were qualified to undertake, which till the Titles of *Anglia* and *Altamont* were conteſted, was all they had to ſubſiſt upon.

This young Woman having been abroad one Day on ſome Buſineſs, came running home, and inſtead of giving any account of what ſhe had been about, cryed, as ſoon as ſhe came into Room, *Lord, Mother! who do you think I have ſeen to-day?* —— *Nay, how ſhould I know?* replied the old one, peeviſhly, *have you receiv'd the Money I ſent you for?* — *No, no, I muſt go again for that,* ſaid ſhe; *but I have ſeen the Chevalier* James de Altamont, *as they call him* —— *Ah! what a pity it is he is not the right Heir* —— *he is the ſweeteſt, moſt affable beſt-bred, handſomeſt Gentleman, I ever ſaw in my whole Life* —— *he came in where I was, and behaved like an Angel.*

Piſh, what do you tell me of the Chevalier James *for?* —— reſumed ſhe with a Face as red as Scarlet; and then began to ask her the reaſon ſhe had not been paid for her Work, and ſome other Queſtions concerning the People where ſhe had been; but ſhe might as well have talk'd to the Sea, ſhe cou'd get no rational Anſwer, and whatever ſhe ſaid, the other

other ſtill run on with Praiſes of the Chevalier *James*, and the Concern ſhe was in that he was illigetimate, till her Mother ſilenced her with flying into the moſt violent Paſſion, which yet did not conceal the Confuſion ſhe was in at hearing his Name, and with ſuch Praiſes repeated by her own Child.

Several People hapned to be in the Room at the ſame time, and cou'd not help taking notice of the Behaviour both of Mother and Daughter; but what occaſion'd it to dwell longer on their Memory was, that ſome Hours after, when the Diſcourſe ſeemed to be forgot, and they were ſpeaking on quite different things, the Daughter of *Charlotte* cried out on a ſudden, as if juſt come out of a deep Study; *but Mother are you ſure that the Chevalier* James *is not the Baroneſs's Son?— the Wench is mad I believe*, repled ſhe, *have I not told you a thouſand times, that my Lady never was with Child in her Life!*

Well, reſumed the young one, *I can never believe he is the Son of ſuch a Creature as you ſay* Juggan *is —— I am certain he looks like a Nobleman much more than his ugly fiery-ey'd Uncle; and let who will be his Mother, I wiſh from my Soul that he may get the better.*

None that look'd on the Face of *Charlotte* all the time her Daughter was ſpeaking, but ſaw Guilt, Shame and Horror delineated in every Feature, ſenſibe perhaps of what her Countenance betrayed, ſhe now affected to laugh at the folly of the Girl, as ſhe ſtill call'd her, tho' a Widow, then to be of her Opinion, and own'd the Chevalier *James* was

was really a pretty Fellow, but ſtill perſiſted that he was no other than the Son of *Jugan*—till finding all ſhe cou'd do was ineffectual to change the Converſation, ſhe at laſt gave way to Rage a ſecond time, and turn'd the impertinent Prater of Truths ſhe cou'd not bear to hear, out of the Room. But the Impreſſion what ſhe had ſaid made on her Spirits was too viſible not to be the ſubject of much reflexion afterward, to thoſe who were Witneſſes of it.

'Tis certain, that mercenary and vile as this Woman was, ſhe had ſtarts of Horror for what ſhe had undertaken, which one wou'd think wou'd have prevented the Execution when it came to the point; and indeed, ſhe had like never to have been put to the trial, and her Conſcience preſerved from ſo ſevere a rack, but Heaven thought fit to leave her to herſelf, and the impulſe of her ill Genius.

Among the number of thoſe engaged on the ſide of the Count *de Anglia*, there were ſome who were really Perſons of great Honour and Integrity, and knowing no more of the Affair then as he repreſented it, imagin'd it cou'd not be any blemiſh to their Characters to plead for him; but on examining what Witneſſes he had to produce, were no ſooner inform'd that this Woman was the moſt material one, than they began to be ſorry and aſhamed of having undertaken the Cauſe: —— They told him in plain terms, that if he did not give over all thoughts of her appearing in Court, they would intirely abandon the Affair; for beſides ſwearing to a Nega-

tive, which is a thing in itſelf ridiculous, her ſingle Oath that her Lady never had been Pregnant, wou'd weigh little againſt ſo many who they were inform'd wou'd give Teſtimony of being preſent at the Time ſhe actually brought a Son into the World —— they repreſented to him, that ſhe wou'd not only be hiſs'd, while at the Bar, by the Populace, but be alſo condemn'd to ſuffer ſuch Puniſhment as the Law inflicts on wilful and corrupt Perjury, and by that means his Cauſe wou'd infallibly be damn'd at once; it vex'd him to the Heart to reflect that he had been at ſo much Expence to gain an Evidence, who ſo far from being able to ſerve him, muſt be his total Ruin if ſhe appear'd; but in ſpite of his Reluctance he was oblig'd to ſubmit, or ſeem to do ſo, to thoſe of better Underſtanding in theſe Affairs, and content himſelf with having at leaſt hindred her from giving any Teſtimony againſt him.

But there were others, who either leſs learned or leſs ingenuous, perceiving his ill Humour on this occaſion, told him, they were of a different Opinion from their Brethren in this Point — that they were confident her Evidence wou'd be received; but if it ſhou'd even be refuſed, her Preſence in that Kingdom, and what private Aſſurances ſhe might give to particular Perſons, wou'd go a great way in influencing them to doubt the Validity of the Chevalier *James*'s Pretenſions.

Nothing is more common than to find People moſt ſwayed by that Advice, which

ſquares

ſquares moſt with their own Inclinations. — Count *Richard* who delighted in a multiplicity of Words, and had always a notion that it was the number of Witneſſes that wou'd carry the Cauſe, thought this laſt Counſel beſt, and reſolved to follow it; but not to diſoblige thoſe who had diſſuaded him from it, told *Charlotte* that for ſome Reaſons he wou'd not take her with him (as it had been at firſt agreed on) but ſhe ſhou'd follow him to ******* in ſome little Time afterward, and be there before the Trial came on, as if ſhe had voluntarily taken the Journey out of her Love to Truth and Juſtice, and deſire to be admitted to inform the Court of what ſhe knew relating to the Affair in queſtion.

The Chevalier *James* now receiv'd ſeveral Letters of Congratulation on the probability of his Cauſe coming to a ſpeedy Iſſue, mingled with the moſt kind Invitations to come and paſs ſome Time at the Houſes of thoſe Gentlemen who lived near *Altamont*; but he declined going to that Country, till there ſhou'd be a Neceſſity for it, becauſe he doubted not but his injurious Uncle wou'd report he was gone to make a Party, a thing he had been averſe to from the beginning of his Proceſs, truſting now as he had ever done to the Juſtice of his Cauſe, and the Integrity of thoſe who ſhou'd be choſen to decide it.

Count *Richard* on the contrary, no ſooner knew that he muſt there attend the Event, than he made immediate Preparations for his

Departure —— tho' with a Heart and Head equally diſtracted and confuſed; to ſoften as much as poſſible the Aſperity of the Reception he had reaſon to expect, he ſent the Brother of *Helena* as his Harbinger to prepare the Minds of every one he fear'd, and by a thouſand ſmooth Tales endeavour to win them to a more favourable Opinion of him than his Actions had deſerv'd: The unexampled Injuries he had done the unfortunate *Anadea* now glared him in the Face; not that he was touch'd with the leaſt remorſe or Pity for her Fate, but he knew that in ſpite of the wretched Condition to which he had reduced her, ſhe had many Friends who had the *Will*, and wou'd now have the *Power* to avenge her Cauſe, and that of his long-neglected ſuffering Children. To make Peace with her, and once more engage her to ſpeak kindly on him, excuſe his Faults as ſhe had often done, and entreat all who wiſh'd her well to labour for her Sake, in the Intereſt of her injurious Lord, was therefore the firſt Negotiation intruſted to the Care of this Emiſſary.

There were alſo ſome Perſons who had formerly been partakers in thoſe Riots of Youth the Baron *de Altamont* and himſelf had given into, but who now were arrived to very eminent Stations, to whom he wrote, conjuring them in the moſt preſſing and abject Terms to exert all the influence they had in his behalf; and to ſuch whom he thought Intereſt wou'd bias, he made the largeſt Promiſes.

Theſe

Theſe Credentials being diſpatch'd, he thought of nothing but following them immediately with all the Pomp he cou'd, when he received a Letter from one of thoſe Spies he kept continually there, importing that the whole body of the People were ſo incenſed againſt him, that it wou'd be wholly improper he ſhou'd make his Entrance in a publick manner, which wou'd only expoſe him to Inſults from the Rabble, and not be of the leaſt Service to him with the better Sort. He was therefore adviſed to come in a Diſguiſe, and go to a private Lodging which ſhou'd be provided for him, till he had found ſome Means to diſpel the Storm of Indignation which from all quarters was gathered againſt him.

This was Intelligence that put him very much out of Humour, and the more ſo as the Chevalier *James* not being on that ſide of the Water, he cou'd not accuſe him of being the occaſion of it, as otherwiſe he wou'd certainly have done. Thus did Heaven even in the moſt minute Step direct this injur'd Nobleman, ſo as not even Innocently to give his cruel Adverſary any Opportunity of throwing a Blemiſh on his Character, or pretending he had Recourſe to any clandeſtine or unfair Practices in the Proſecution of his lawful Aim.

Thoſe Creatures however, who were continually about Count *Richard*, and had no other Subſiſtance than his Favour, made uſe of their uſual Stratagems to bring him into better Temper — they reminded him that by the Date

of this Letter, it was wrote before the Arrival of the Perſon he had ſent over, and that his Lordſhip might depend, he wou'd find means to bring the People of that Nation into more Complaiſance; and told him, that if there even ſhou'd be any among them bold enough to take any indecent Freedoms, a little Dexterity might throw the Odium on the Party of the Chevalier *James*, who, tho' not there in Perſon, might be accuſed of inſtigating by Letters all the Affronts ſhou'd be given him.

Count *Richard* by degrees began to think they were in the right, and if it ſhou'd happen otherwiſe, he was enough accuſtom'd to Inſults not to be able to ſupport them; eſpecially if they were ſuch as afforded him the leaſt proſpect of Revenge: He reſolved however not to appear in his beſt Equipage at firſt, till he found how his coming wou'd be received, and alſo to do ſome popular Thing on his Arrival, that might make the Mob (who he knew were eaſily turn'd any way) on his ſide.

He left the Capital accompanied by three Lawyers in his *Landau*—— fifteen or ſixteen on Horſeback, who were to ſerve him in a double Capacity—— to ſecure his Perſon from Affronts, and to appear as Witneſſes at the Trial, and four Servants in Livery alſo well mounted for State; Whatever Inquietudes his Heart ſuſtain'd for the Event, he affected to wear an eaſy Brow, in order to keep up the Spirits of thoſe that were with him; and whoever had ſeen him on the Road during the firſt Day's Journey, wou'd rather have imagin'd

imagin'd he was going to take Poſſeſſion of ſome new acquir'd Eſtate, than to conteſt for all he had in the World, and which if given from him muſt not only reduce him to Beggary, but alſo render him liable to the ſevereſt and moſt ſhameful Puniſhment: Much leſs, without knowing him, cou'd any one have ſuſpected him to have been guilty of Crimes of that tremendous Nature, as one wou'd think the very Conſciouſneſs of ſhou'd have imprinted on his Face ſuch Looks of Horror, as no Diſſimulation cou'd have had power to gloſs. He was indeed a glaring Proof that a long habitude of Vice deſtroys the Sting of it, for all his Behaviour now and at every other Time, denoted that whenever he felt any Anxieties they were not occaſion'd by the Memory of his Faults, but by the Fears of the Puniſhment due to them.

Let us behold him now however, in all appearance the moſt gay and jocund Perſon in the World —— diverting thoſe that were with him in the *Landau* with merry Songs and Stories, and when they came into the Inn, calling for a double Portion of every thing that cou'd delight the Senſes —— paying liberally for all, and in fine doing every Action of a Man perfectly at Eaſe, and who had nothing in his Mind but how to convert Buſineſs into Pleaſure. Thoſe that thought well of his Cauſe doubted not a happy Iſſue of it, ſince he that was moſt concerned ſeem'd ſo ſecure; and thoſe who by being better acquainted with the truth of Things had reaſon to apprehend it wou'd go

againſt him, gave into the Enjoyments of the preſent Moment, ſo that nothing was to be ſeen but Mirth and Jollity.

But ſoon the Scene was changed into one as gloomy and diſpiriting both to the Count and his Companions, and by an Accident perhaps as ſtrange as ever hapned, and ſhews that Heaven frequently brings Shame on wicked Men from that quarter whence they cou'd leaſt ſuſpect it.

It has already been related to what Diſtreſs the Chevalier *Richard*, during the Life of his Brother the Baron *de Altamont* had been reduced; but we muſt go back a little and take a curſory View of the different Methods he put in practice for his Support, after he had ſquander'd the ſmall Fortune left him by his Father.

It was a common thing with him to go from one County to another, run in Debt for every thing, under the pretence of waiting for Bills; and when he had ruin'd half the poor Country People, quit the Place by Night, and remove to another, changing his Name and Livery to prevent Diſcovery. It hapned that being in a Town where the Appearance he made, and the Character of his Family, for he then went by his real Name, gain'd him a great deal of Credit, particularly with a wealthy Maltman, who lent him on Note three thouſand Crowns.——He lived here in a very genteel manner, had two Men who ſeemed to be his Servants and wore his Livery, but were in effect his Companions and Partners in all he drew by a thou-

ſand

ſand Artifices and Stratagems from the innocent and beguil'd People wherever he came.

He converſed with the beſt Families, was every where well received, and no one doubted but he had a Fortune ſufficient to defray all the Expences he was at; tho' they knew he was at preſent out of Caſh, as any Gentleman might ſometimes be, and which he never was without ſome plauſible Story to excuſe; well ſatisfied, as indeed he had reaſon to be with his quarters, he reſolved to make his Abode there as long as poſſible; but his Audacity had like to have coſt him dear —— he grew at laſt ſuſpected, and every one who had any Property in his Hands began to grow uneaſy.

He was one Day at Dinner on an Invitation, with the High Sheriff of the County, and at that very time came a Warrant directed to him, to ſeize the Chevalier *Richard de Altamont* at the Suit of the Maltman. The Gentleman was extremely troubled at receiving it when he was there: He pauſed a little to conſider what he ſhou'd do, and thinking it wou'd be a breach of Hoſpitality to ſuffer an Execution of the Warrant on a Perſon who was his Gueſt, reſolved to defer it till ſome Opportunity ſhou'd arrive when it might be done without what he look'd upon as a Diſhonour to himſelf, ſo let him depart without taking the leaſt notice that any ſuch thing had been lodged againſt him.

The Chevalier *Richard* had the next Day ſome Information of the Maltman's Deſign,

and finding what time the Warrant had been ſent to the Sheriff, knew it muſt be while he was in his Houſe; and on this conceived a Stratagem of ſo monſtrous a Nature that one would imagine it impoſſible there could be a Man baſe and ungrateful enough even to think on, much leſs to put in practice.

Yet ſo it was, this Prodigy of all that's vile in human Nature, inſtead of thanking the Generoſity of the Preſerver of his Liberty and wiſely endeavouring to make up the Affair with his Creditor, ſent one of thoſe Wretches, who paſs'd for his Servants, to acquaint him, that if he did not ſend him four hundred Crowns, he would immediately let the Plaintif know he had been in his Cuſtody, and ſuffer'd to eſcape.

How great a Surpriſe the Gentleman was in at ſo unexampled a Piece of Ingratitude may better be conceiv'd than deſcrib'd ——— 'Tis poſſible, that could he have come at the Chevalier *Richard*, he would have oblig'd him to give him that Satisfaction which a Man of Honour has a Right to exact from thoſe who uſe him ill; but this unworthy Branch of an illuſtrious Family kept himſelf too cloſe, and not receiving a ſatisfactory Anſwer to his firſt Demand, ſent a ſecond time to renew his Menace of making Information to the Plaintif.

The high Sheriff was a Man of a very large Eſtate, and had little regard to the Sum required of him, had he been to give it on any ſcore which he could anſwer to himſelf; but to be compell'd to give his Mony as a Fee

for

for Treachery and the moſt black Ingratitude, could not but be very irkſome to any Man of Spirit —— On the other Hand, he was not inſenſible that if the Plaintif were really inform'd that the Debtor had been in his Cuſtody after the Time of his receiving the Warrant, and permitted to depart, he muſt be obliged not only to pay the whole Sum charg'd on him, but alſo liable to the Penalties inflicted on thoſe who are wanting in the Execution of their Office.

His Under-Sheriff being a Perſon he could confide in, he communicated the whole Affair to him, who heard it with that Aſtoniſhment I believe will be felt by all who read it; but having well conſider'd in his Mind the Inconveniencies which might ariſe on a Refuſal, adviſed him to ſend the Mony to this abject Demander of it; *but*, ſaid the other, *How do I know that after I have ſuffered myſelf to be impoſed upon in this manner, I may not ſtill be importun'd for more, and even at laſt complain'd on for not having diſcharg'd the Duties of my Place*?

This was indeed an unanſwerable Objection, ſince he, who could ſo much throw off the Gentleman as to behave as the Chevalier had done in this Demand, might eaſily be ſuppoſed to ſcruple nothing: It was thought proper however to ſend for the Fellow who had negotiated this ſhameful Tranſaction, to whom being come, the Sheriff imparted his Scruples, on which the Fellow went back to his Maſter, to ask, what Aſſurance he would give that on the Payment of the four

hundred

hundred Crowns the Gentleman ſhould be indemnified, but ſoon return'd, with this Anſwer, that in caſe his Demand was complyed with, and he, the Sheriff, would give his Promiſe not to purſue him, he would leave the Town that Night; *and*, ſaid the Wretch, *my Maſter further order'd me to tell you, in order to make you perfectly eaſy, that if any Information ſhould happen to be made againſt you, —— myſelf and my Companion are ready to make Oath that the time the Warrant come my Maſter was in another County.* —— *Your own Servants*, continued he, *who ſaw him dine with you that Day, will doubtleſs hold their Tongues, and we ſhall ſwear point blank.*

If any thing could have added to that conſternation the Sheriff was in before, this would certainly have done it: He was ſcarce able to make any reply to ſo execrable an offer, but glad to rid the Place of ſuch an abandon'd Company, he paid down the Mony and deſired never to ſee or hear more either of Maſter or Men.

The wicked Chevalier perform'd his Promiſe in this Point, as it was his Intereſt to do ſo, and ſlunk away in the Dead of Night, leaving his Creditors only the poor Comfort of exclaiming againſt his little Morality and their own two great Credulity.

So many Years had paſt ſince this Tranſaction that the Country Gentleman had probably almoſt forgot it, and the Chevalier *Richard*, now Count *de Anglia*, thought little of any thing but the preſent. But now the Time was come, when it ſhould be revived in the Memory

Memory of both, very much to the Satisfaction of the Perſon who had been ſo much impoſed upon, and the Confuſion and Vexation of the baſe Defrauder.

One of thoſe who accompany'd Count *Richard* and was chiefly depended upon by him for his great Subtility in unravelling the moſt knotty Points of Law, happening to look out of the Window while Dinner was getting ready at their Inn, ſaw a Gentleman with two Servants alight at the Gate, on which he turn'd haſtily about, and with a great deal of Pleaſure in his Countenance, ſaid to the Count, *My Lord, here is a Gentleman, for whom I have the greateſt Honour, juſt arriv'd: —— With your Lordſhip's Permiſſion I will ask him to join Companies —— he is the moſt chearful beſt-bred Man in the World.*

Count *Richard* gladly comply'd, and the Lawyer went out to his Friend. After the mutual Compliments were over, he told the Stranger that being travelling on ſome Buſineſs with a Man of Quality, he ſhould rejoice to introduce him, and they might make but one Table —— His Friend accepted the Propoſal without asking the Name of the Nobleman, and came with him into the Room, where the Count ſtepp'd forward to receive him with all the Politineſs he was Maſter of —— Neither the length of Time, nor the Alteration it had made in both their Faces, could hinder each from thinking he was perfectly acquainted with the Features of the other; but when the Lawyer ſaid to the Count, *this My Lord is* Monſieur *Flavius, and a Perſon*

ſon who well deſerves your Lordſhip's notice; and then turning to his Friend, *It is, dear Friend, the noble Count* de Anglia, *to whom I have the Honour to preſent you*; each ſtarted back as he had met a Gorgon. They ſtood ſome Moments ſilent, but gave each other ſuch Regards as aſtoniſh'd the whole Company —— In fine, the Count knew *Flavius* to be the Sheriff he had ſo ungratefully uſed; and *Flavius* ſaw in the Perſon of the Count *de Anglia* that Chevalier *Richard* who had made ſo ill a return to his hoſpitable Generoſity —— 'Tis hard to ſay, whether that rekindled Rage which had ſo long lain dormant in the Boſom of the one, or the Confuſion at this unexpected Meeting was moſt predominant in the other.

What! cryed *Flavius* vehemently, *is it the Chevalier* Rirchard de Altamont, *that Chance has brought me to at a Time and Place when I may call him to account for the unmanly Wrongs I have ſuffer'd at his Hands*?

Whatever Inadvertencies my Youth may have been guilty of, reply'd the Count, endeavouring to conceal the Shock he ſuſtain'd under an Air of Dignity, *they ought to be forgot, and*, Flavius, *learn more Reſpect to the* Count de *Anglia.*

Yes, reſum'd the other, more fiercely than before, *when the Count* de Anglia *ſhall give any Teſtimonies to the World he has thrown off the Vices of the Chevalier* Richard. *But even that Title ſhews you ſtill the ſame baſe, abject, mercenary, ungrateful Wretch you were before your Brother's Death, and the Infancy of your injur'd*

injur'd Nephew gave you Opportunity to assume it —— *But, Count, or Chevalier*, continued he, *I now expect that Satisfaction of you which for many Reasons I could not demand before.*

It could not be Expected but Expressions such as these would be follow'd by suitable Actions: Both their Swords were out at the same time, and they flew on each other with so much Precipitation, that it was as much as all the Company could do to part them without the first Thrusts they made being fatal to one or both of them.

The Friend of *Flavius*, surprized as he was, at the Accident, thought it his Duty above all to prevent any Mischief, and with much ado, got him out of the Room: The Count was easily kept from following him by those that remain'd with him; but when they ask'd the Meaning of what they had seen, the Answers he made were too incoherent for them to judge any farther of the Matter, than that in Spite of his atempting to evade it the other had the most Justice on his Side.

Flavius on the contrary soon became moderate enough to relate the whole Story to his Friend, who was so struck with it, that from that Moment he resolved to quit the Count, judging with Reason that a Man who could be capable of so vile an Action for a trifling Sum, might easily be guilty of what was laid to his Charge by the Chevalier *James*, when such Stakes as the Estate, and Title of *Anglia* and *Altamont* were in question.

As he was a cool and artful Man, he found the way to calm the Rage of *Flavius*, and bring him off the Reſolution he had taken to fight the Count —— He repreſented to him, that a Perſon who could act as he had done, ought not to be treated like a Man of Honour, and that there was a way to puniſh him which would not only be more ſafe, but alſo more Befitting the Nature of the Offence; and that is, ſaid he, *to oblige him to refund the Mony he defrauded you of.* —— *I will take upon me to compel him to it, and after that you may act as you think proper.*

Flavius was at laſt prevail'd upon, and the Lawyer left him to go and break the Matter to the Count, who on finding him ſo well inform'd of what he had done, was tranſported almoſt to Madneſs; but the other told him, that all his Paſſion would avail nothing; the Mony he had extorted in the moſt ungenerous manner from a worthy Gentleman who had entertain'd him like a Gentleman—had Compaſſion of his Misfortunes, and rather choſe to infringe a little on Juſtice than give him up to Priſon; that the leaſt he could do was now to pay it back; and concluded with aſſuring him, that if he refuſed to do it, the other was reſolved to ſue him, and bring the whole proceeding to a publick Trial: This Menace accompliſh'd the Point, and, precious as that Sum was in his preſent Circumſtances, when he knew he ſhou'd have Occaſion for more than he had Power to raiſe, he put into his Hands a Bill to the Value of it, and drawn upon a Perſon of undeniable Credit.

Count

Count *Richard* after this intreated him to make what Excuſes he could make for him to *Flavius* and order it ſo, if poſſible, that they might be friends: —— The Lawyer reply'd he could anſwer nothing as to that; and immediately left him and return'd to his Friend ——Dinner being ſerv'd up, his Company was deſired, but he ſend Word he could not leave *Flavius* who had order'd ſomewhat to be got ready for them two.

'Tis likely after what had hapned the Count himſelf had little Appetite, but he put as good a Face as he could upon the Matter, and in order to eraſe as he imagin'd any Impreſſions the Words and Behaviour of *Flavius* might have made to his Diſadvantage on the Minds of thoſe who were with him, began to rail, and tell a thouſand ridiculous Stories of that Gentleman.

Thoſe two Friends in the mean time were diſcourſing on the different Pretenſions of the Uncle and the Nephew; and the Lawyer who was tenacious of his Reputation, as he grew more and more confirmed of the Injuſtice of his Client and had already determined to proceed no farther in the Cauſe, agreed to return to the Capital with *Flavius*, who he found was going there; but being unwilling to be troubled with any Importunities to the contrary, he call'd for Pen and Ink, and wrote the following Lines.

To the Count DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

'As I am extremely ſorry for your ſake 'and that of your Family, a Perſon of your 'illuſtrious Deſcent ſhould be capable of an 'Action of ſuch as I have this Moment been 'convinc'd of, ſo I am glad for my own, 'that I have diſcover'd it before I had made 'any great Progreſs in Soliciting a Cauſe, 'which I fear will bring Shame on all con-'cern'd in it: You muſt therefore pardon me 'that I withdraw intirely from it; and at the 'ſame time take the Liberty of reminding 'your Lordſhip, that mean and baſe Prin-'ciples are a Diſgrace to Nobility, and will 'go a great way in perſuading the World you 'have no real Claim to it, as well as

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble, &c.

This Billet he ſeal'd and gave it to one of the Waiters, with Orders to deliver in it to the Count's own Hands, the Moment after he ſhould have left the Houſe. Then mounted, with *Flavius* who was impatient to proſecute his Journey; a Horſe he hired of the Man of the Houſe, without his Departure being ſo much as gueſs'd at by Count *Richard*.

He, all this time was uneaſy in his Mind, and ſtill continued ſending repeated Meſſages to his Lawyer, who he thought was in the next Room;

Room; but when at last he was inform'd that he was gone with *Flavius*, and received the Letter he had left for him, he seem'd like one bereft of Reason. —— He had always look'd upon this Man as the chief Pillar of his Cause, and his Defection might well fill him with mortal Apprehensions: He found also that the two others shook their Heads, and began to draw very disagreeable Conclusions from this Adventure: All his Dissimulation could neither dissipate their ill Humour, nor conceal his own; and all the rest of the Journey was as dull and tedious to the whole Company as the Beginning had been gay and pleasant.

Thus do vile Actions, when we think them buried for ever in Oblivion, often rise to light, and blast our most sanguine Expectations with Infamy and Disappointment.

The Chevalier *James* had now also made the necessary Preparations for his Journey, but for the Reasons above-mention'd would not set out till he heard his Uncle was on the Road. The parting between him and his beautiful and beloved Wife was agreeable to the exemplary Tenderness which had ever been between them, and which every Day rather increas'd than suffer'd any Diminution. Fain would he have prevail'd on her to remain in the Capital; and by the Variety of Diversions with which no City in the World so much abounds, have endeavour'd to atone for the want of his Society; but all he could urge on this Head was ineffectual —— All Recreation in which he had no part was distasteful to her, and she retired to that Country-

try-houſe where they had paſt ſo many Months together during the Time that the Preſervation of his Life obliged him to ſeclude himſelf from the World.

It muſt be cónfeſt that this was a rare Inſtance of conjugal Love, as ſhe choſe not this Retirement becauſe ſhe was unknown to the great World; for on the contrary, ſhe had appear'd in it, and been admired by Perſons of the firſt Diſtinction: One of the higheſt born, beſt bred, and moſt accompliſh'd Noblemen of that Kingdom in which her Husband firſt ſaw Light, has frequently declared he knew no Lady who would more become grandeur, or be a greater Ornament to the Nobility —— and ſome others of equal good Taſte have gone yet farther in their Encomiums on her Beauty and good Senſe —— But theſe were not the Perfections this amiable Wife of the Chevalier *James* valued herſelf upon: Virtue, Modeſty, and the Well-performance of that Duty owing to ſo deſerving a Husband, were all ſhe ſeem'd ambitious of attaining —— Nor was it owing merely to the acquiring a Reputation that ſhe choſe this ſolitude; but becauſe in reality it ſuited beſt with her Inclination to paſs the Days of Abſence in Reflexion on the Happineſs ſhe enjoy'd in being the only Object of his Affection, —— in bringing back in Idea the many bliſsful Scenes of their mutual Tenderneſs, and in Prayers for his eſcaping all the Snares might be laid againſt his precious Life, and for the recovery of thoſe Dignities which were his Due by Birth, and which he ſo well deſerv'd to wear by his Virtue.

Macario,

Macario, *Amico*, three other Friends, and a Gentleman of diſtinguiſh'd Abilities in the Law, accompany'd the Chevalier, attended by their reſpective Servants — ſeveral others were to follow with the Witneſſes which *Amico* had brought at the Hazard of his Life, as related in the firſt Part of theſe Memoirs, from *Altamont* and the adjacent Counties.

They went large Journies as knowing they ſhou'd have time ſufficient to get every thing in Order for the Trial, and ſtanding in no need of making any new Friends, or endeavouring to excite a partial indulgence in the Breaſts of thoſe in whoſe Breath lay the Determination of the Heir of *Altamont*'s Fate.

The Count *de Anglia* had reach'd the Capital of ******* four Days before the Chevalier *James* and his Friends arriv'd, where the firſt thing they heard was, that the Populace had hiſs'd the Drums and Trumpets which his Creatures had hired to welcome him to Town; that he never appear'd without meeting with ſome Inſult, tho' he frequently threw Mony among the Rabble in order to purchaſe their Good-will; that the Nobility ſhewed as much Averſeneſs to him as was conſiſtent with the Politeneſs of their Rank, never invited him to their Houſes, and took all imaginable precaution to avoid his Company either in publick or private.

With ſuch like Treatment did this generous Nation receive the unworthy Uncle, while they were making all the Preparations cou'd be expected from the ſincereſt Friends to welcome his injur'd Nephew; and if the

Count.

Count *de Anglia* was ſtung to the Soul to find himſelf ſo much the object of Diſlike, he was infinitely more ſo to find the Chevalier *James* that of an almoſt univerſal Love and Eſteem. Neither all the Airs of Dignity he aſſumed to awe the meaner ſort into Submiſſion, nor the ſoothing Arts with which he endeavoured to win the favour of his Equals, had the leaſt effect either on the one or the other: He cou'd not attract even common Civility from the former, or prevail on the latter to hold any Converſation with him; ſo that he might be truly ſaid to have the Fate which the Poet deſcribes as that which in the next World is decreed for a ſuperlatively wicked Perſon.

And thou ſhalt walk alone, forſaken Fury!

His Emiſſaries in vain eſſayed all the Pretences their ſubtil working Wits cou'd invent to varniſh o'er their Patron's Crimes, his Preſence renewed the Memory of all the mean and ſcandalous Actions he had done in that Country, and rendred every one eaſy of Belief of what they had been told he was guilty of elſewhere; and when any one attempted to ſpeak in his behalf, he was immediately ſilenced with a loud Laugh, and ever after pointed at as he paſs'd for a Hireling and a Tool.

Poor *Anadea*, wrong'd as ſhe had been, was almoſt the only Perſon whom either himſelf or his Agents cou'd prevail upon to ſpeak favourably of him; and what ſhe ſaid on that Score had little weight, becauſe few believed ſhe thought in her own Mind what ſhe endeavoured

deavoured to inculcate in others; and eaſily ſaw it was for the ſake of her Children that ſhe conſtrain'd herſelf to behave to him in a manner he little deſerved at her Hands.

She had Prudence enough however not to be deceiv'd, as ſhe had formerly been, by Promiſes: She obliged him to diſcharge what Debts were contracted on the Childrens Account, and alſo to confirm the Settlement he had formerly been compell'd by the Biſhop to make on them, which ſince his quitting that Kingdom, he had pretended was not ſufficiently binding, and thoſe young Innocents, Orphans while their Parents lived, wholly at his Option whether he ſhou'd provide for them or not.

Tis likely indeed, that their Intereſt might make her zealouſly wiſh her faithleſs Huſband might get the better of the Chevalier *James*, becauſe ſhe very well knew there wou'd be no Obligation on that young Nobleman to diſcharge any Engagements made by his cruel Uncle; and tho' ſhe had heard a very high Character from thoſe that knew him, of his ſweetneſs of Temper, Compaſſion and Generoſity, yet ſhe had no reaſon to expect he wou'd exert thoſe Virtues in favour of the Iſſue of a Perſon who had treated him with ſo unparallel'd a Barbarity —— to be *natural* therefore ſhe was forced to be *unjuſt*, and pray for the Succeſs of him who was in the wrong, leſt the Innocent ſhou'd ſuffer by right taking Place.

As ſhe was very much beloved, People wou'd not ſhock her ſo far as to oppoſe what

ſhe

ſhe ſaid, in regard to the different Claimants, tho' they cou'd not acquieſce, and only told her, ſhe was a very good Wife, and an excellent Mother, but ſhe too well underſtood the meaning of theſe Words, not to perceive that all ſhe did ſerved only to render her own Character more bright, without wiping off any part of the Filth with which that of the Count was ſullied.

In the mean time he gave an inſtance of Deceit, Hypocriſy and Effrontery which cou'd be equall'd by nothing, but ſome of his own former Actions: In order to impoſe upon the World, and gain belief that his Conduct had been moſt groſly miſrepreſented in his Abſence; he made her the moſt tender Offers of living with her in the manner married People ſhou'd—Proteſted in the moſt ſolemn manner, not only to herſelf but in the Preſence of all her Friends and Relations, that thoſe who had reported he ever had refuſed to acknowledge her as his lawful Wife had done him the greateſt Injuſtice —— that he never had any Intention to make any other Woman his Partner for Life, and that whatever excurſions his amorous Inclinations had made on Beauty, yet ſtill he loved with Sincerity only his dear *Anadea*, tho' a thouſand vexatious Circumſtances had prevented him from ſending for her to ******

To excuſe the Cruelty of his turning her out of Doors, he pretended, and ſwore to it with ten thouſand Oaths, that the Woman for whoſe ſake he had behaved in a faſhion ſo unbecoming a Husband, had given him a Draught

Draught which had ſo far ntoxicated his Senſes, that he knew not what he did, till the force of it was evaporated; and that afterward a fooliſh Pride which he was now aſhamed of had hindred him from acknowledging what was more his Misfortune than his Fault.

In fine, there was nothing they cou'd accuſe him of, that he did not either deny with Imprecations, ſuch as made thoſe who knew them falſe tremble, or elſe find ſome Pretext for, which wou'd in ſome meaſure have alleviated the Crime, cou'd they have gain'd Credit; but alas! the Reporter was too well known, and the Fiction too palpable to impoſe on any one of common Underſtanding.

Anadea was too diſcreet to provoke the violence of his Temper to any Extremities, or perhaps too compaſſionate, as knowing he had already ſufficient Cauſe for Anxieties, to add to them by ſeeming to disbelieve the fine things he now ſaid to her, and contented herſelf with evading a Compliance to what he ask'd, without denying it in plain Words.

It is certain, there was little Sincerity between them; but the innocent Artifice the one made uſe of may eaſily find excuſe for the ſake of the occaſion; whereas that of the other was ſtill an Aggravation of the former Injuſtice he had been guilty of towards her.

Count *Richard* however, notwithſtanding all her ſoft Excuſes, ſaw ſhe was far from having forgiven him in her Heart, and was very much diſappointed that he cou'd not perſuade her to live with him, or to be ſeen

with him in any publick Place; not but he hated her no less than he had done, and no doubt wou'd have thrown her off a second Time after the end he propos'd to himself by a seeming Reconciliation was once serv'd; but if he cou'd have accomplish'd his Intent so far, as to shew the World she was convinced of his Innocence in all the Crimes laid to his Charge, others he thought wou'd follow her Example, and by that means the Odium of Injustice and Calumny be thrown upon his Adversaries, among whom there was none he so much fear'd as *Amico*, and, next to the Chevalier *James* himself who was his Competitor, so much wish'd to Ruin.

Distracted with the ill Reception he met with from all Degrees, and the Apprehensions of what he had all the reason in the World to expect wou'd fall upon him, he was in continual Consultations with his Agents, as we may suppose on Stratagems, no matter of what dreadful nature, to avert the Storm which seem'd just ready to break upon him. But as what Discourse past between them, or what Inventions were broached, have yet never come to light, we will not pretend by whom to say the following black attempt was form'd.

The Chevalier *James* was with *Macario*, and some Gentlemen of Distinction, one Night at a Tavern: Soon after Supper was over, a Fellow who appeared like a Waiter at a Coffee-house, enquired for *Macario*, and delivered him a Letter containing these words.

To

To Monſieur MACARIO.

SIR,

'Chance has brought me into the Company of a Perſon who I find ſerved the late Baron *de Altamont* in quality of a *Valet de Chambre:* He ſeems perfectly acquainted with the Particulars of the Chevalier *James*'s Birth, and many other Things which will be of infinite Service to us;——I have got him over a Bowl of Punch, and made him a little merry, or he would not have been ſo communicative, for I find the Count *de Anglia* has been tampering with him, and I believe there will be no getting him to appear as an Evidence——I deſire therefore that you will come to us on the Receipt of this, ——I will prolong the Converſation till you come, or at leaſt make ſome Pretence to renew it, and what you hear him confeſs, on a *Subpœna* he will be obliged to own elſewhere——Make ſome Excuſe to your Company for quitting them a Moment—— I ſhall not delay you long, but 'tis abſolutely neceſſary you ſhould come to,

Sir, your moſt humble Servant,

MARCO.

P.S. The Bearer will inform you where I am.

The Name subscribed was that of one of the Lawyers employed on the Chevalier's side, and on *Macario* asking the Man whence he brought this Letter, he named a Coffee-house three or four Streets off, which *Macario* had often been at, and knew this *Marco* frequented——He therefore made not the least Hesitation, but telling his Friends a Business of some moment obliged him to leave them for a while, but wou'd soon be dispatch'd, went with the Man who came for him.

The same Fellow in less than a quarter of an Hour comes back to the Tavern, asks for the Chevalier *James*, who presently coming out to see who wanted him, was told *Macario* desired he wou'd come to him that Moment——the Chevalier asked where he was?—the other answer'd——*Please to follow me, Sir, I will bring you to the Place.*

The Chevalier *James* had always been very much upon his guard in this Kingdom as well as the other, but he had not now the least Suspicion of any Treachery——He knew that *Macario* had just before been sent for by *Marco*, and doubted not but there was a Necessity for his Presence also; therefore without any Scruple did as the Fellow desired. They had not gone through more than two Streets before they enter'd into a very narrow Lane, where being but few Shops, and those shut up, it was as obscure as Villany cou'd wish——Here the wicked Conducter stopp'd, and desired the Chevalier to walk on, saying he wou'd overtake him in half a Minute.——This intended Victim, far from any thought

of the Evil prepared for him, kept on his Pace, when the Report of a Piſtol and the whizzing of Bullets cloſe by him made him ſtart and turn about, drawing his Sword at the ſame time.——The Wretch having miſs'd his Aim flew like Lightening, nor cou'd the Chevalier be able to overtake him, tho' his Impatience to make him confeſs by whoſe Inſtigation he had been prompted to aſſaſſinate him gave a Speed to his Feet, which cou'd be outdone by nothing but the Guilt and Fear of the other.

The Chevalier *James* purſued 'till he loſt ſight of him in a dark Paſſage, where he thought it not adviſable to enter, leaſt others of the Gang might come to his Aſſiſtance. On his Return to the Tavern where he had left his Company he met with *Macario* and two or three Lights juſt coming out with a Deſign of ſearching for him.

This Gentleman having been at the Coffee-Houſe, and neither finding *Marco* there, nor any other Perſon that wanted him, preſently imagined there was foul play deſigned, and ran back as faſt as he cou'd to the Tavern, where being informed the Chevalier *James de Altamont* had been ſent for in his Name, no longer doubted of the Truth, and all the Company as well as himſelf immediately reſolved to ſearch the Streets, either to preſerve him, or revenge any Miſchief might have been done.

The Joy that every one had to ſee him return in Safety was equal to their late Diſtraction; but that of *Macario* was without all Bounds:

——*My dear, dear Chevalier* James, ſaid he, *never did I hope to ſee you more in a Condition to return my Embraces.* After the firſt Congratulations were over, he acquainted the whole Company with what had befallen him, and on examining his Hat they found one of the Bullets had gone through the Brim, on which it was plain the Villain's Intention was to ſhoot him through the Head.

This Eſcape was too extraordinary not to engroſs the Attention of all who heard it: It wou'd be needleſs as well as tireſome to repeat the Exclamations every one made at ſo execrable a Deſign, which none but laid to the Charge of the Count *de Anglia*, tho' it was impoſſible to prove it upon him, becauſe the Chevalier *James* had behaved in ſo inoffenſive a manner, as to create him no Enemies but that cruel Uncle and his Adherents, neither wou'd his Death have been of any Advantage to any other.

The Stratagem however was very artfully contrived, whoever was the Author, and that it ſucceeded not might be ſufficient to convince thoſe who disbelieve in Providence, that there is a Power unſeen who directs all our Movements, and will not ſuffer us to exceed certain Bounds, tho' we endeavour it by means which to human Eyes appear impoſſible to be prevented.

What but Heaven itſelf, or ſome appointed guardian Angel now held the Shield that warded the deſtructive Blow from the Chevalier *James!*——No human Aid was near, ——the intended Victim, unſuſpecting Danger,

Danger, entirely off his Guard——Time and Place favour'd the black Deſign——Contrivance to project, and Reſolution to execute were not wanting——The moſt ſudden as well as ſureſt Inſtrument of Fate was levell'd at the Seat of Life, and with ſo skilful an Aim as left not half a quarter of a Span between the Mark and Death.

This Affair was ſo plain a Proof that the Deſtruction of the Chevalier *James* was of infinite Conſequence to Some-body, that the Perſon gueſſed at as the Author was looked upon with greater Deteſtation than ever.

But now a Piece of Treachery of a different kind was brought to Light, and gave new ſubject for Aſtoniſhment. It has been related in the firſt Part of theſe Memoirs, that *Amico* in going to ſearch into the Validity of the Chevalier *James*'s Claim, was very much perplexed that there was no Regiſter kept in that Church near which the Caſtle of *Altamont* was ſituated; but in this, and this alone his Enquiries were ſhort——The Sexton who had brought *Juggan* to him, and many other Perſons that remembered the Birth of that noble Infant, either knew not, or forgot to inform him that the Regiſter of all the Births, Marriages and Deaths, that happened in that part of the Country, was kept, for greater Security, in a Church belonging to a large Pariſh in the next County; this Ignorance of ſo material a Point had given great Uneaſineſs to the Perſons concerned for the Chevalier *James:*—— Becauſe in all Diſputes of this nature where Eſtates are conteſted,

and the Legality of different Pretenſions are to be decided by Proofs, and not Tradition, the Church-Books are always referr'd to as an unqueſtionable Evidence, and every one thought it ſtrange that in a Place inhabited by ſo many Perſons of Diſtinction there ſhou'd want this authentick Teſtimony of their Deſcent, as it often happens that many Ages afterwards ſuch Things come to be called in Queſtion; and indeed it ſeemed ſo improbable that this ſhou'd be the Caſe, that it gave occaſion to ſeveral who were not convinced by other Circumſtances, to entertain ſome Doubts if the Chevalier *James* wou'd be able to prove himſelf in reality what he pretended.

Amico was frequently asked by the Council if he were certain his Intelligence had not failed him in this Point? To which he as often replyed, That it was impoſſible he ſhou'd be deceived, for that not only the Sexton, but *Juggan* herſelf, and all to whom he mentioned the Affair that had brought him to *Altamont*, aſſured him there never was a Regiſter-Book in that Church.——Poor Gentleman, he imagined that he might very well aver this for a Certainty, never once thinking that tho' there was not one there, it might not be elſewhere:——A Miſtake which might have proved of fatal Conſequence to the Chevalier, had not the Count *de Anglia* himſelf, by deſigning to prevent all Knowledge of the Truth, diſcovered what elſe might perhaps have lain dormant till too late to be of any Service, and in this, as in all the Steps he took, aſſiſted his Competitor by attempting to undo him; verifying

fying that Text of Scripture which says, *The wicked digs a Pit for his Neighbour, and falls into it himself.*

Some Days before the Trial was expected to come on, *Macario* receives a Letter from the Country, containing this surprizing Information.

To Monsieur MACARIO.

SIR,

" Hearing that the Son of the late Baron " *de Altamont* is still living, and in a Condi- " tion to assert his Right, as also that you are " one of the Persons chiefly concerned for " him, I thought proper to give you timely " notice of an Accident which perhaps you " may not be aware of, and might prove of " bad Consequence if conceal'd any longer.

" The Register of the Nativity of the young " Nobleman will doubtless be called for by " the Judges on the Day of Trial, as I am " told the present Count *de Anglia* pretends " to deny there ever was such a Child born; " ——I know not also, by the Experience I " have of him, but he may even challenge you " to produce this Testimony, as he is too " sensible it is not in your Power to do it.

" The Misfortune having happened through " my want of Precaution, it would be the " greatest Baseness to keep you in Ignorance " of it, or refuse doing every thing in my

" Power to hinder my Fault from being a " Prejudice to the Innocent.

" Know then, Sir, that near three Years since, " which was about the time some talk was " of the Chevalier *James*'s Return, that some " time ago the present Count *de Anglia* came " down to * * *, under the Pretence of visiting " a Gentleman who resides here.——One " Day after Divine Service was over he told me " he wanted to see the Register, on which I de- " sired his Lordship to walk into the Vestry, " where I laid the Book before him——He told " me it was only to gratify a foolish Curiosity " of being satisfied in the Age of a Lady who " he imagined was much older than she would " have it believed——After turning over " several Leaves, he seemed to be taken with " a sudden Illness, fell back in the Chair, and " in a very faint Voice begg'd I would send " somebody for a Glass of Brandy——On " which I ran hastily out and called to a " Man that sweeps the Church——the " Count appeared very ill at my Return, but " on drinking the Brandy was somewhat re- " vived——He then examined the Book a " second time, and told me he had found " what he searched for, and seem'd mightily " pleas'd with an Opportunity of rallying the " Lady.

" For my Part I thought no more of it, " till some time after the Book being search'd " for another Birth, I found, to my great " surprize, that a Leaf had been torn out—— " On endeavouring to account for this Ac- " cident, as I knew it had never been in the

" Hands

" Hands of any other Perſon than myſelf, I " at laſt recollected how I had intruſted it " with the Count *de Anglia*, while, entirely " unſuſpecting any ſuch Villany, I went to " order ſome Brandy to be brought him.

" I am ready, Sir, to depoſe upon Oath, " that the Leaf deſtroyed was that which con- " tained the Regiſter of the Birth of the " Chevalier *James de Altamont*, Son of *Ar-* " *thur* Baron *de Altamont* and of *Mary* his " Wife.

" If this Confeſſion of my fooliſh Inad- " vertency may be any Atonement for it, " and the publick Repetition of what I now " give under my Hand, repair the Injury in- " tended by this baſe Action, I ſhall be eaſed " of that Anxiety which at preſent I labour " under, who am, *S I R*,

Your moſt humble, &c.

*Clerk of the Pariſh of * * in the County of ******.*

P. S. " Sir, I have this to add to the " above Information, that the Count *de* " *Anglia* not having left our Town when I " made the Diſcovery of his Villany, I went " to him, and accuſed him of it —— On " which he deſired me to walk with him into " a private Place, and threatned to murder " me if I did not ſwear to keep his having " looked into the Church-Book an inviola- " ble Secret —— The fear of Death compell'd " me to do as he would have me at that " time; but Juſtice and the neceſſity of the

" Occaſion

" Occaſion now oblige me to break through " the enforc'd Obligation."

This Letter being immediately communicated to *Amico*, he acknowledged the Overſight he had been guilty of, and wonder'd at himſelf for having omitted ſo material an Enquiry. *Macario*, who was of a very gay Diſpoſition, rallied him in a facetious manner upon it; but as it was the only Miſtake he had ever made in the Affair, he had enough to urge in his Defence, and the Pleaſantry ſoon converted into a ſerious Admiration of the Divine Juſtice, who by Means ſo unforeſeen had brought to Light the moſt authentick Evidence that cou'd be of the Chevalier's Birth, and at the ſame time added to it a double Weight, by diſcovering the iniquitous Intention of his Uncle to ſtifle it.

When the Council for the Chevalier *James* were informed of it, they preſently cried out one and all, that there needed no more—— that this Evidence was alone ſufficient to ſilence whatever the adverſe Party had to alledge.

Now did Perſons of all Degrees flock far and near, eager to be preſent at the Deciſion of a Cauſe which for ſo long a time had engroſs'd the Attention of the Publick— when on the Eve of Term, Count *Richard* found a new Pretence to move by his Council that Trial might be poſtponed till a longer Day; but thoſe concerned for the Chevalier *James* anſwered that this could not be complied with, unleſs the Count would wave his

his Privilege as a Peer, having reaſon to apprehend that this Motion was made only with a View to put off the Trial till the Parliament ſhould ſit, and then ſhelter himſelf from it under the Sanction of his Privilege.

To gain Time Count *Richard* conſented to this, and a certain Day was now fixed for the Cauſe to be brought on, from which the Court aſſured him there ſhould be no receding on any Excuſes whatever, and he made many Aſſeverations never to deſire any farther delay,——how religiouſly he kept his Word will hereafter be ſhewn.

It is certain he flatter'd himſelf that by Protracting, he ſhould be able to ſhift off Ruin, and to that End employed all the Moments he had been favoured with in Endeavours to find Perſons who had wicked Wit and Cruelty enough to aſſiſt him in deſtroying the Claim of his innocent Nephew, or taking away his Life, the latter of which he was very near accompliſhing in the following manner.

There is a Place in that Kingdom of much the ſame nature with *Newmarket* in *Cambridgſhire* in *England*, where the Nobility and Gentry, at certain Seaſons of the Year divert themſelves with Horſe-Races. Some Gentlemen of Diſtinction who were extremely intimate with the Chevalier *James* would needs have him accompany them, to which he readily conſented, as thinking it would be an agreeable Amuſement, and ſhorten the tediouſneſs of the Time that was to paſs over before the Juſtice of his Pretenſions ſhould be cleared.

cleared. *Macario* made one of the Party, but *Amico* chose to remain in the Capital, in order to observe and defeat any clandestine and unfair Motions that might be made by Count *Richard* and his Adherents.

The Chevalier *James* was the more satisfied with this Journey, as he imagined his inhumane Uncle so hated, so contemn'd as he now was, would avoid appearing at a Place which might be called the general Rendezvous of all the Persons of Distinction in the Kingdom, and it cannot be supposed a Person so greatly injured, so betrayed, so persecuted as was this young Nobleman, cou'd with any Degree of Moderation support the Sight of him who was the cruel Author of all his Misfortunes.

It may indeed seem incredible that a Man, such as Count *Richard*, sensible of being the object of general Detestation——that never shewed himself in publick without meeting Affronts which more and more convinced him of this Truth, should not have chose rather to shun all Conversation, than endeavour to intrude himself as he did; but he had got a false Reasoning into his Head, that by seeming to contemn Insults he should by degrees bring People to become weary of offering them, and also to believe he in reality deserved them not, and this Opinion no one attempted to confute——it was not the Interest of his Sycophants to do it, tho' they in private laugh'd at him for it; and Men of Honour thought it beneath them to give themselves any trouble about a Person who seem'd abandon'd, and in a manner dead to sense of Shame.

Shame. He therefore following the dictates of his own Pride and Vanity, went to the publick Walks —— To the Playhouses —— The Court, —— and even forbore not to prophane the Temple with his impious Feet. —— Lifting his hypocritical Eyes and Hands to Heaven while his Heart was meditating new Frauds, —— New Perjuries, —— New Murders and every Act of Hell.

Full of the most mischievous intent, and as he thought amply furnish'd with the means of executing it, he no sooner heard the Chevalier *James de Altamont* had agreed to go to the Races, than he set out attended by his whole Posse of Dependants, some in the Shape of Servants, others in that of Companions, but who had all enter'd into a Combination against the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, and sworn to omit nothing that might rid their Patron of all his Apprehensions on that Score.

As the young Nobleman conversed but little except with Persons of the highest Rank, some or other of whom he was rarely absent from, his Enemies in vain sought an Opportunity of putting in practice the Projects they had form'd against him; and the wicked Count, during the whole Time of being there, had only the Mortification to see his Adversary treated with the same Respect he could have had if in actual Possession of the Dignity he claim'd, and himself look'd upon as already degraded from all the Honours he had assumed.

The Races being ended and every one preparing to return either to the Capital or where

ever

ever their Buſineſs or Inclinations carried them, he became almoſt mad with the Diſappointment he had ſuſtain'd. —— His unſucceſsful Emiſſaries felt the Weight of his Rage not only in Words but Blows, which it was his Cuſtom to deal very plentifully on all who he knew durſt not reſiſt. ——— They made uſe of all their Arts to bring him into better Temper, but he foreſaw the Fate that muſt infallibly attend him, if his Nephew came alive to the Capital, where being continually on his Guard he diſpair'd of compaſſing his Deſign, and all the Anſwers their Flatteries now received from him, were ſuch as was indeed the due Reward of the Crimes they had been guilty of. ——— He was in one of theſe Fits of Deſperation when a Servant brought him Intelligence that the Chevalier *James*, accompanied only by *Macario* and three other Gentlemen, and their reſpective Servants all on Horſeback, had that Moment left the Town. ——— *Let us purſue him then*, cried the outragius Count *Richard*, laying his Hand upon his Sword, *we are more than double their Number, and if you are not the verieſt Cowards and Poltrons that ever an unhappy Nobleman depended on, we may yet put an End to the hated Life of this Pretender.*

They all ſeem'd no leſs reſolute than himſelf, and renew'd the Vows they before had made of diſtroying a Life, which by all it had yet produced, promiſed to do Things that would retrieve the Honour of a Family too much ſullied by one unworthy Branch of it. ——— The Count's Chariot and ſix were made ready imme-

immediately —— His Inſtruments of Wrath like ſo many Furies arm'd for Miſchief, mounted their Horſes and follow'd the Tract thoſe of the Chevalier and his Friends had left—— The wicked Speed they made, ſoon enabled them to overtake thoſe, who having taken this Journey only for Pleaſure, rode at their eaſe. —— The intended Sacrifice once in View, the Count's Poſtilion, as was agreed on, began the Fray by loading the Chevalier *James* with many abuſeful Names, mingled with reproaches on his Birth, and taxing him with attempting to impoſe on the World. —— The Heir of *Altamont* hearing himſelf thus inſulted by a Wretch who he doubted not but was inſtigated to it by his injurious Maſter, would have chaſtiſed his Inſolence in a manner befitting it; but was withheld by one of the Gentlemen, who perhaps gueſſing at the Motive of the Fellows Impudence, thought it would be moſt prudent, as indeed it would have been, to diſappoint, by ſeeming not to regard any thing was ſaid, whatever Ends might be propoſed by it. ——

The Coachman, however, ſeconding what the other had began, the generous Blood of *Macario* boiled in his Veins; he no longer was the Maſter of himſelf or that juſt Reſentment the Wrongs done to ſo noble and ſo dear a Friend excited in him. —— He rode to the Chariot-Side, and told the Count it ill became the Dignity he at preſent bore, to permit his Servants to affront any Gentleman upon the Road.

What

What Gentleman? reply'd the Count disdainfully, *The Fellow, to whom my Men are speaking, has no Right to the Title of a Gentleman, but is an Impoſture and a Scoundrel*— *Macario* here loſt all Remains of Patience, and looking fiercely on him, *Injurious and audacious Man*, cry'd he, *alight, and anſwer with your Sword the Indignities of your Tongue.*

While he was thus ſpeaking to the Count, thoſe who were on Horſeback rode up as near as they could to the Chevalier *James*, and pretending to take the Part of the Coachman and Poſtilion, ſaid many things too groſs for Repetition, the Gentlemen who were in his Company now no leſs incens'd than *Macario*, drew their Swords —— The Chevalier himſelf was no longer reſtrain'd ——— The adverſe Party, who wanted no more than an Excuſe for falling on them drew alſo, and there began a Kind of Battle. —— *Macario* on this quitted the Count's Chariot and flew in amongſt them —— he had no ſooner done ſo than perceiving all their Blows were aimed at the Heir of *Altamont*, he put himſelf before him, ſuſtaining as much as poſſible all the Ill intended for him, till finding they were like to be overpower'd by Numbers, he cryed to him, turning his Head ſo as not to be heard by the Enemies, *The Miſchief is intended ſolely to you — For Heaven ſake fly, Sir, we will keep them at bay while you eſcape.*

The Chevalier perfectly convinced his Friend was not miſtaken, and loth to fall at laſt a Victim to that Cruelty whoſe Effects he had

ſo

ſo deeply experienced, took his Advice, and while the Skirmiſh laſted, clapp'd Spurs to his Horſe, which being an excellent Beaſt, bore him in a Moment a good Diſtance off ———.

His Flight was perceiv'd by ſome of the Count's Men, who, quitting the others, rode after him full gallop. —— This one of the Gentlemen engag'd had the good Fortune to obſerve, and follow'd the Purſuers in hope of being ſerviceable to the Chevalier *James*, in caſe he ſhould be overtaken by the Ruffians.

The Reſt of the Aſſaſſins, for ſome time, continued the Fight with *Macario* and the other two Gentlemen, aſſiſted by the Servants on both Sides, till Count *Richard*, who all the while ſat a Spectator in his Chariot, and had ſeen the Motions of the Chevalier and thoſe that follow'd of his Party, order'd the Coachman to drive on with all the Speed he could.

The Chevalier *James*, in the mean time, thinking to make the beſt of his way from thoſe who purſued him, miſtook the Road, and inſtead of reaching ſome Inn or other Place of Refuge, as he intended, ſoon found himſelf in a wild deſart Part of the Country—— He ſtill heard the trampling of Horſes behind him, —— and three different Diſcharges were made at him by his Purſuers —— The Bullets whiz'd by him, and were loſt in Air, while his Horſe, as if ſenſible of his Maſter's danger, bore him through Hedges, and Ditches, neither ſtopping his Career at the ſteepeſt

peſt Mountains, huge Peices of diſlocated Rocks, which in thoſe Barren Waſtes lie ſcatter'd thick, nor Lakes, nor Bogs,——The latter of which, alas! had like to have put a melancholy End to theſe Memoirs —— A Mask of Greenſword covered the tempting Ruin, —— The Horſe and Rider, equally deceiv'd, made toward it, unapprehenſive of Deſtruction 'till both were well-nigh ſwallow'd up ——— Of all the Perils the Chevalier had known, this was the greateſt —— Now was the Avarice, Ambition, Cruelty of his Uncle the neareſt being gratify'd thoſe pernicious and diabolical Qualities ever were. The Bog was not of that tremendous Depth of ſome with which that Country abounds, and reach'd but a little above the Waſte of the Chevalier *James*; as he ſtill ſat his Horſe: the poor Beaſt labour'd with all his Might to get his Legs out of the quaggy Subſtance, which is much thicker at the Bottom than the Top, the ſtrenuous, tho' vain Efforts he made, ſhook his Rider with ſuch force that he no longer could keep the Saddle and threw him into the Slough, where he muſt infallibly have immediately periſh'd had not he had preſence enough of Mind to pluck one of his Feet out of the Stirup, ſupporting himſelf in the mean time on the other, while he catch'd hold of his Horſes Main, and hanging by that, in a kind of double Poſture, prolong'd his Breath till the Beaſt quite ſpent with fruitleſs Toil, and more encumber'd with the Weight of his Maſter, could hold his Head no longer above the Mire, but ſunk into it and was ſuffocated, His Fall

plung'd

plung'd the Chevalier in with him, and one of the two Wretches who had purſued him to the Verge of the Bog, and ſaw all that happened, preſently cry'd out to the other, *Come, let us go back —— he has done his own Buſineſs and ſpared us the Guilt.*

The Gentleman before mention'd, who, anxious for the Safety of the Chevalier, had follow'd his Purſuers as cloſe as he could, came up with them timely enough to hear theſe Words, and had alſo while at a Diſtance ſeen the Accident had happened to that young Nobleman ——— He therefore ſuffer'd the Ruffians to paſs by him without taking any Notice of them, and then immediately diſmounted to try if there were any Poſſibility of relieving the Chevalier, who, by the Motion of the Mud, he imagined was ſtill ſtruggling for Life ——— Let any one who has a generous Soul figure to himſelf the Confuſion and Grief this Gentleman was in at the Sight of a Perſon who ſo much deſerved and poſſeſt his beſt Wiſhes, periſhing before his Eyes, and be deſtitute of all means of delivering him. ——The Exclamation his Agony ſent forth drew ſome poor country People about him, to whom he declaring the Occaſion of the Diſtraction he appear'd in, three or four of them, ran into, or rather upon the Bog, ſo skillful are they in treading it, and as it was but a very ſmall Diſtance from the firm Land that the Chevalier had fallen, they drag'd him out with a Dexterity that very much ſurprized the Gentleman.

But

But alas! how pitious was the Spectacle!—the late alert and ſprightly form was now ſtretch'd on the Graſs motionleſs —— thoſe Eyes which diffus'd Cheerfulneſs in all that look'd upon them, now ſeem'd clos'd in Death —— the Peaſants aſſiſted the Gentleman in wiping the Mud off his Face, but cou'd not reſtore the Roſes to their accuſtom'd dwelling in his Cheeks, thoſe and his Lips had now the livid Livery of the Grave. This worthy Friend, however, examining his Pulſe, thought he found ſome motion in it, which tho' Faint, diſcovered Life had not yet entirely left her Seat —— he therefore, directed the Peaſants to bear him to the next Cottage or Houſe that preſented itſelf: As it hapned there was one at a ſmall diſtance where they laid him on a Bed, and while ſome were employed in waſhing him, others ran in ſearch of a Surgeon.

But I will not prolong the Palpitation which muſt infallibly ſeize the Heart of every honeſt Reader at this part of my Narrative —— a Vein being open'd, and other proper means applied, the Heir of *Altamont* was once more in a Condition to give Pleaſure to his Friends, and terror to thoſe cruel Enemies who endeavoured to deſtroy what was ſo viſibly the peculiar Care of Heaven,

Macario, the other Gentlemen, and the Servants, having been left Maſters of the Field by the Count's Party, began to beat the Road in ſearch of the Chevalier *James*, and their other Friend —— a long time they call'd

call'd— hollow'd, and rode backwards and forwards, inquiring of every one they met, if any such Persons had been seen; but all in vain, till chance directed them to the Cottage where the Gentleman's Horse being tied to a Tree before the Door, assured them that one of those they sought was within that Place.

The Chevalier *James* was but just come to himself when they enter'd: At first sight of him in this Condition *Macario* cou'd scarce thank Heaven for having brought him where he was, because the Posture this dear Friend was in, join'd with the extreme Paleness and Dejection of his Countenance, gave him most terrible Apprehensions, that he was found only to be lost for ever. —— He ask'd a thousand Questions in a Breath without allowing time for any one of them to be answer'd —so great was his Impatience, that it delayed for a considerable time its own Gratification; but when the hurry of his Spirits permitted him to hear the whole Adventure as it was related by him to whom, next Heaven, the Heir of *Altamont* owed his Preservation, his Thanks to the kind care of the one, and Congratulations on the safety of the other, seem'd to flow from inexhaustible funds of Gratitude and Joy.

The Country Fellows, who had assisted in bringing him to this Place, and had all the time the Gentleman was repeating the Accident, stood gaping with attentive Ears, no sooner understood that it was the Chevalier *James de Altamont* who had been in this Danger

ger, and that he had been brought into it by the Stratagems of his inhumane Uncle, than they ſent forth a cry of Aſtoniſhment——— the People of that Country are naturally loving, hoſpitable and generous —— Diſpoſitions which cou'd little forgive the abominable Practices of Count *Richard* — his Character was unknown to few of them, and what they now heard of him confirming what they had been told, drew from them the moſt bitter Execrations on him.

While ſome were ſent to a Neighbouring Publick-houſe, to order ſome burnt Wine for the Refreſhment of the Chevalier and thoſe about him, and others to hire a Horſe, one of thoſe that remain'd diverted this worthy Company in his plain honeſt Faſhion with the following Narrative

I remember this Count *de Anglia*, as they now call him, ſaid he, long before he ever thought to be ſuch a great Man, his Brother was alive then, God reſt his Soul! and as good natur'd Charitable a Gentleman as ever trod Shoe-leather ——this Chevalier *Richard* had ſpent him a power of Money they ſay, and done a thouſand ill Things by him, and by all the Gentlemen in the County; yet I know not how it happen'd, but by Intereſt he got to be a Juſtice of the Peace, and ſuch a Juſtice he made as was never ſeen here, ſince the Days of Saint *Patrick* —— he debauch'd all the handſome Women round the Country, and then ſent their Husbands to Priſon for complaining —— then he had no more Mercy upon the Poor, than I wou'd have on my

my Enemies Dog that had bit me —— I was once brought before him for ſome fooliſh Words I had ſpoken in my Liquor belike, and after ſome talk of the Matter, my Adverſary was willing I ſhou'd be diſcharged; but this ſame Chevalier *Richard* inſiſted on my paying for the Warrant; — I told him I had no Mony, he ſaid, then I muſt ſend home and make Mony how I cou'd, for he wou'd ſend me to Priſon notwithſtanding if I did not pay him—— on this I told him the Truth, that I did not know how to raiſe ſo much at preſent, my Wife having lately lain in of two Boys, and that I had five ſmall Children beſide, and that I hoped his Honour wou'd forgive me. ——— I might as well have pray'd to the Devil for a good Office, I found, as to him——he ſwore I ſhou'd lie in Goal, and wou'd have ſent me there ſure enough, if he had not happen'd to look on my Feet, and ſaw I had a pair of Buckles in my Shoes —— give me them Buckles, ſays he, and when you get the Mony you may have them again — I durſt not refuſe, tho' I was very loth to part with them, being given me by my Wife's Father; yet as I thought he wou'd have ſcorn'd to keep them, I e'en pluck'd them out, and laid them upon the Table before him; —— but what do you think, I borrow'd the Mony of a Neighbour the next Day, and carried it to him, asking for my Buckles at the ſame time; but he finding he had got a Booty, for they were pure Silver, told me, I ſhou'd have redeemed them ſooner, and he was not ob-

lig'd to return them to me. So Gentlemen, I loſt my Buckles, and durſt not repine, for I knew well enough that if I had ſpoke the leaſt word, he wou'd have taken me up for Scandal.

None of the Company, the Chevalier *James* excepted, cou'd forbear Laughing, both at this Story and the Fellow's way of repeating it; but that young Nobleman only ſhook his Head, and ſaid, that in ſpite of all the unexampled Barbarity with which he had been treated, yet he had ſtill that Tenderneſs for the Brother of his Father, as to be ſorry whenever he heard any thing of him ſo unworthy of the Blood from whence he ſprung.

Here I cannot forbear acquainting my Reader with a piece of ſecret Hiſtory, which was whiſper'd about in the Childhood of the Chevalier *Richard*, and which ſome Paſſages afterward, but much more his own Behaviour when he came to Maturity, made many People believe —— I will not however ſet it down as Fact, but relate all the Circumſtances as I have many Times heard them repeated, and leave every one to judge as he thinks moſt reaſonable.

The Baroneſs *de Altamont*, Mother to the Baron and the Chevalier *Richard*, was a Lady of a very weak and delicate Conſtitution, and ſo extravagantly fond of her Children, eſpecially in their Infancy, that ſhe often prejudiced herſelf by her over-care of them. Having ſuffer'd more than ordinary on the Birth of the Chevalier *Richard*, her Phyſicians thought it proper the Child ſhou'd be ſent abroad

broad to Nurſe, as they found ſhe was every Moment calling for him to be brought to her Bed, which hindred her from taking that Repoſe which was neceſſary for regaining her Strength.

This Advice was complied with, on a Promiſe that Meſſengers ſhou'd be every day ſent to the Nurſe's Houſe to obſerve the uſage was given to the young Chevalier.

The Perſon made choice of for this important Truſt, was a comely young Woman who had lain in of a Boy not above three Weeks before the Baroneſs—— ſhe lived about a Mile diſtant from the Capital, in an extreme pleaſant Place, had a Houſe decently furniſh'd, and a very ſober Husband who work'd hard at daily Labour for the Support of his Family.

Thither was the noble Babe conveyed, and thoſe that were continually employed during the Time of the Baroneſs's keeping her Chamber, in going to enquire after his Health, always brought her the moſt ſatisfactory Accounts; ſhe was told however, that the Nurſes's Child was dead, but as they aſſured her it was not of the Small-Pox, or any other infectious Diſtemper, the News was no concern to her.

It was near two Months before this Lady after parting with her Son ſaw him again, as thinking him too tender to be brought into the Air, and her own Weakneſs not ſuffering her to go to him—— the Report it ſeems then was that on ſight of him, ſhe preſently cried out, *this is not my Child*; it is certain

 that

that nothing is more common than for the Countenance of ſuch young Infants to alter, and this Lady not having ſeen him during the change, it might be more perceptible to her, than had he never been out of her Sight. This however, and ſome other Expreſſions to the ſame Purpoſe, after ſhe came home, gave occaſion to ſome People to imagine the Nurſe had impoſed upon her, and that it was in reality the Chevalier *Richard de Altamont* who died, and not her own Child, whom ſhe took this Opportunity of making paſs for the Iſſue of that illuſtrious Houſe.

He was however acknowledg'd as ſuch, brought up in the Family, and accordingly educated; the Surmiſes concerning his Identity wore off by degrees, and the occaſion of them wou'd probably have been no more remember'd, had he not as he grew up betray'd a meanneſs of Soul ſufficient to have made his Origin been call'd in Queſtion without any other Motive for the doing ſo.

Neither was this all, after he came to the Enjoyment of his Fortune by the Death of the old Baron *de Altamont*, his Nurſe's Huſband was obſerved to be frequently with him——that whatever Company he had, this Man wou'd not depart without ſeeing him—that the Chevalier always took him into his Cloſet, had ſometimes long Conferences with him, and was known by many Circumſtances to give him conſiderable Sums of Mony, even at Times when he ſtood in need of it himſelf to ſatisfy his Creditors———

The Pride and Avarice of the Chevalier *Richard*

on

on other Occaſions was too well known not to make his Condeſcendencies and Liberality to this Man appear ſtrange to thoſe that diſcover'd it —— They ſpoke of it to others, and altogether ſerved to revive the Diſcourſe, that had formerly been of the Exchange of Children.

The ſmall Share of natural Affection he teſtify'd for any of that illuſtrious Family, of which he was a reputed Branch, the Impoſitions he put in practice on the eldeſt Son of it, the young Baron *de Altamont*; the leading him into Broils, to which of his own Diſpoſition he was averſe, and in fine, his being the primary Occaſion of all the Miſtakes and Irregularities in conduct that Nobleman was guilty of, even before the Diſcovery of his unparallel'd Inhumanity to his Nephew, was enough to raiſe Doubts of his being of the ſame Blood.

I have heard it confidently reported, that the honourable Mrs. *D*———*s* Siſter to the old Baroneſs in a quarrel ſhe once had with him, reproach'd him with having been intruded on the Family, and told him, he was a changling —— But as things of this nature are not always worthy of being credited; and where no Proofs can be given, we ought not to depend on what is meerly conjectural, I ſhall leave this Story as I found it, without pretending to make any Comments of my own, or offering to obtrude my private Opinion on the Minds of others.

'Tis probable that nothing of this Rumour ever reach'd the Ears of the Chevalier *James*,

for tho' the Generosity of his Nature would have made him concern'd at knowing any Man could be guilty of things so unworthy the Dignity of his Species, yet he would doubtless have been less so, if he had thought there was a Possibility that this great Criminal, this superlatively wicked Man, was not of his own Blood.

He had indeed sufficient to console him for the Barbarity of one Man, in the sincere good Wishes and Esteem of all others that knew him —— *Macario* himself could scarce express more Concern for the Accident that had happened to him, or more Joy at finding it would be attended with no ill Effects, than did these Gentlemen who had been Witnesses of it.

A fresh Horse being brought from the next Town for the Chevalier *James*, they all mounted and made the best of their Way to the Capital, where he received a Consolation sufficient to have made him forget greater Hardships than he had to complain of, which was a Letter from his dear and lovely Wife, acquainting him, that she was in perfect Health, and wanted nothing but his Presence to make her compleatly happy: That she divided her Time between that sweet Recess in which he had left her, and the chearful Society of some of his best Friends, among whom she distinguish'd, with the highest encomiums, *Patrocles* and his agreeable Consort; it would indeed been an ingratitude her gentle, generous Soul was altogether incapable of being guilty of, to have omitted mentioning that Gentleman

man in the manner ſhe did, as it would alſo be an extreme Deficiency in theſe Memoirs not to preſent the Reader with ſo amiable a Character.

He was bred to the Law, and at an Age when others are but beginning to ſtudy that abſtruſe Science, became a perfect Maſter of it: He knew ſo well the Meaning of the moſt obſcure Paſſages in the Tracts chiefly quoted, that one would think he had been of Counſel with the Compilers of them; and as his Penetration enabled him to ſee which might be wreſted by thoſe who endeavour to pervert their true Senſe, and made him always arm'd againſt all the Querks, Evaſions and Chicanry of an unfair Adverſary; ſo his own Integrity and Greatneſs of Mind render'd him above making Uſe of them himſelf. —— He would not, indeed, be concern'd in any Cauſe which ſtood in need of them, and his Honour was ſo well known in this Point, that none had Courage to attempt gaining him to their Party, without they were conſcious they had Juſtice alſo on their Side. It is certain that on the *Chevalier*'s firſt Application for his Birth-right, while he was a Stranger, nothing more aſſured the World of the Validity of his Claim, than that *Patrocles* had undertaken to defend it ——— Thoſe great Abilities, and the Uſe he made of them, gain'd him an early Reputation which every Term help'd abundantly to increaſe —— Prodigious was the Admiration paid to him, and what was yet more ſtrange, it was not attended with Envy —— A Proof that Mankind are not ſo de-

prav'd to hate any one for being poſſeſt of ſuperior Qualities, nor attempt to derogate from the Praiſes due to Merit, but when they find them worn with an aſſuming Air; which was ſo far from being the Caſe with *Patrocles*, that he ſeem'd himſelf the leaſt ſenſible of what he was, and took a Pleaſure in acknowledging whatever he found worthy in others. To add to this, he was no leſs the gay and agreeable Companion, than the excellent Lawyer, no one would gueſs his Profeſſion by his Converſation; and as his unweary'd Application to Buſineſs gain'd him the Eſteem of all who employ'd him, ſo did his Good-humour attract the Affection of every one.

This worthy Perſon had no ſooner examin'd into the Validity of the Chevalier *James*'s Pretenſions, than full of Compaſſions for his Sufferings, Eſteem for the Virtues he found in him, and Zeal for Juſtice, he undertook and proſecuted his Cauſe with an amazing Expedition and Succeſs, and truly loving his Perſon, did a thouſand good Offices to him, excluſive of the Buſineſs, and in which, private Friendſhip only had a Share.

As the great Affairs always entruſted in his Hands would not permit him to accompany him to *******, he made it his Buſineſs to recommend one to him, of whoſe Abilities he was certain, and whoſe Integrity might be rely'd on: The Diligence and Skill indeed this Gentleman gave Proof on in the Conduct of the Trial when it came, ſhewed the Penetration of *Patrocles* in the Choice he had made of him.

Great,

Great, therefore, muſt be the Conſolation which the Wife of the Chevalier receiv'd from the frequent Viſits of ſo approved a Friend; he ſhew'd alſo the Care he had of her Contentment by the agreeable Acquaintance to whom he introduced her, ſhe being much a Stranger in Town, and in need of every thing to diſſipate the Melancholy ſhe was ready to fall into on this Abſence from a Husband ſo juſtly dear, ſo loving and ſo beloved.

The Chevalier *James* took all the Civilities, paid to this ſweet Engroſſer of his Heart, as more than done to himſelf, and whenever he heard any mention made of the little Agreement there was between the Baron and the Baroneſs *de Altamont*, as he often did, he was ſure to ſay, that he would never follow his Father's Steps in that Point. Having very much in mind this Saying of the Poet:

'Secrets of Marriage ſhould be ſacred held,
'Their Sweets and Bitters by the Wife conceal'd;
'Errors on Wives reflect on Husbands ſtill,
'And when divulg'd proclaim they've choſen ill.

All ought, indeed, for their own Peace and Reputation obſerve this Leſſon, and rather ſtifle ſmall Cauſes of Reſentment, than by divulging them, give Cauſe to the cenſorious World to make Additions to the Truth, and magnify into Crimes what, perhaps, are hardly worthy of the Name of Failings; but in thoſe Mar-

riages where Intereſt is the Bait, both Parties are too apt, not only to look on every trifling and inadvertent Word or Action as an Affront, but repreſent it as ſuch to all their Acquaintance.

This, however, it was next to an Impoſſibility ſhould ever be the Caſe between our Chevalier and the beautiful *Almira*, for ſo we ſhall henceforward call his Lady: A juſt Admiration of each other's Virtues, a Simpathy of Souls and mutual Affection, not ſordid Intereſt or dull Obedience to Parents, join'd their Hands ——— Had the Heir of *Altamont* been in Poſſeſſion of even greater Fortunes than he was born to inherit, none but *Almira* ſhould have ſhared them with him; and had he been deſtitute of all Hope, all Friends, and ſure to be compell'd to return into his former Slavery, *Almira* would have choſe a Life of Servitude with the Chevalier *James*, rather than all the Pomp of Courts with any other Man.

But while the Chevalier was indulging himſelf in all the pleaſing Reflections that happy Love affords, and receiving the Congratulations of his Friends on his late Deliverance, his cruel Uncle experienc'd a ſhort-liv'd Satisfaction, ſucceeded by all the Horrors of Diſappointment and the near Proſpect of inevitable Ruin.

Thoſe Wretches who had purſued the Chevalier *James*, and ſeen him fall into the Bog, certain he would never riſe again, haſted to acquaint their Patron with the joyful News ———The Tranſport he was in, at thinking him-

himſelf thus rid of all his Fears, is impoſſible to be expreſt; but when in ſome few Hours after he was made acquainted, that the injured Nobleman was return'd in ſafety, and at his own Lodgings, encompaſs'd with a great Number of rejoicing Friends, his mad-brain'd Fury had like to have proved fatal to thoſe who, deceived themſelves, had deceived him.—— He drew his Sword upon them, drove them down Stairs, and would have followed them into the very Street in order to overtake and make them the ſacrifices to appeaſe his Rage, had not the Officers of Juſtice that Moment interpoſed, and forced them from his Power. The Reaſon of which was this.

That Gentleman who had follow'd them in their Purſuit of the Chevalier *James*, ſaw all the fruitleſs Attempts their Fire-arms had made upon his Life, the Accident his Horſe had met with in the Bog, and heard them ſay with an Oath —— *He has done his own Buſineſs and ſaved us the Labour*, went and gave immediate Information of what his Eyes and Ears had been Witneſſes of; on which a Warrant was granted for the apprehending them, and the Moment of its being executed was that, wherein they were near ſuffering from the Rage of their diſappointed Patron, more than the Law had Power to inflict on them, as the Crime they intended had not been accompliſh'd.

Count *Richard* was full of Wrath to find any Perſons arrogant enough to ſnatch them out of his Hands, but his Paſſion was ſoon ſtruck dumb, when one of the Officers came

up

up to him, and with a Sourneſs in his Countenance which ſhew'd his Authority, *Hold, my Lord*, ſaid he, *we have the ſame Warrant againſt your Lordſhip for abetting an Enterprize you are angry with them for being diſappointed in the Execution of.*

Count *Richard* now turn'd pale as death, pleaded his Peerage, but in vain: He was oblig'd to accompany his Inſtruments when they were carry'd before a Magiſtrate, who after Examination ſent them both to Priſon and obliged him to give Security for his future Behaviour.

This Affair, being blaz'd abroad, more endear'd the Chevalier to all Degrees of People, and of conſequence added to the Deteſtation they had before of his inhuman Uncle. The Diſtraction he was in may more eaſily be conceiv'd than deſcrib'd; but as he conſider'd that to wear a diſcontented Brow was not the way, either to redeem his Credit, or keep any one of thoſe who yet were blind enough not to ſee into the Truth on his Side, he therefore affected to make light of it, and bent his whole Thoughts to compaſs that under a Show of publick Juſtice, which he found it impoſſible to do by ſecret Fraud.

He ſent immediately for *Charlotta* to come over to him, and at the ſame time diſpatch'd one of his Emiſſaries to raiſe whatever Sums of Money he could for him, let the Premium demanded be never ſo high.——Vain Man! he flatter'd himſelf, that as he had ſeen Mony bring about ſtrange Events elſwhere, he ſhould be able diſpoſe it ſo as to caſt a Shadow over

all

all his Crimes, and bias even a Court of Judicature. But it is not to be wonder'd at that he, who was arrogant enough to outbrave Providence in endeavouring to deſtroy what he found was protected by its moſt immediate and ſingular Power, ſhou'd not hope to influence thoſe of his own Species, whom he generally judg'd of by his own abandon'd Principles. It was not however impolitick in him to try all Stratagems in order to raiſe what Sums he could —— His Fate was now in the Balance, and if his Gold was inſufficient to weigh down the Scale, it would at leaſt ſupport him for a Time in ſome Place where he might be ſhelter'd from the Rod of Juſtice.

But now the Time was come when this greatly wicked and unfortunate Man was to be unſucceſsful in all his Aims. He was adviſed by ſome of his Creatures to have recourſe, in this preſent Exigence, to a near Relation named the Chevalier *Franciſco de Altamont*, a Gentleman of great Abilities in the Law, which was his Profeſſion, had the Reputation of the ſtricteſt Honour, and was extremely rich. Count *Richard* had always been on very indifferent Tems with him, and had formerly commenc'd a Proceſs againſt him, but had the Mortification to have a Verdict given againſt him; ſince which there had never been any Correſpondence between them, nor would the Chevalier *Franciſco* favour him with any Adviſe concerning the Proceedings of the Chevalier *James*, tho' he had earneſtly entreated it by a third Perſon who had a very great Influence over him.

It

It may therefore ſeem ſtrange that Count *Richard* ſhould apply for the borrowing of Mony to one who by what has been ſaid, he had ſo little Reaſon to expect it from. But not to make his Ideas of things more prepoſterous than they were in reality, it is neceſſary to acquaint the Reader, that this Gentleman was in Poſſeſſion of a large Eſtate, which, on the Chevalier *James* making good his Claim, muſt reverberate to the Title, it being only torn from it on Suppoſition that the late Baron *de Altamont* had no iſſue ſurviving. It was therefore too much the Intereſt of the Chevalier *Franciſco* to wiſh Succeſs to the preſent Count, not to make him flatter himſelf that he would contribute ſomewhat toward a Cauſe in which he had ſo deep a Concern. To corroborate this Hope, he was alſo acquainted with a Paſſage which happened between the Chevaliers *James* and *Franciſco*, ſoon after the former return'd from Slavery, and ought indeed to have been taken notice on in the firſt Part of theſe Memoirs, but as by Accident it was omitted, may, without an Impropriety, be inſerted here.

It would be needleſs to repeat the deſtitute Condition in which this illuſtrious Wanderer found himſelf on his firſt Arrival —— He knew not any one Perſon to whom he could apply, and had not the directing Hand of Heaven ſend the honeſt, upright *Amico* in ſearch of him, he would have been wholly at a loſs both for the Means and Skill to make any attempt for the Recovery of his Birthright——One of the firſt things this worthy Man

Man recommended to him, after having taken him into his Houſe, was to wait upon this Kinſman, which the Chevalier immediately did, not doubting but that he was no Stranger to the Legality of his Claim, nor of meeting with a Reception anſwerable to it.

Accordingly he ſent in his Name, and being admitted, the other received him with that Civility which his Air and the natural Gracefulneſs of his Perſon exacted from all that ſaw him; but on his accoſting him with ſaying, that he thought it would be a breach of that Duty he owed the Memory of his Father the late Baron *de Altamont* to neglect paying his Reſpects to one ſo nearly related, he eaſily perceived a Paleneſs overſpread the Face of the Chevalier *Franciſco*; he made him ſit down, however, with a good deal of Politeneſs, and asked him ſeveral Queſtions concerning the manner of his being ſent abroad, the Uſage he had found in *America*, and the extraordinary Means by which he return'd: To all which the Chevalier *James* anſwered with a perfect Sincerity, concealing from him nothing of the Truth, nor diſguiſing it with any falſe Colours.

But alas! How does Intereſt ſometimes pervert the nobleſt Minds —— This Story, which had ſo great an Effect on the Admiral, as well as the other Officers of the Army, was not liſtned to with the ſame Degree of Pity by one of his own Blood, and who was doubtleſs a Perſon of great Honour in other things: —— He only cooly ſaid, his Hardſhips had been very great, it muſt be confeſs'd; neither could

could he expect much less in the Place he now was, as he had no Fortune, nor was bred to any Business.

Any one may imagine how cutting such Expressions were, but whatever the Chevalier *James* felt within himself, the greatness of his Spirit enabled him to conceal it, and he reply'd briskly, that the Heir of *Altamont* and *Anglia* had no Occasion to doubt Support in a Country so celebrated for its Justice.

I know nothing, said the Chevalier *Francisco*, *of your Birth much less of your being the Heir of* Altamont *and* Anglia, *and the World are not obliged to take it on your Word.*

Nor do I desire they should, resumed the Chevalier *James*, with a modest and becoming Assurance; *but, Sir, I doubt not but to bring authentick Witnesses of what I say.* — *From the high Character I have heard of your Justice, Integrity and Penetration, as well as the near Affinity between us, I hoped to have been directed in the Paths I am resolv'd to pursue for the Recovery of my Right, and it was to this End I waited on you* ———

I will have no Concern in it, cry'd the other, interrupting him in a peevish kind of Voice, —— *I desire therefore you will not give me any farther Trouble on an Affair in which I am wholly ignorant* —— *But*, continued he, *as you are a Stranger here and friendless, I cannot but pity your Condition, and if you will accept of this small Proof of it* —— *it is at your Service.*

With these Words he took a Piece of Gold out of his Pocket, about the Value of twelve

twelve or fourteen Crowns and ſtretch'd his Hand with it to the Chevalier *James*, who, tho' of the ſweeteſt and moſt obliging Diſpoſition imaginable when unprovoked, had yet a certain Warmth in his Nature which would not ſuffer him to bear an Indignity without ſhewing he knew how to reſent it, and full of the moſt generous Contempt both for the unworthy Preſent and the Offer of it, put back his Kinſman's Hand with the Diſdain ſuch an Action merited ——— *No, Sir,* ſaid he, *reſerve your Mony for thoſe who ſet a greater Value on it* ——— *It was not Favours of this kind I came to ſeek, and if I may judge by thoſe I have receiv'd ſince my Redemption from Bondage, the Heir of* Altamont *will find that from Strangers he but in vain expected from one of his own Blood.*

He ſpoke no more, but made a haſty Bow (a Civility he owed rather to his own Character than to the Perſon it was addreſſed to) and went out of the Room, with an inward Emotion which perhaps did not exceed what his Behaviour had excited in the other, tho' of a different Nature.

Whether this Gentleman, impoſed upon by the Inventions of Count *Richard*, did really believe the Chevalier *James* had in effect no Lawful Claim, or whether, through a Motive of ſelf-Intereſt, he deſired not he ſhould proſecute that Claim, can only be determin'd by himſelf ——— Certain it is that during the whole Proceſs he remain'd neuter, and neither by Word or Action declared he wiſh'd

wish'd Success either to the one or the other Side.

His Treatment of his injur'd Kinsman being however discover'd by Count *Richard*, join'd to the great Stake he had in this Affair, gave him some Shadow of Reason to hope his Assistance in it; but the Chevalier *Francisco* had too much Prudence, we are willing to think, too much Honour, to lend the least helping Hand to the Uncle, who had done a thousand things to make himself hated by all the World, when he had refused it to the Nephew, who, not only by his Misfortunes, but Behaviour, was no less esteem'd and lov'd.

He therefore, instead of complying with his request, sent him the following Letter in Answer to one he had receiv'd from him on this Occasion.

To the Count DE ANGLIA,

My Lord,

'Your Conduct must certainly have had 'little Oeconomy in it that so many Years 'Possession of all the fair Estates appertaining 'to the Titles of *Anglia*, *Altamont*, *&c.*— '*&c.*—— Should not enable you to hold 'out a Law-suit against a poor young Man 'a perfect Stranger, without either Friends or 'Mony——This is a thing I must confess very 'surprising to all the World, but is much 'more so to me that your Lordship should 'expect any Assistance from a Person you 'so lately endeavour'd to ruin, by doing

'every

'every thing in your Power to deprive me
'of what the Goodneſs of your Predeceſſor
'thought fit to bequeath me —— As to the
'Diſpute between you and the Chevalier
'*James*, I determin'd from the very Begin-
'ning not to interfere in it —— I am entirely
'ignorant how the Affair ſtands, and deſire
'to continue ſo till thoſe who can come at
'more ſubſtantial Proofs than I can receive
'from either of you ſhall decide it —— So,
'my Lord, I leave you to your Fate, and am
'as much as you ought to expect me to be

Your Lordſhip's

humble Servant & Kinſman,

FRANCISCO DE ALTAMONT.

If the Receipt of this Letter gave ſome Vexation to Count *Richard*, that of one from a Quaker to whom he had wrote for the ſame purpoſe ſerved very much to encreaſe it. The Particularity of this Epiſtle I think muſt render it too diverting not to merit being inſerted ——Take it then as tranſmitted to me by one who got a Copy of it, as well as of the former, tho' by what means I know not.

To

To the Man RICHARD DE ALTAMONT, *whom the vain World calls Count* DE ANGLIA.

Friend RICHARD,

'Either thine own Imaginations have deceived thee, or thou thinkeſt to deceive me: The wiſe Men of the Law tell me thy Cauſe is bad, and verily it doth not appear better that thou art compelled to give Mony to thoſe who are to bear Teſtimony for thee. If the young Man, *James*, be truly of the Seed of thy Brother and of *Mary* his Wife, thou wilt find that in Wreſtling with him thou kickeſt againſt the Pricks, and all the Sums thou ſquandereſt away turn to thine own Confuſion in the End. Thy Friend *Thomas* has been very importunate with me, to advance thee five hundred Crowns: I wonder, how thou couldſt ſend him to me on ſuch an Errand, when, thou knoweſt I have already lent thee more than thou couldſt get of any one elſe for what thou haſt made over to me in Truſt, and that if thou loſeſt thy Cauſe I muſt loſe all my Mony: I muſt be ſo plain to tell thee, Friend *Richard*, I do not approve of thy Proceedings: I am afraid, the Truth is not in thee, and that thy Profeſſions will be found a ſtinking Vapour in the Noſtrills of the Juſt: I would not have thee, therefore attempt to impoſe upon the Children of the Light, but if thou wanteſt Mony ſeek it of thoſe

'who

'who are of thine own Perſuaſion, who may 'be vain enough to credit thee —— I have 'no more to ſay to thee——

AMINADAB.

With thoſe Letters one alſo arrived from the Perſon who he had ſent over as his Agent, with the melancholy Account that of all he had ſolicited one only Perſon had comply'd, and that was for a Sum very inſufficient for the Uſes it was to be employ'd in —— *Charlotta* too ſeem'd very refractory, and proteſted ſhe would not move a Step, without a farther Gratification : He therefore deſired Orders from his Lordſhip how to proceed.

Count *Richard*, half mad to find himſelf thus croſs'd in every thing, return'd for Anſwer that his Affairs were deſperate, that he was well aſſured nothing but Mony could prevent his Ruin, ſo order'd every thing in his Houſe to be diſpoſed of —— to borrow ſmall Sums of all the Tradeſmen he had dealt with, and above all things to bring *Charlotta* over whatever ſhe exacted for taking the Journey.

The Fellow who knew the Neceſſity of his Lord's Affairs labour'd ſo ſtrenuouſly with ſome low People, who thought to make a vaſt Advantage of what they had ſcrap'd together, that ſome advanced four hundred others five hundred Crowns on Bond, to be paid double the Sum in a few Months, which the Count had ſent ready ſign'd and ſeal'd, and to be fill'd up by his Negotiator with the beliving Parties Names.

One

One Gentleman there was who ſuffer'd himſelf to be impoſed upon by this laſt Artifice, and ventur'd no leſs than three thouſand Crowns in a Lottery, which was little likely to produce any thing but Blanks. —— All his Friends in vain diſſuaded him —— He had a firm Belief the Count *de Anglia* would carry the Cauſe, and to be entitled to the Company and the Friendſhip of a Man of his Quality was ſo flattering to his Vanity, that he thought it the greateſt piece of good Fortune that could befal him, to have it in his Power to purchaſe the Honour he expected at ſo cheap a Rate.

A few more of this Stamp would have made our Emiſſary return in Triumph, but hoping to cajole ſome others with the Baits with which this Gentleman had been taken, met only with Deriſion——they were ſo vulgar as to prefer the Society of a plain honeſt Man to a titled Villain, and would chuſe rather to walk on Foot, than ride in a gilt Chariot purchaſed by Fraud and Injuſtice, and whoſe Owner was pointed at by the Populace, and ſhun'd by all Perſons either of Honour or good Senſe.

Having vainly eſſay'd all the Arts he was Maſter of, and Time now preſſing his Return, his laſt Efforts were to bring *Charlotte* to as reaſonable Terms as he could; but that cunning Creature perceiving how neceſſary ſhe was thought, made a thouſand various Pretences one after another to get Money out of his Hands, and when at laſt ſhe made Preparations for her Journey, reckoned all the Expences ſhe was at in buying Silks, Velvets, Laces,

Laces, and other Trinkets, in order to make an Appearance to do Honour to the Cauſe ſhe was to defend, at twice double what they were in effect.

But notwithſtanding the Advantages ſhe made by this Expedition, it is certain ſhe undertook it with an extreme Reluctance; and, conſcious of the baſe Action ſhe was about to be guilty of, and doubtleſs not altogether free from Apprehenſions of receiving that Puniſhment which is the Due of Perjury in this World, whatever ſhe was of what ſhe muſt expect in another, made a Secret of her Departure as much as poſſible, taking Leave of no one of her Acquaintance, and ordering her Daughter on her Life not to mention it after ſhe was gone, but ſay to thoſe who ſhould happen to come to her Houſe that ſhe was only gone out a little way on Buſineſs of her own.

Methinks I hear ſome of my Readers now cry out, *Did juſt Heaven behold this Wretch ſetting out with a full Reſolution of perverting Truth and defrauding the innocent injur'd Orphan of his Right, and not blaſt her horrid Purpoſe with ſome Act of Vengeance?——— Was ſhe permitted to live to utter the Falſities her Brain had forg'd?——— Did no Lightnings ſtrike her dead by Land?———No Storm by Sea o'ertake and plunge her and her Crimes in the vaſt Abiſs?———Where were the deſtroying Angels that none of them had Commiſſion to execute the Will of Divine Wrath on ſo perfidious a Wretch?*

Reaſon

Reaſon indeed had ſhe to tremble leſt ſuch an immediate Doom ſhould be inflicted on her, and perhaps did ſo, for it was obſerv'd that during the Voyage ſhe diſcover'd a more than ordinary Panick at the Sea——each Guſt of Wind ſeem'd to her the Beginning of a Tempeſt, and on every Motion of the Ship ſhe imagined it was ſinking.

But let no one tax the Unerring Will of Blindneſs or Partiality that ſhe was ſuffered to arrive in Safety —— the wiſe Ends of Providence are infinitely beyond the ſhallow Fathom of human Comprehenſion: And when we ſee the Guilty proſper, we are not to conclude from that, their Actions are unobſerv'd by the all-ſeeing Eye; we rather ſhould believe Experience ſometimes ſhews by the Contingency, that they are permitted to go on either to compleat the fullneſs of their Crimes and render them more glaring, or that they are made Inſtruments of puniſhing the Errors of their fellow Creatures, and ſometimes even to illuſtrate the Virtue they endeavour to undo.

That this was palpably the Caſe with regard to this Woman will hereafter be demonſtrated; in the mean time let us behold her receiving the Welcomes and Careſſes of him ſhe came to ſerve, and priding herſelf in being a Woman of Conſequence.

She was indeed entertained in a Faſhion very different to what ſhe had ever been accuſtomed, for it muſt be owned that none knew better than Count *Richard* how to ſooth and indulge all thoſe who were in any kind neceſſary to him.

As

As she was wholly unacquainted with the Capital, having never seen it but when she attended her Lady the Mother of the Chevalier *James*, as she passed through it in her way to *Altamont*, he ordered some of his best-dress'd Emissaries to shew her all that was worth a Stranger's Observation in the Place.

One Day an odd Accident happened to her while diverting herself in this manner——She was viewing the fine Apartments of the great Castle where the Vice-Roy of the Kingdom usually resides, when three or four Gentlemen, who seemed of Quality, were coming out of a Room just as she and her Conductor were about to enter, and that Moment by some Accident stepping on one side, slipt and fell down at the Feet of one of them, who with the utmost Courtesy stoop'd to assist the Person she was with in raising her, when *Macario*, who was a few Paces behind talking to some Persons, so that she saw him not, came up to them, and said with a Smile to the Chevalier *James*, for it was he who had been thus complaisant, *You are very charitable, Sir, to lend a Hand to lift those up, who are come a great way to pluck you down.*

These Words made the Heir of *Altamont* immediately know it was his Mother's most ungrateful Servant to whom he had shew'd that Civility, and also left her no room to doubt from whom she had received it. *I shall never repent of having done a good Office*, return'd the Chevalier *James* with his accustomed sweetness, *and the less a Person merits it from me, the greater must be the shock of receiving it.*

He ſaid no more, but paſs'd haſtily along the Gallery, either to prevent *Macario*, or any of thoſe who were with him, from making her thoſe Reproaches her Perfidiouſneſs deſerved, or becauſe it was a Pain to himſelf to look on ſo wicked a Creature; but the Confuſion he left her in was ſuch, as it would be very different to repreſent—the World allowed there was a great Reſemblance of the Baroneſs in the Face of her Son, and whether, as ſhe had never ſeen him ſince an Infant, it might appear more ſtrong to her than to others, or whether the Mildneſs of his Behaviour after he found who ſhe was, ſtruck her with a Remorſe which a contrary one perhaps would have fail'd to do, which of theſe it was I ſay is uncertain; but this we know, that had ſhe ſeen the Ghoſt of her deceaſed Lady appear and menace everlaſting Perdition to her guilty Soul, ſhe could not have been ſeized with greater Horror. She went to her Lodgings immediately, and was taken ſo very ill, that the Phyſician, who was order'd to attend her, had for ſome Days but an ill Opinion of her Recovery.

How awful is Innocence! and how timid Guilt! this Woman was one of the moſt bold and maſculine of her Sex by Nature——ſhe had long liv'd in a manner which had made her forget to bluſh, if ever ſhe had been capable of it———ſhe had neither Morality to diſdain a baſe Action, nor Underſtanding enough to be aſhamed of it——— a low ſordid Cunning was all ſhe had to boaſt of, and this, back'd by an immeaſurable Effrontry,

Effrontry, had frequently carried her through many dirty Employments; yet all was of no Service to her at this Juncture—— the Sight of the Perſon ſhe was endeavouring to deſtroy, and at a Time when ſhe was wholly unprepared for ſuch an Encounter, was a Thunderclap which all her Spirits had not Vigour to ſuſtain.

The Count was vexed at this ill-timed Indiſpoſition, as he called it, but much more at the Occaſion, and was obliged to bend his whole Study for the recompoſing her Mind, which he knew better than the Doctor, was the only way to reſtore the Health of her Body; and this could be done no otherwiſe than by repeated Promiſes of a future Settlement, continual Preſents in Hand, and when ſhe grew a little better, and was able to bear the Air, expenſive Jaunts out of Town, and a perpetual Round of variegated Diverſions.

While he had this Labour on his Hands he received a Packet, which by the Seal and Character he knew came from a very near Relation, and the only one to whom his Crimes had not rendered him odious—— He hoped therefore it incloſed ſomething that would be of Service to his Deſigns, but how was he diſappointed, when inſtead of what he expected he found the following Lines.

To the Count DE ANGLIA.

Dear *******.

" It is with a trembling Hand, and a Heart " full of Concern for your preſent and eter-

" nal Welfare that I take the Liberty of wri-
" ting to you in the Manner I now do, ——
" if the Apprehenſions I am under are with-
" out Foundation, you will forgive them as
" they ſpring from Tenderneſs, and if juſt, I
" beg the omnipotent Being to inſpire you
" with ſuch Reſolutions as cannot fail to diſſi-
" pate them.

" I hear the Cauſe between you and the
" Chevalier *James* will ſhortly be brought
" to an Iſſue: If ſo, one of you muſt be
" proved an Impoſture——I have your Aſ-
" ſurances that he is ſo, but I have the una-
" nimous Opinion of all the World that it is
" you, who will be found the Criminal ——
" I dare not give my Faith too much, either
" to the one or the other Side, you need not
" doubt which has my beſt Wiſhes; but alas!
" they will avail but little if oppoſed to
" Juſtice.

" It is therefore your own Conſciouſneſs of
" the Truth which ought to be your Director
" how to proceed, if you find your ſelf ac-
" quitted by the Judge in your *own Breaſt*,
" you have no Cauſe to dread the Decree of
" him upon the *Bench*, but if condemn'd
" *within*, think not of finding Favour from
" *without*; and if it be ſo, as I tremble to
" think it is, I beſeech you, my dear *******,
" do not tempt your Fate by any farther Ef-
" forts, which, if ineffectual, will but bring
" you to publick Infamy —— But rather en-
" deavour to compoſe things in a private
" manner, and of yourſelf reſign that Coronet,
" which, if torn off by the Hand of Law,

" muſt

" must give double Anguish to the Brow which " wore it ———

" To shew you how infinitely more easy, " as well as more honourable, it is to con- " fess and repair a fault than to persist in it. " I beg leave to present your Lordship with " two Instances, which hapned not so long " since as to be out of the Memory of many " People. I wish the one may not bear too " great a Resemblance of your own Case.

A Gentleman of Worth and Fortune had so great a Friendship for a Baronet, that at his Death he left him not only Guardian to his only Son, then an Infant, but also his whole Estate, in case the Orphan dyed unmarried, or under Age.

For a Time he discharg'd all the Duties of his Place, and the Promises he had made to the Deceas'd, with the utmost Punctuality; but Avarice at length got the better of all the Tyes of Honour, Gratitude, and even common Humanity———He could not view the beautiful Lands, Pastures, and all the goodly Inheritance his Friend had left behind, without wishing to call them his own, and envying the little Innocent who stood between him and the Possession ——— When Desires are strong, and accompanied with Power, they want but little of being carry'd into Execution.——

In fine, hapning to be acquainted with the Master of a Vessel, he agreed with him for a thousand Pound to take the young Gentleman on Board, and when they were sailing to throw him into the Sea, it being easy for him to pretend to the Ship's Crew that he fell in by Ac-

cident —— The Man conſents for the Lucre of ſo great a Reward —— Three hundred of which was paid at the Time, and a Note of Hand given for Seven hundred when he ſhould return from his Voyage.

It is not material by what means the Child was decoyed on Board, it is ſufficient to ſay he was ſo, and one Night, when the Maſter was on the Watch himſelf, he reſolved to take that Opportunity of performing his wicked Covenant; but Heaven wou'd not ſuffer the abhorr'd Deſign to ſucceed; as he was in the very act, and had the helpleſs intended Victim in his Arms, juſt going to plunge him among the Waves, his Heart relented, and he carry'd him back, ſtill ſleeping, into his Cabin.

He was afterward in a great Dilemma what he ſhou'd do to ſecure the Mony to himſelf, and at the ſame time be free from Murder; but the difficulty was ſolv'd by happening to meet a Veſſel bound for the *Musketa* Iſland, the Captain of which he was very intimate with.——He communicated to him his Deſire of getting rid of a Boy he had on Board, without telling him the Motive, and prevail'd with him for a trifling Sum to take him into his Ship, and leave him in the Iſland, in what manner he ſhou'd find moſt advantageous to himſelf.

This weak and wicked Man having got rid of his Charge, was now perfectly eaſy in his Mind, —— he thought it ſufficient that he was not the Butcher of the Child, without reflecting that in ſending him in ſuch a faſhion

fashion he exposed him to worse Ills than Death.

He made his Voyage, and return'd full of Expectations of receiving the Hire of his Barbarity——the Baronet receiv'd him kindly, and asked him if he had perform'd his Agreement! *Yes Sir*, answer'd he, *the Boy will never trouble you again —— you assure me then that he is dead*, again demanded the cruel Guardian? *Aye, Sir*, cried the Tarpaulin, *and buried long enough ago in some Fishes Belly, for I threw him overboard with my own Hands.*

With this the Baronet seem'd highly pleas'd, but when the other demanded the seven hundred Pounds as he had been made to hope, he only laugh'd at him, and told him that he thought he had been paid enough for one Murder, and that without the Boy came to Life again, and he had the Trouble of killing him a second time, he must not expect any farther Gratification.

It is not to be doubted but the Captain insisted on his Payment, and finding all fair means ineffectual, at last proceeded to Menaces, that he wou'd sue him for the Mony, which was lawfully his due he said, and he cou'd recover, having a Note for it under his own Hand; to which the Baronet answer'd, that if he presum'd to speak of any such thing he wou'd take him up for Murder —— *I will make Oath*, said he, *that you acknowledged to me you kill'd the Boy, and I shall easily find Evidences to prove you stole him away —— your accusing me as a Party concern'd, will be*

of no Service to you—— my Character in the World will invalidate all you can say——— and you will be hang'd and your Family ruin'd.

The disappointed Captain was enough acquainted with the World to know there was little to be expected in contesting with superior Might, so turn'd his Tone, and seem'd to go away with a Resolution to trouble him no more.

This however was far from being his real Intention — he went directly, and inquired when any Vessel sail'd for the *Musketa* Island, and hearing of one that was taking in her Cargo in order to weigh Anchor, took his Passage in her; Providence, doubtless not for his own, but the sake of him he sought, brought him safe into the Port, and on his describing the Age of the Child, and as near as he cou'd guess mentioning the time such a one had been brought, and by what Ship, he soon discovered who was now in possession of the abused Innocent. He pretended to the People that he was his own, and bought him of them for an inconsiderable Sum. As it happen'd he had been used with so much Tenderness, that there was little Alteration in his Looks, and what there was he took care to repair by all the kind Treatment and Indulgence in his Power; so that when they return'd, as happily they did, none would have imagined the Chances that had befallen him. His extreme Youth, 'tis certain, for he was scarce six Years old, not allowing any reflexion on the Change of his

his Condition took away all the Aſperity of it; and as for the reſt, thoſe he was with had not denied him any thing that might content him in hope of being recompenced for their preſent Kindneſs, by the Services he wou'd be able to do them when grown big enough to be employ'd in ſuch Labours as are the Portion of thoſe allotted to Slavery.

The Captain having ſo far compaſs'd his Point, went to the Baronet, who with a ſcornful Look asked what he wanted——— I come, ſaid he, to let you know I am no Murderer, and had more Compaſſion than to become the Inſtrument of one that intended to be ſo———the young Gentleman I took on Board I have brought ſafely back———he is now at my Houſe, and I will take care to give ſuch proper Information as ſhall prevent him from ever being in your Power again.

Judge of the Aſtoniſhment theſe Words gave to the Perſon who heard them, but it was not ſuch an Aſtoniſhment as the other expected:——— He had been for a long time labouring under the utmoſt Horrors of his Guilt——he was in ſome Moments ready to lay violent Hands on his own Life, and deſpairing ever to find Peace on Earth or Mercy from above———Had Millions been in his Power he would have given them all to be aſſured of what he now was told, which ſeemed too great a Bleſſing to be real———He demanded over and over if the Child indeed were living, and tho' the other affirm'd it with many Oaths would not give

Credit to it till he accompanied him to his Houſe, and had the Teſtimony of his own Eyes.

Never were greater and more ſincere Demonſtrations of Love and Joy, than thoſe he now gave to him whom it had once been his Intention to deſtroy; and after welcoming him with more than a Father's Tranſports, he turned to the Captain, embraced him with fervour, call'd him his guardian Angel —— his Preſerver from everlaſting Perdition —— the Fountain of his future Peace, and, not content with manifeſting his Gratitude by Words, he took out his Pocket-Book, and preſented him with a Bank Note of a thouſand Pounds —— *Now, my dear Friend*, ſaid he, *you merit this Reward from me, and infinitely more; but when you brought me Intelligence that you had executed my cruel Orders, which I indeed no ſooner had given than I repented of, I hated you to that degree that I would have done any thing to have revenged the wicked, the moſt abhorr'd Action I had excited you to.*

How lovely did this Repentance look in the Baronet, and to prove it ſincere, he joined two others with himſelf in Truſt for the young Gentleman's Eſtate, and improved it ſo conſiderably, that when he came of Age he found himſelf poſſeſs'd of many Hundreds more *per Annum* than his Father had bequeathed him —— He put large Sums of Money into all the publick Chances, whenever they ſucceeded, the Advantage was to the young Gentleman, and when they fail'd he

he made the Loſs his own; —— He not only behaved to him with the trueſt Tenderneſs all the time he lived; but at his Death left him a very great Part of his own Fortune, and his Name is never fail'd to be made mention of as a Pattern to all Guardians.

" O my dear ******, may all who ever " have had any Intentions of deſtroying or de- " frauding an Orphan, committed to their " Care, feel the ſame Remorſe with this Ba- " ronet, and they will then quit the World " with the ſame Eaſe and Reſignation he did " —— but having given you this Example of " Returning Virtue, I beg you now to view " the Contraſt, and well weigh the Miſeries, " the Horrors of Mind, and everlaſting Infamy " that attended Hardneſs of Heart, and an " obſtinate Perſiſting in detaining an ill got " Poſſeſſion.

A Gentleman, celebrated no leſs for his great Learning in the Laws of the Land, than for his Integrity and unweary'd Application in it, happening to be one Day in a common Paſſage-Boat upon the River, ſaw a poor Fellow on the Bank begging of the Waterman to take him in, which the ſurly Fellow refuſing, becauſe he had not wherewith to pay the Fare, the Lawyer told him he would pay it for him — On this the Man was admitted, and made many Scrapes to the Gentleman for his Charity: — Being ſeated, he ask'd him, what he was, and how he came in ſo wretched a Condition, as not to have ſo ſmall a Matter

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as would content the Waterman, to which he anſwer'd, that he had been a Slave in the Plantations ever ſince he could remember, but that being at laſt made free, he had begg'd his Paſſage over to ******* in a Merchant's Ship, with a Deſign to turn Husbandman, for he underſtood Country-work very well, having been bred to it, but he could get no Employment as yet, ſo that he had no other way of ſubſiſting than by ſelling Thread-Laces about the Streets; and that not having been able to take a Farthing that Day in the Capital, he was going to try if he ſhould have better Fortune on the other Side of the River. To prove the Truth of what he ſaid, he pluck'd out a good Number of Laces, Pins, and ſuch other ſmall Merchandiſe.

The Lawyer compaſſionated his Wretchedneſs, and ſeeing him a ſturdy young Fellow, told him if he cou'd get any Body that would anſwer for his Honeſty he would take him as his Servant; to which the other anſwer'd that he ſhould be glad to wait on him, and would dye rather than be guilty of any diſhoneſt Action; but he knew of no Relation he had in the World, nor what Country he was born in, only he had heard his Maſter in *America* ſay he bought him of one that came from *******, and as he had been ſo ſhort a time arrived, he had no Body to give him a Character. The poor Lad, for he ſeem'd not above Nineteen, wept bitterly, as he ſaid theſe laſt Words, and his Tears, joyn'd with an open artleſs Countenance, ſo won on the Lawyer, that he reſolv'd to take him without any farther Recom-

Recommendation than ſuch as Nature had beſtowed upon him.

After they were landed, he bad him follow him, and ſaid, if he wou'd behave well he ſhou'd have no reaſon to repine at being his Servant—— a great Shower of Rain that inſtant falling, and neither Coffee-houſe nor Tavern in ſight, the Gentleman ſtepp'd into an Alehouſe to take ſhelter till the Storm ſhou'd be over, the People ſhew'd him into a Room, and his new Servant went into the Kitchen, where he was ordered to call for a Pint of Beer; while he was drinking it, an elderly Woman eyed him very much, and ſeeing a large hairy Mole on one ſide of his Face, which his Wig did not altogether conceal, ask'd him his Name, and of what Country he was, to which he anſwer'd, that he knew neither, and then repeated to her what he had related to the Lawyer, with this Addition, that his Maſter in *America* was uſed to call him *John*, but that he had heard him ſay he did not know that he was Chriſten'd ſo; but that having a Slave before him, who had lived a long time with him, and was of that Name, and lately deceas'd, he choſe to call him by it, as more accuſtomed to it than any other.

The Woman liſtned to him with great Attention, and when he had given over ſpeaking, *Pray, young Man*, ſaid ſhe, *have not you loſt one of your Toes?* *Yes*, replied he, *I have but Nine, and I believe I had Ten when I was born, becauſe I have a kind of a Gap where there ſhou'd be another.*

O Heaven! cried ſhe, *how ſtrange is this! You are my young Maſter,* 'Squire *L*——, *I can ſwear it,* —— *you are next* January *twenty Years old* —— *I gave you ſuck* —— *my Brother, who keeps this Houſe, was your Father's Coachman, and his Wife the Cook-maid when you were born* —— *and you are Heir to two Thouſand Pounds a Year.*

What aſtoniſhing Sounds were theſe to a Perſon like this poor Vagabond, as he thought himſelf—— he thought the Woman was mad, till the Man of the Houſe coming in, and ſoon after his Wife, ſhe repeated to them the Diſcovery ſhe had made, which they confirming, with many Exclamations on the Barbarity and Villany of the Perſon who had ſent him abroad, he began to think what he had heard was really Fact, and grew ſo noiſy in his Raptures, that his Maſter hearing an unuſual Noiſe came into the Kitchen to know the Reaſon of it, where being inform'd of every thing, his ſurprize was little inferior to that of any of them.

On Enquiry into the Family, they told him that the Father of this injured Orphan died when he was not above four Years old, leaving him to the Care and Guardianſhip of his Brother, who in a ſhort time after gave out that he was dead, and had ever ſince enjoyed the Eſtate.

The Lawyer was no Stranger to the Name of the Family they mentioned, and knew alſo that the Gentleman, who by their Account muſt be the Uncle of the young Man,

Man, was reputed to be worth no leſs than they ſaid ——— the Story they related ſeem'd to him to have ſome ſhew of Probability, and he reſolved at leaſt to examine into it.

Accordingly he took down in Writing the Particulars they had told him, and having been aſſured by them that they were ready to make Oath to the Truth of their Words, he took the young Man home with him, and inſtead of making him his Servant as he had promiſed, and the other thought it an infinite Bleſſing to be, treated him as his Gueſt, had a new Suit of Cloaths made for him, and ordered Maſters to inſtruct him in Reading and Writing, in both which he was wholly ignorant. The cruel Uncle was then at his Country-Seat, and he choſe not to communicate by Letter the Matter in queſtion, but rather to wait till his Return, which was expected in a Month's time, that he might obſerve his Countenance, and the manner in which he would behave on receiving ſo unexpected a piece of Intelligence.

In the mean time he ſpared nothing that might render the Time leſs tedious to the Perſon he intended to procure Juſtice for; and 'tis certain that being told he was the lawful Heir of ſuch a large Eſtate, and that if he were proved ſo, he ſhould be much greater than him to whoſe Bounty he was now obliged for Bread, made him extremely impatient to be in Poſſeſſion of all that Grandeur which attends Riches; whereas if he had heard nothing of his Birth, he would have been

been the moſt contented Creature in the World with his preſent State, and thought it infinitely beyond what he could have ever hoped.

At length the ſo much wiſh'd-for time arrived; and the Lawyer went to make a Viſit to the ſuppoſed Uncle. On the Queſtions he put to him concerning a little Nephew, he ſeemed ſurprized, but reply'd civilly enough; but on his asking of what Diſeaſe he died, how long ſince, and where buried, he began to grow angry, and ſaid he could not conceive the Motive that ſhould induce one, who was a perfect Stranger, to put Interrogatories to him, which he could have no concern with, nor for his own part he thought himſelf under no Obligation to anſwer.

On this the Lawyer began to ſpeak more plain, and told him that he was convinced the young Gentleman was ſtill living, that he knew how to produce him and the moſt unqueſtionable Witneſſes of his Identity—— that he was determined to aſſert his Birthright, and therefore adviſed him, ſince Providence had in a miraculous manner preſerved, ſent him home, and revealed him to Perſons who knew how to procure Juſtice for him, to make up the Thing in an amicable manner; aſſuring him at the ſame time, that he would anſwer for the Heir to be content with coming into the immediate Poſſeſſion of the Eſtate, without calling him to an Account either for the long Arrears he owed him

him on that Score, or the having kidnap'd him into *America*.

But this Propoſal he was ſo far from liſtning to, that he fell into the extremeſt Rage——told the Lawyer it did not become a Perſon, who had the Appearance of a Gentleman, to diſturb him with ſo idle a Story —— that the Fellow he mentioned, if any ſuch there were, was only an Impoſter, and that he would take him up where-ever he could find him, and puniſh him as ſuch.

The Lawyer argued with him for a conſiderable time, repreſenting the Infamy muſt attend coming to a publick Trial, in caſe he were found guilty, in the moſt touching Terms; and taking no notice of the Contempt with which he ſeemed to treat all he ſaid to him, even deſcended to entreat he would be ſo much his own Friend as to comply with the Demands he made in behalf of his already too much injured Nephew, 'till finding all his Rhetorick and good Senſe were thrown away, he ſhewed him that he knew how to be ſevere when Mildneſs was of ſo little effect; and as he went out of the Room told him, that he ſhould now take a quite contrary Method with him, and he muſt expect hereafter to be treated by his Client, not with the Reſpect or Tenderneſs owing to ſo near a Relation, but with the juſt Reſentment of a provoked Adverſary.

He made good his Words —— he commenced a Proceſs againſt him the next Day; the other defended himſelf as well as he could——

could——had recourſe to all the Artifices of Law when employed in a bad Cauſe; but in ſpight of all he could do, the Day of Trial was at laſt appointed, and as he had it not in his Power to produce any ſubſtantial Proofs of his Nephew's Death, was not ſo weak as to flatter himſelf with ſurmounting thoſe glaring ones of his being alive; but as his *Pride* and *Obſtinacy* had hindred him from acknowledging his Tranſgreſſion, and refunding what he had ſo long unjuſtly detained, when he might have done it in a private manner, ſo did his *Cowardice* from being able to ſuſtain the Apprehenſions of that Puniſhment he knew muſt be his Doom; and while the Judge was ſitting on the Bench, the Witneſſes examining, and the Lawyers pleading, inſtead of coming into Court, as all his Friends expected, he retired to his Cloſet and ſhot himſelf through the Head. A ſad Example to all whom Avarice tempts to unwarrantable Acts, and a Proof that Heaven is not regardleſs of oppreſs'd Innocence, even when ignorant of the Wrongs it ſuffers, it neither hopes, expects, or even petitions for Relief.

" May there be no Cauſe for Horrors of
" this nature to terrify my deareſt * * * * * * *
" into ſuch a Deed of Deſperation!—— the
" bare Thought of the Poſſibility of ſuch a
" Misfortune overwhelms me with Tears,
" ——Reſt will be a Stranger to my Soul
" 'till I hear you are come off with Honour,
" which if you are not certain of doing, I
" once more conjure you to avoid all fruit-
" leſs

" leſs Attempts; but all I can ſay will be " ineffectual, if Heaven ſoftens not your " Heart, and gives an Energy to my Ex- " preſſions, who am,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt affectionate ******

and humble Servant,

C. *********.

Tedious as this Epiſtle was, Count *Richard* read it again and again; the Inſtances it contained ſtruck him with a ſecret Remorſe, which was perhaps the firſt time he had been ſenſible of it, and for that Reaſon might work the more ſtrongly on him——convicted within himſelf, he doubted not of being ſo by others. How could he indeed think otherwiſe when he conſulted his Reaſon, and knew the Facts that would be proved againſt him? and nothing ſo plainly ſhewed him how guilty he muſt ſeem to the World, as to find a Perſon could not believe him innocent who ſo much wiſh'd him ſo, was near to him in Blood, and ſo little apt to put the worſt Conſtructions on Things, as the Perſon was who wrote this Letter to him. He reflected alſo that he had loſt all the Dignity of his Rank, that he was not only hated but deſpiſed, and that all he could do would never be able to retrieve the leaſt Reſpect or Love; that if even by the number of thoſe pretended

Evidences

Evidences he had patch'd together, and was all he had to depend upon, he ſhould get the better of his Nephew, yet would he ſtill be far from clear of the Facts laid to his Charge, in the Opinion of the World; that he was already pre-condemn'd in all Mens Minds, and it would not be in the Power of a Verdict in his Favour to eradicate what was ſo deeply founded, and of which he had every Day ſome freſh Occaſion to be convinc'd of.

He therefore, once in his Life, wiſely thought that if he had a Competency to maintain the Character of a Gentleman in ſome foreign Country, he might live more happily than he could ever hope to do at home, and began to wiſh that ſome Offer of that Kind would be made to him; but as there was no Appearance of any ſuch thing, he reſolv'd to make the Motion himſelf, by means of a third Perſon ——Who to truſt with ſo Important a Negotiation was the chief Matter now he had to think on; and after revolving a long time, and weighing the Characters and Diſpoſitions of all thoſe who were concern'd in his Cauſe the Choiſe he made was *Giraldo*, a Perſon who had brought him out of many Misfortunes into which his Vices or his Follies had formerly plung'd him, and who fearing his Succeſs in this, had often ſeem'd to wiſh he were got rid of it with Safety, tho' he relinquiſh'd the beſt Part of what his Nephew claim'd.

To him, therefore, he apply'd, and confeſſing to him the whole Secret of his Barbarity and the Methods he took to ſend away the

Che-

Chevalier *James*, and gain the Poſſeſſion of his Birth-right, deſired he would bend his whole Thoughts on finding ſome proper Means to break the Matter to thoſe, who he thought had the moſt Influence on the Heir of *Altamont*.

Giraldo was well pleas'd with this Commiſſion, he had for a long time perceiv'd his Client's Cauſe was bad, and was under juſt Apprehenſions that the Iſſue would not only entail Shame on himſelf, but likewiſe on all who had undertaken to defend it, ſo for his own Sake, as well as for that of his Brethren, he reſolved to be very aſſiduous in bringing about what now the Count ſeem'd to deſire with the utmoſt Earneſtneſs.

Count *Richard's* Propoſals were, firſt to have a free Releaſe under his Nephew's Hand for all the clandeſtine Practices, by which he had ſo long uſurp'd his Right, and a yearly Penſion of twelve thouſand Crowns made ſure to him during his Life, and to be remitted to him in what Country ſoever he made choice of for his Reſidence; on which Condition he promiſed to reſign all the Titles and Eſtates he now was in Poſſeſſion of to the Chevalier *James*, whom he was ready to acknowledge the Lawful Son and Heir of his Brother, the late Baron *de Altamont*.

Giraldo thought the moſt proper Perſon he could addreſs to on this Score was *Amico*, to whom he accordingly went and propoſed it. —— That truly honeſt Man, tho' he knew very well how little Count *Richard* deſerved either from him or the Chevalier *James*, and

was

was not in the leaſt dubious of the Succeſs of ſo juſt a Claim, yet on the Conſideration that he was of the ſame Blood with a Perſon ſo dear to him, promiſed to acquaint the young Nobleman with the Offer his Uncle made, and even to do all in his Power to prevail on him to accept it in caſe he found him refractory, which, indeed, he had little Reaſon to apprehend, as he told *Giraldo*, conſidering the ſweet and forgiving Diſpoſition he had always obſerv'd in him.

Well might *Amico* make this Promiſe in the Name of the Chevalier; for he was no ſooner inform'd of this ſurpriſing Change in his Uncle's Humour, than he cry'd out, *he ſhall have every thing he can ask of me — Bad as he has been, he is the Brother of my Father, and whatever Crimes he has been guilty of, his Contrition now moſt amply atones for.*

He alſo ſaid that his Uncle was too modeſt in his Demands, that twelve thouſand Crowns was too poor a Pittance out of the Fortune he was willing to reſign, and that he could not enjoy the Reſidue in Peace, unleſs ſo near a Relation had ſufficient to keep up a port ſomewhat more like what he had been accuſtom'd to, and he would therefore allow him twenty thouſand.

Thoſe Friends, who beſide *Amico* were made Partakers of this Secret Tranſaction, and heard the Chevalier *James* expreſs himſelf in Terms ſo worthy of a Man of Honour, Generoſity, and all thoſe amiable Qualities, which diſtinguiſh the true Nobility from the counterfeit and upſtart Race, were ready almoſt to fall down and worſhip him. But

But as much as they admir'd this Greatneſs of Soul in him, ſome there were who doubted, if he ever would have the Oportunity of putting thoſe glorious Sentiments in Practice; they apprehended the Sincerity of the Count's Converſion, and were apt to imagine this ſome Artifice to Circumvent and delay the Trial, and therefore adviſed him to let every thing go on as if no ſuch Offer had been made, till his Uncle in very deed had ſign'd the Reſignation, confeſs'd in form his unjuſt Aſſumption, and delivered into his Hands, or ſome one entruſted by him, all the Patents, Writings, and other Things appertaining to the Titles and Eſtates.

Tho' the Heir of *Altamont* wou'd not deprive himſelf of the Pleaſure the News of his happy Change excited in him; by entertaining any doubts of the Solidity of it, yet did he comply with their Advice, and ordered no ſtop ſhou'd be put to the Proceedings.

Happy was it for him indeed, that he was not hurried by his too great Readineſs to believe the beſt, to do any thing which might have afterward been made a Pretext for occaſioning a Demur. Not but Count *Richard's* Intentions were really as he ſaid to *Giraldo*, at the Time of his communicating them, but he remain'd but a ſhort time in that Mind; and when that Gentleman came to acquaint him, that he had not only ſucceeded, but alſo that the Chevalier *James*, of his own accord, was willing to add ſo greatly to the Penſion he had requeſted, he found

found him quite another Man, and ſo far from thanking him for the Pains he had taken, or acknowledging his Nephew's Generoſity, he told him that he was ſorry he had been ſo haſty, that he ſaw no Reaſon why he ſhou'd give up ſuch fair Eſtates as he now was in Poſſeſſion of, and live dependant on the favour of another, while there was a poſſibility of keeping them in his own Hands. In fine, he was now as much againſt receding as a few Days before he had been deſirous of doing it, and the Arrogant and aſſured Air, with which even to the Perſon to whom he had confeſt all in the moſt abject and fearful Terms, was ſuch as no other Man but himſelf cou'd be guilty of, and what was it that occaſioned this ſtupid Inconſiſtency? —— Surely the moſt inſignificant vain Hope that ever entered the Heart of Man, and which it was impoſſible he ever cou'd have entertain'd, if Heaven had not permitted him to be deluded by it, meerly to prevent his having Recourſe to the only means that cou'd have, in ſome meaſure, expiated his paſt Conduct, and ſecured his future Eaſe. But not to prolong the Reader's Expectation, he had juſt receiv'd a Letter from one who had been a Correſpondent with him in the North, and was no Stranger to moſt of his Actions, the Contents of which were theſe.

To the Count DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

" As I am ever watchful for your Intereſt, I have found a Perſon who went to the ſame School with the Chevalier *James*, and is ready to depoſe upon Oath, that he 'was never reputed there any other than the natural Son of the late Baron *de Altamont*, that *Juggan* came frequently to viſit him there as his Mother, and that the Baron hearing of it forbid him to own her, becauſe ſhe was a dirty Creature; with a great many other Particulars, which I am certain muſt be of great Service to you——the Man is ready to attend you as ſoon as your Lordſhip ſends Money for his Expences, which it will be proper you ſhou'd haſten, that he may receive what further Inſtructions may be neceſſary—— he is a bold enterpriſing Fellow, and has Subtilty enough to anſwer any croſs Queſtions may be asked him —— I dare anſwer you will proportion his Reward according to the degree of Merit you ſhall find in him ——as to my ſelf, I deſire no farther Favours till you have finiſhed your Affairs, and remain, as ever,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obliged and dutiful Servant,

PAULUS.

The Count did not communicate the whole Contents of this Letter to *Giraldo*, tho' it was afterwards found, but told him that he had such Evidences in Petto, as wou'd make the Court stare when he produced them, and whatever Right the Chevalier *James* had in effect, he knew he wanted Proofs, and therefore he was now determin'd to contest it.

'Tis hard to say; whether *Giraldo* was more shocked at the unparallel'd Wickedness of his Client, which now lay open to him, or more vex'd for having undertaken any thing in his behalf —— he resolved however to avoid the Shame of being engag'd in such a Cause, and told the Count immediately, that if he wou'd not stand to the Offers he had obliged him to make to the Chevalier *James*, he was determin'd to have no more to do with his Affairs ——— this occasioned very warm words between them, Count *Richard* was now elate with this new Expectation, and wou'd suffer no Contradiction —— the other thought himself above being made the Tool of a Man of so fluctuating a Humour as well as vicious Principles; and they parted equally dissatisfied with each other.

The next Day *Giraldo* having well considered what wou'd most become him to do, sent the following Letter to Count *Richard*.

To

To the Count DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

" Had I been ſooner acquainted with the " true State of the Cauſe I was engag'd in, I " had quitted it much ſooner; it is however " not yet too late for you to provide your ſelf " of another Perſon to carry on your Affairs in " my ſtead, ſince you are determin'd to ſuffer " Things to come to Extremities —— I will " not flatter your Lordſhip ſo far, as to tell " you I can wiſh Proſperity to an Under- " taking which has ſo glaring an Injuſtice " for its Aim, much leſs contribute to it— " I therefore take my Leave, and am

Your Lordſhip's

moſt humble Servant,

GIRALDO.

P. S. " My Clerk has Orders to deliver " your Lordſhip what Papers are in my " Hands, on your paying my Bill, which I " deſire you'll be expeditious in doing, be- " cauſe I intend to return to *******, by the " firſt Packet.

Count *Richard* was now convinc'd of the Folly of his Behaviour, firſt in laying himſelf ſo open to this Man, and afterwards affronting him; he endeavoured to keep him in his Intereſt, by promiſing him great Things on the Determination of the Affair; but the

other was not ſo eaſily cajoled: He foreſaw the Infamy that muſt attend a Perſon who adhered to him, after knowing as much as he did of the Villany of the whole Tranſaction, which it wou'd be impoſſible for him to deny, having been employ'd to negotiate an Act of Indemnity for him with the Chevalier *James:* To do any thing therefore in defence of a Cauſe which he had Commiſſion to acknowledge as Illegal, wou'd indeed have been the utmoſt Abſurdity, and when alledg'd againſt him at the Bar, as doubtleſs it wou'd have been by the Counſel for the Plaintiff, cou'd not fail of laying him under a ſevere Check from the Court.

Count *Richard* ſent Meſſages after Meſſages, intreating to ſpeak with him; wrote to him ſeveral Letters, and even condeſcended ſo far as to go to his Lodgings; but he wou'd not be ſeen by him, nor return any other Anſwer to the Perſons that came from him, than that he had already acquainted the Count with his Reſolution, which he might aſſure himſelf he wou'd not depart from.

In the mean Time the Witneſs from the North arrived, and anſwer'd ſo well the Character had been given of him by *Paulus*, that Count *Richard* was entirely ſatisfied with him, as it was indeed in his Nature to be with all new Acquaintance, eſpecially if they had the Art of ſoothing his Vanity, and this in part diſſipated the Chagrin, which the loſs of *Giraldo* had occaſion'd.

Our

Our truly noble Chevalier was all this Time not without his Share of Anxiety ——— His generous Heart was touch'd with the utmoſt Compaſſion for the Obſtinacy of his unworthy Uncle ——— He had been made to hope he was at laſt become a ſincere Penitent, and had form'd a thouſand pleaſing Ideas, that he ſhou'd hear he was endeavouring to wipe off the Stains his former Actions had caſt upon his Name by the Regularity of his future Conduct; and now to find his Converſion was either counterfeited to ſerve ſome baſe End, or the Deſire of it ſhort-lived, and that he found himſelf obliged to continue to act toward him not as a Nephew but an Adverſary, turn'd the late delightful Proſpect of Amity and Forgiveneſs into ſo ſad a Reverſe, as he could not reflect on without the moſt deep Concern.

He was every Day, however, receiving new Viſits from Perſons who remember'd him an Infant, and came meerly through their Love of Juſtice, to make him the Offer of their Teſtimonies on the Day of Trial ——— How different was his Levee to that of his perfidious Uncle ——— Here only People of Condition, Fortune, or Characters which well atoned for the Deficiency of both, were to be ſeen ——— There only mean Dependants, beggarly Hirelings, Wretches who were known to be of that Stamp as would at any Time ſacrifice their Faith for Bread, fill'd up the ſcandalous Circle, and paid a ſlaviſh Homage to their imperious Patron. ——— Happy did they think themſelves who were admitted to

the one —— To the other, thoſe who had even the leaſt Shadow of a Reputation to loſe were aſhamed to enter —— The Doors of the Chevalier *James*'s Apartments were always open, and throng'd with Footmen with Compliments and perpetual Invitations from their Maſters —— Thoſe of Count *Richard* ſhut againſt a Crowd of Creditors, importunate and clamorous for their juſt Demands —— The Domeſticks of the former had Peace and Plenty in their very Faces —— Thoſe of the latter had Penury, and Horror. —— The nearer the Day appointed for the Trial approach'd, the more ſprightlineſs appear'd throughout the Family of the Plaintiff, while added Anguiſh ſat on the Brows of thoſe belonging to the Defendant.

It was not much above a Week before the Time prefix'd for the Deciſion of this great Event, when Count *Richard* had a new Diſturbance, and from a Quarter he had taken moſt care to guard againſt, and leaſt expected to receive it from.

Among the various Intrigues he had in *****, with all kind of Women whom he could prevail upon to liſten to his Addreſſes, there was one that had about two thouſand Pounds in her own Poſſeſſion: As he left no Stratagem untried to raiſe Mony, he wrote a moſt paſſionate and tender Letter to her, repreſenting the State of his Affairs in their beſt Colours —— ſeeming to triumph over his Adverſaries, and aſſuring her there wanted only more ready Mony than he could at preſent raiſe to defeat all the Projects of his Nephew,

phew, he therefore earneſtly conjured her to advance him all that was in her Power, which he wou'd endeavour to recompence by making her his Wife on his return, and that if ſhe agreed to it, to prevent her from having any Doubts of his Honour, he deſired ſhe wou'd ſend the Mony by a ſpecial Meſſenger, who ſhou'd bring back a Contract of Marriage in form, ſign'd by his own Hand, and properly witneſs'd.

All this was larded with the moſt fulſom Praiſes of her Beauty, good Senſe, fine Shape and all Perfections, that in his Opinion wou'd be a Grace to the Dignity he deſign'd to raiſe her to———he knew the Vanity which is incident to the Sex, even in thoſe of the beſt Underſtanding, much more in one who he look'd upon as far from having any great Share of it, and doubted not but the Baits he threw in her way wou'd be readily ſwallow'd. ——The Title of Counteſs, it muſt be confeſs'd, has a prevailing Sound, and few wou'd refuſe the Advantages it beſtows; Count *Richard* therefore was not altogether ſo much to be ridicul'd for the Imaginations he conceiv'd of his Succeſs in this Attempt, as he juſtly deſerved for many others.

Unhappily, however for his Deſigns upon her, it fell out that ſhe had an intimate Acquaintance with a Woman who was a Native of *Anadea*'s Country, had known her before, and after her Marriage with Count *Richard*.

To this Friend, as Women are naturally apt to boaſt of the Offers made to them, eſpecially if on honourable Terms, did the Count's Miſtreſs communicate how much ſhe was admired by the Count *de Anglia*, telling her withal, that he was ſo preſſing, that ſhe believed their Nuptials wou'd be deferr'd no longer than his return from ******.

On this the other aſſured her, that ſhe was impoſed upon, for to her certain Knowledge he had already a Lady to whom he was lawfully married in the Preſence of ſeveral Perſons of the firſt Quality, and alſo had by her three fine young Ladies.

An Intelligence ſo diſagreeable to her Inclinations, did not immediately gain all the Credit it deſerved ——— ſhe knew not but Envy of the great Fortune ſhe was going to enjoy, might be the Author of this Story, which ſeemed to her the more fabulous, as the Count having his Reſidence for the moſt part in ******, neither Wife nor Children had ever appear'd, or were talk'd of there.—— But ſhe did not let her Informer into the Sentiments ſhe had on what ſhe ſaid, but ſeeming to make light of it, reſolv'd to be aſcertain'd of the Truth ſome other way.

Accordingly ſhe no ſooner had quitted her Company, than ſhe employed a Perſon to make diligent Enquiry into the truth of this Report among thoſe of that Country, where ſhe was inform'd the Count *de Anglia* kept his Family, and ſhe ſoon receiv'd a Confirmation, which ſhe was far from deſiring, or being pleaſing to her.

Burning

Burning with Rage at the Trick he deſigned to put upon her, ſhe now turn'd all her Thoughts to Revenge, and having found out where to direct to *Anadea*, ſhe wrote the following Epiſtle, and ſent it by the Poſt.

To ANADEA *Counteſs* DE ANGLIA.

Madam,

" Having receiv'd Propoſals from the " Count *de Anglia*, which I think you ought " to be acquainted with, I chuſe to write my " Anſwer to you, who may, if you pleaſe, " communicate it to him.—As to the Praiſes " he ſo laviſhly beſtows on my Wit and " Beauty, I do aſſure him I regard them not, " and look on what he ſays on thoſe Scores " only as dull Repetitions of Phraſes be- " ſtow'd before on you, who doubtleſs may " deſerve them more —— much leſs do I " ſet any Value on his Love, his Heart has " been carried ſo often to Market that it will " bear no Price —— his Offers of Marriage " indeed might be worth ſomething if they " were not ſecond-hand, but tho' you may " be good-natured enough to allow him a " Wife for his Conſolation while abſent " from you, I have too much Pride to be- " come a Journey-woman to any Rival, be " ſhe ever ſo much my Superior in Birth, " Merit or Fortune —— I ſhall take it as a " Favour, Madam, notwithſtanding that you " will let him know I think myſelf infi- " nitely obliged for the great Pains he has

" taken about me, and will certainly return " it, if ever it happens in my Power; but as " to the Mony he desires me to advance, " my Father unluckily laid me under a Vow " never to part with any, unless I had suffi- " cient Security for it: The best can be " given by the Count *de Anglia*, is certainly " that of his Nephew the Chevalier *James* " *de Altamont*, if he can procure me a Bond " from him, I shall comply with great " Readiness, and pay the Mony into the " Hands of any Person he shall nominate: " In the mean Time I am his, and

Your Ladyship's
most humble Servant,

FITTERIA.

P. S. " The Count your Husband can give " you my Directions, if you think this de- " serves any Answer.

What became of poor *Anadea* at the Receipt of this!——She was no Stranger to her Husband's Baseness, but this fresh Instance of it, and at a Time when he was making the most tender Protestations, in order to an entire Reconciliation, shew'd him in worse Colours, if possible, than he had ever yet appear'd to her.

Her Soul was naturally soft and gentle, but Jealousy will rouze a sleeping Turtle—— not but his Usage of her had long since suppress all amorous Emotions in his Favour, yet did not the Thoughts of that Return of his

his Affection, which he of late profeſt, diſpleaſe her; and to find herſelf thus cruelly diſappointed and deceived, inſpired her with all that Rage the moſt paſſionate and tenacious of her Sex uſually feel on ſuch occaſions.

She flew to his Houſe, and with the bittereſt Reproaches threw the Letter in his Face: Eager as he was to examine into the occaſion, he endeavoured firſt to pacify her Fury, but ſhe wou'd liſten to nothing he ſaid, but cried, *Read that, thou moſt unjuſt and barbarous Man!* — *See, ſee the Evidence of thy Treachery* — *thy black Deceit.*

On her continuing to urge him in this manner, he peruſed *Fitteria*'s Letter, and was too much ſurprized, and enraged at the Contents of it, to be able in the firſt Tranſports to have recourſe to any Artifice which might have given a turn to the Meaning of it, and once more deluded *Anadea*, —— all he cou'd ſay was, that he knew nothing of what the Woman meant —— that there was ſome Miſtake in the Caſe — that ſhe was mad, or ſome body had perſonated him and impoſed upon her —— one Minute ſaid, he never heard of any ſuch Perſon as *Fitteria*, the next that he knew ſhe was a vile impudent Creature; and a Thouſand ſuch like Inconſiſtencies, which more made evident his Guilt.

Anadea had no Patience to endure the weak, the trifling Excuſes he aimed to make —— ſhe retorted upon him every inadvertent Word, and ſo far from being any way

way pacified, she flung from him, and in the height of her Resentment went and complain'd of the second Injustice he was about to do her to all her Acquaintance.

She seemed no longer now the humble, mild, and suffering *Anadea*, who had formerly trembled at his Frowns, and confessed Faults she had ne'er been guilty of, glad to make Peace at any Rate—— she knew the Lady to whom he had falsified his Marriage Vows, in making her his Wife, was no longer in the World, and her Claim to him was now lawful and unconteſted, so resolved to exert her Privilege, and tho' she wou'd not live with him as a Wife, deter him from the Thoughts of being in reality a Husband to any other.

This new Breach between them, and the occasion of it, being blaz'd through the Town increased the Number of his Enemies, and made those who before were so, more implacable—— the Bishop severely reprimanded him, and the Ladies, who in general loved *Anadea*, loaded him with Reproaches —— His Lawyers looked on his Condition as desperate, when he was obliged to have recourse to such mean Stratagems to raise Mony, and press'd him for the Payment of their Bills—— his other Creditors grew more impatient, and altogether drove him to the verge of Madness.

What in his Power would he not have given to have been revenged on this Source of his present Vexation! the spightful *Fitteria!* —— how did he curse her Malice in writing

writing to his Wife! —— her Affectation of Wit in the ſevere Sarcaſms ſhe threw upon him! —— her malapert Inſinuations of his Nephew! —— in fine he could have ſtab'd her, and almoſt himſelf for putting it in her Power to laugh at him, and expoſe him to others in this manner.

Anadea after this would never ſpeak to him; ſhe had by means of the Clergy got Security for a Proviſion for herſelf and Children, which the perfect Knowledge of his Deceit and Baſeneſs forbad her to entertain any hope of enlarging, by pretending a Kindneſs for him, and when ſhe came coolly to conſider, ſhe was well enough pleas'd to have this Opportunity of throwing off.

Some however have repreſented this Lady as a bitter Enemy to the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, becauſe that in all Companies ſhe ſeemed to ridicule his Pretenſions, and did every thing in her Power to diſſuade all thoſe ſhe had any Influence over, from being any way Aſſiſtant to his making out the Validity of his Claim; but thoſe who judged in this manner ſeem to forget how ſhe was circumſtanced, and what potent Reaſons ſhe had to wiſh her Husband, unworthy as he was, might retain his Poſſeſſions —— tho' ſhe loved not him, ſhe loved her Children, and was not ſo broken either by Time or Grief as to have no Regard for herſelf; and as both ſhe and them had no hope of Support, but from the Settlement he had been compelled to make, what but Miſery and Want could ſhe

ſhe expect if he ſhould be deprived of the Means of fulfilling his Obligation?

The Chevalier *James*, whenever he was informed of any Efforts ſhe made to his Prejudice, was far from reſenting what ſhe did——he judged too rightly of her Caſe to think ſhe could in Reaſon act otherwiſe, and when his Friends condemn'd her Partiality, he always defended her Behaviour in this Point —— *She certainly can have no Malice to me*, would he ſay, *and I am apt to think if ſhe were as well acquainted with my Intentions as I am myſelf, ſhe would prefer the Cauſe of Juſtice to that of Duty, to a Husband ſuch as Count* Richard.

Many there were that heard him ſpeak theſe Words, as he often repeated them, but none well underſtood their Meaning, till *Amico* being one Day inquiſitive on that Score, deſired he would explain himſelf.

To which he anſwered, *You know*, ſaid he, *my dear* Amico, *that my cruel Uncle once propoſed, and I conſented, that on his Ceſſion of all the Eſtates and Titles that are my Due by Birth, he ſhould receive out of them a certain Penſion——that Agreement being now broke off by his own Obſtinacy, I have ever ſince determined, when Heaven ſhall put me in Poſſeſſion of my Birthright, to allow to* her *and* her Children, *what I before had reſolved to ſet apart for* him.

Who could enough admire ſo true a Magnanimity! —— *Amico*, tho' he wanted not this Inſtance, thought it ſo wonderful, that he could not reſtrain himſelf from burſting into

into Acclamations, which ſome might have thought too violent for a Perſon of his Years, and that ſerious Deportment he was accuſtomed to. But this worthy Gentleman had now a double Cauſe for Tranſport; he was charmed to ſee that Greatneſs of Soul, for which the Nobility of a certain Nation were once ſo famous, likely to be revived in one he ſo much loved, and to whom he had been a kind of Tutor; and he was rejoiced, beyond meaſure, to find that Greatneſs of Soul would exert itſelf in favour of an unhappy Lady who had many Virtues, and her innocent Children, who ſeemed to inherit nothing of their Father's Vices.

He run on in praiſing this generous Deſign ſo long, that the Modeſty of the Chevalier was pain'd by it, and to put an End to all farther Encomiums, he told him that he over-rated by much the Merit of his Intention——he ſaid he thought he ought not to do leſs——they were innocent, and it would be unjuſt to make them ſuffer for another's Crimes, and it would alſo be unnatural in him not to take Care of young Ladies ſo near to him in Blood.

He entreated *Amico*, after this, to mention nothing of what had paſt between them to *Anadea*, or any of her Daughters; *not*, ſaid he, *that I ſhall change my Mind, but it would look like bribing their good Wiſhes to let them know my Intereſt ſhould alſo be theirs.*

Amico gave him his Promiſe he would be ſilent; whether he was able to contain himſelf ſo far is uncertain; but if he was not, *Anadea* was

was too prudent to betray him. An Accident however happened immediately after, which made the Generosity of the Chevalier more publick than he intended it.

Some Months before his first Embarkation for the Place of his Nativity, he had entered himself into a Society famous for their perfect Knowledge of the Laws of the Land, and not less so for their Wit and Understanding in the politer Arts; among the great Number of accomplished Gentlemen, which composed this celebrated Body, there was one called *Portius*, who no sooner became acquainted with the Heir of *Altamont*, than he found himself attached to him with a peculiar Regard; the Chevalier *James* was no less inclined to distinguish him, and this mutual Liking and Esteem soon ripened into the strongest Friendship —— some Avocations he was engaged in would not permit him to accompany the Chevalier in either of the Visits he made to *Altamont*; but the News of the Day being prefixed for the Decision of the Fate of a Friend, so dear to him, having reach'd him, no Business of his own, or of the World, could have with held him from coming to be present at it.

He had been but a few Days in the Capital of that Kingdom, before happening to be in the publick Walks, he saw a young Lady whose Beauty in his Eyes far outshone all he had ever beheld in one of the finest Courts of *Europe*——in fine, he gazed on her so long 'till he was lost himself——poor *Portius* was downright in Love, and not knowing

ing how to introduce himſelf to the Object of his Affection, became extremely melancholly——he had followed her at a Diſtance, and ſeen into what Houſe ſhe went; by the Appearance it made, and the Servants about the Doors, he ſuppoſed it belonged to ſome Perſon of Condition, but had not Courage to enquire the Name either of the Owner, or the beautiful young Lady he had juſt ſeen enter —— Angry with himſelf for his Timidity, he went next Day, and on enquiring, was told the Lady *S*——*n* lived there,—— he then ventured farther, and asked if her Ladyſhip had any Daughter or Neices; to which they anſwered, ſhe had none who lived with her ——— ſuppoſing then his Charmer was a Viſiter, he beg'd to know what Gueſts had been with her the Day before, on which the Fellow he ſpoke to, growing ſurly, told him he deſired Impoſſibilities, *for*, ſaid he, *my Lady has ſo much Company on her Viſiting-Day, that I have no time to acquaint you with the Names of half that come here:* With theſe Words he turned away, and would hold no farther Diſcourſe.

Thus was the Lover in a moſt terrible Dilemma, he had loſt his Heart, and neither knew in what Part of that populous Town to ſeek it, nor the Name or Condition of the fair Thief that ſtole it; a Situation which might well make him thoughtful——he was juſt beginning to give way to all thoſe romantick Ideas which ſo much perplex the Mind when once that Paſſion gets Admittance, when the Chevalier *James*, *Macario*, and ſome other Gentlemen

Gentlemen took him along with them to view a fine Quay not long since built——— they had not walk'd long before they were met by *Amico*, conducting two Ladies, one of whom was the Charmer of *Portius* ——— it would be needleſs to ſay how much he was tranſported at ſeeing her again, eſpecially as ſhe was with *Amico*, with whom he expected they would join Companies, but his Hope was diſappointed; *Anadea*, for it was no other than herſelf, who, with her eldeſt Daughter, had a little before met *Amico* by chance, not thinking it proper to hold any Converſation, much leſs in a publick Place, with her Husband's Competitor, withdrew, taking the young Lady with her, before the others came near enough to ſalute them.

Portius had been inconſolable at ſeeing her thus ſuddenly ſnatch'd away, had it not been that he hoped to learn from *Amico* what he had in vain endeavoured to find out himſelf.

I pity that poor Lady, ſaid one of the Gentlemen to the Chevalier *James*, meaning *Anadea*. To which he anſwer'd, *her Condition has indeed a Right to the Commiſeration of all Men of Honour.*

True, cry'd *Amico* haſtily, *and therefore, Sir, you ought not to permit her to languiſh in continual Apprehenſions of an Ill, which you are determined ſhe ſhall never feel in Reality.*

Here the Chevalier would fain have ſtop'd his Mouth, but he would not be prevented from relating, to the whole Company, the generous Proviſion he intended to make for the

the innocent Family of his inhumane Uncle, which occaſioned freſh Compliments to the Heir of *Altamont* by all but *Portius*, who was ſo amazed to find his Adorable was the Daughter of Count *Richard*, that he was not able to utter one Word for a conſiderable Time.

As many ſpoke at once, no notice was taken of his Silence, but he afterwards made his Apology for it to his dear Chevalier *James*, when he entruſted him with the Secret of his Paſſion for his lovely Couſin.

The Chevalier's Deſigns in Favour of *Anadea* having once got Air, it ſoon became very much talk'd on, and never but with the utmoſt Admiration of his Virtue.

As induſtriouſly as it is propagated by thoſe who have no Propenſity to do good Actions, that Heaven takes no Cognizance of what is done below, at leaſt or to reward or puniſh, the extraordinary Accidents we ſometimes ſee, is ſufficient to convince thoſe, who are not obſtinately blind, of the Fallacy of that Opinion; but of all the Inſtances ſet down either in ſacred or prophane Hiſtory, none ever was more remarkable than that of this young Nobleman, as I think every one muſt acknowledge, who traces the Means by which he came to be in a Condition to aſſert his Right. The Love and the Eſteem he alſo gained from People, who were not in themſelves of the ſtricteſt Principles, alſo ſhews that Virtue will always command Reverence, tho' not Imitation.

The Chevalier *James* was long ſince provided with ſufficient Evidences to make good his Claim, and had given over all Search of any more; yet now it was certain that the Trial was appointed, ſcarce a Day but brought him ſome new Aſſerters of his Cauſe, who came from the fartheſt Part of the Kingdom unſent-for, unthought-of, upon their own Expences, to declare the Truth of what they knew concerning him, and thoſe whoſe Teſtimony ſeem'd immaterial, by being ſuch as they had a Number who avouched the ſame Thing, and by that Means would only prolong the Hearing, and give needleſs Trouble to the Judge, ſeem'd eager to be made choice of out of the Multiplicity, as thinking it an Honour to themſelves to have their Names regiſtered in the Liſt of Defenders of ſo meritorious a Cauſe. A poor old Woman, who got her Bread by ſelling Toys about the Country, travelled on Foot above an hundred Miles to depoſe that ſhe ſold him the firſt Rattle he ever played with, that ſhe was in the great Hall in the Caſtle, and my Lady the Baroneſs *de Altamont* found Fault with it, and ſaid it did not make Noiſe enough—— that her Child was a Boy of Spirit, and loved a great Noiſe. On which ſhe went again the next Day and carried another, and that then the young Chevalier was in my Lady's Arms, who took the Rattle herſelf, and ſhook it to him, and ſeem'd exceeding fond. The old Woman farther asked one of the Servants how many Children my Lord and Lady had, and he told her they had no more than that one

one she saw, and that they both doated on him, as well they might, for he was a fine Child.

This Witness made all the Gentlemen laugh heartily at the Description she gave of the Child's Cloaths, and how richly my Lady was dress'd, and what Furniture was in the Hall, and a thousand Particulars, which, notwithstanding the manner in which she express'd them, corroborated the Truth of what she alledged, and would have been a very good Testimony of the Baroness's having a Son, had there been any Occasion for more Proofs of it than what they had before the Arrival of the old Woman.

A Man also who happened at the Time of the Chevalier *James*'s Birth to be Butler in a Nobleman's House near *Altamont*, but now lived in another Part of the Country, hearing of the Trial, came up to the Capital of his own Accord, and beg'd leave to be admitted as an Evidence——He was in the Room with his Lord when a Message came from the Baron *de Altamont* to acquaint him that his Lady had brought a Son into the World, and that afterwards, taking the Man down into the Cellar to make him drink, they had a great deal of Talk together about the Child, and that he, the Deponent, said to the other, *I'll warrant you'll have rare Doings now at the Castle*; to which the Baron's Servant reply'd, *Aye, my Lord is so transported that he is quite another Man. He gave my Lady's Woman five Guineas when she brought him the News, and order'd Money and strong Beer to*

be

be given away to all the poor People round about.

This Witneſs was alſo very ſtrong, but ſuperfluous, as they had the Evidence of the Lord he ſerved, and to whom the Meſſage had been delivered.

Another was a Maid-Servant in the Houſe where the Chevalier *James* was at School, and tho' now married, and the Mother of ſeveral Children, left her Houſe and Family, believing what ſhe had to ſay might be of Service to the young Nobleman—— being asked by his Sollicitor what ſhe knew, ſhe anſwer'd, that a Quarrel happening between the Chevalier *James* and one of his School-fellows, the other ſtab'd him with a Penknife in the Hip, that the Baron was preſently ſent for, and ſhe was in the Room when his Lordſhip came and brought a Surgeon with him, and heard him ſay, *For God's Sake, dear Mr.* —— *be careful of him* —— *you know he is my only Son and Heir, and as my Wife and I are parted, ſhall have no more lawful Children.* She was alſo ready to make Oath that the Chevalier was never look'd on as any other than the Son of the Baroneſs, and that ſhe never heard his Legitimacy once call'd in Queſtion.

Her Evidence was alſo reckon'd of no Moment, becauſe they already had the Maſter of the School, and the Surgeon, who came with the Baron, to atteſt the ſame Thing, and were acquainted with much more convincing Circumſtances.

Another offer'd to depoſe, that being a very young Girl in the Baron *de Altamont*'s Houſe, they

they would not suffer her to come into the Room while my Lady was in Labour, but that to satisfy her Curiosity she peep'd through the Key-hole of the Door, and saw her Ladyship delivered; and that presently afterwards her Woman came out of the Chamber, and said to one of the Maids, who was doing something on the Stairs, *Thank God, my Lady has got a fine Boy.*

Neither was this thought of any Service, because they had several others, who were Servants there at that Time, and said the same Things she did, and much more, which either she did not know of, or was not of an Age to remember.

Above twenty others, who had been dispersed in different Parts of the Kingdom, now quitted their respective Habitations and assembled at the Capital, all led by the same love of Truth, to attest either the Birth or Identity of the Heir of *Altamont*; but, as I have already observed, there was not the least Occasion for their Evidence, the Chevalier's Council having before found their Number was more than sufficient.

None of these poor People however would be prevailed upon to return to their Houses till they had seen the Event, and had the Pleasure of congratulating the true Heir on the Recovery of his Right.

What a Satisfaction must so much Love and Zeal afford to the Person who inspired it. ——Had the wicked Count *Richard*, in the Height of all his Grandeur, and while he imagined himself in a secure Possession, ever

half

half that ſincere Pleaſure his Nephew now felt in the unbought and diſintereſted Affection of ſuch a numerous Crowd, who were daily lifting up their Hands and Eyes invoking Bleſſings on him?

How true a Notion therefore of Happineſs had that amiable Lady who wrote in praiſe of Innocence.

What's Innocence! a brighter Gem,
Than e'er enrich'd a Diadem!
A Gem that bears a Price ſo high,
As Crowns and Empires cannot buy!
Yet by the pooreſt Mortal's Breaſt,
This matchleſs Treaſure is poſſeſt!
A Jewel not like other Wealth,
That's liable to Fraud or Stealth;
Safe in its Cabinet 'twill ſtay,
Till by the Owner thrown away.
O diſmal Bargain! when for Sin we ſell
This Gem: 'tis Life for Death, and Heaven for Hell.

The Truth of theſe Lines is too evident in the Characters of the innocent Chevalier *James de Altamont*, and the cruel, treacherous Count *Richard*, not to be obvious to every Reader —— the former had always Peace within himſelf, Reſpect Abroad —— the latter was ever tormented with ſecret Horrors, and ſhocked with publick Scorn——— who is there wou'd not wiſh to be the one!—who not tremble to think he was the other!

But to return to *Portius*, whoſe Love was rather heightned than abated by his Knowledge,

ledge, that the Idol of his Soul was of the ſame Blood with the Chevalier *James*, thro' the means of *Amico*, who frequently viſited *Anadea*, he was introduced to their Houſes, and had all the Opportunity he cou'd wiſh of converſing with the Ladies; but was obliged to content himſelf with that, both *Amico*, and the Chevalier *James* himſelf, thinking it wou'd not be for the intereſt of his Paſſion to diſcover it as things now were.

It was indeed highly improbable, that Count *Richard* wou'd countenance the Pretenſions of a Gentleman, whom it was known had ſo great a Friendſhip for his Nephew, and as little likely that *Anadea*, or the young Lady herſelf wou'd dare to do it without his Permiſſion, as it was on him alone ſhe depended for a Fortune.

Portius was ſenſible of their Reaſons, and therefore behaved with great Circumſpection, tho' how great a Conſtraint he put upon himſelf, thoſe who are, or have been Lovers, may eaſily conceive—— his Condition, however, was not very pitiable; for not doubting but the Chevalier *James* wou'd get the better of his inhumane Uncle, ſhe wou'd then have nothing either to expect, or fear from the Authority ſhe at preſent was under. and conſequently leſs awed by it; ſo that all he had now to do, was to carry himſelf in ſuch a manner as ſhou'd attract her Eſteem, and thereby lay the Foundation of a more tender Paſſion in her Heart, when the Diſcovery of his own, ſhou'd make her know that Eſteem

alone was not ſufficient to render him happy.

Whether Count *Richard* was inform'd or not of the Viſits this young Gentleman made to his Wife and Daughter, is uncertain, but whatever he heard of it he took no Notice, nor 'tis likely was under any Concern: He had others that lay more heavy on him, and were of more Conſequence to engroſs his Attention.

Notwithſtanding he had given his Word and Honour to attempt no farther Demurs; all his Thoughts were bent on finding ſome plauſible Pretence for ſhifting off the ſo much dreaded Day, which now was near at Hand. —— His own Invention being able to furniſh nothing at this critical Conjuncture, he reproached his Inſtruments for the dullneſs of their Capacities, and told them, that they deſerved to be hang'd for not being more induſtrious in the Service of a Nobleman, who fed them, clothed them, did them the honour of taking them with him in his Coach, and put them on the Foot with Gentlemen ——it was in vain that they endeavoured to palliate his Wrath, by reminding him of the various Stratagems they had form'd, ſome of which had been ſucceſsful, and thoſe that had happ n'd to prove the co ntrary were notwithſtanding not leſs artfully contriv'd — that they had already hazarded not only their Lives but their Souls alſo, and were ready to loſe both, if their Perdition wou'd avail him ought; but confeſs'd that it was not in their Power

Power to think of any one Pretence which cou'd give any colour for farther petitioning for a Delay.)

All theſe Reaſons and Submiſſions ſeem'd rather provoking than ſatisfactory to the Count; and being ready to tear his own Fleſh, cou'd not forbear venting ſome Part of this frenzy of the Soul on thoſe who were oblig'd to bear it. No doubt but he wou'd have treated his Lawyers in the ſame manner if he durſt, but as they were not proper Objects to exerciſe his Fury upon, Fawning and Flattery were the Arts he practis'd to bring them into his Meaſures—— he told them he had yet other Witneſſes of great Importance to his Cauſe, whoſe Arrival he expected, and conjured them to endeavour once more for a ſhort Delay.

The greateſt Part of thoſe he urg'd on this Occaſion, were ſo incenſed at his Requeſts, that they were ready to throw up the Buſineſs; and ſeveral of the Counſel proteſted, that if he attempted ſuch a Thing they wou'd be ſo far from Pleading for him, that they wou'd go over to his Adverſary without a Fee.

Yet all was too little to prevent this headſtrong, or rather this timid Offender, from doing what every one ſaid muſt be his certain Ruin, in order to gain a ſhort-lived Reſpite from it——there was one among the Number whom he prevail'd on for a Sum of Money to file a Bill in *Chancery* for an Injunction to ſtop Proceedings; than which, as he had engag'd to wave his Privilege, there

cou'd not have been a more mad Action committed, and which any one who had adviſed wou'd have been cenſured by all the World, as a Perſon ſecretly bribed to his Deſtruction.

So amazing was it, that thoſe employed by the Chevalier *James* cou'd ſcarce believe it poſſible, tho' they had the Teſtimony of their own Eyes and Ears —— they however, loſt no Time, but put in a full Anſwer in three Days after.

This Anſwer, tho' made, conducted and filed in all the neceſſary Forms, the other took no notice of, but directly apply'd for an Injunction, as if no ſuch Anſwer had been filed —— ſtrange Audacity both in the Count and Lawyer! —— an Action in which ſuch Arrogance and Ignorance were blended, as I challenge all the Precedents of Contempt of Law and Equity to Parallel!

Thoſe of the Office where the Injunction was demanded, cou'd have no gueſs at the Trick put upon them, and readily granted an Order for the Sail Injunction, ſo that by this Artifice, had not the Perſons concern'd for the Chevalier been Gentlemen of uncommon Integrity, Penetration and Reſolution, had Poſtponed the Hearing of his Cauſe, Heaven knows how ong, and given his wicked Antagoniſt time to contrive other Stratagems perhaps of the ſame Nature with thoſe which ſo providentially had miſcarry'd.

But ſo active were they in laying open this Scene of Villany, that the Count *de Anglia* had ſcarce manifeſted the ſatisfaction of having accompliſh'd

accompliſh'd his Purpoſe, than he found his Agent in the black Affair ſeized in his Preſence, and drag'd before a Judge, who, threatning him with the Puniſhment due to ſo glaring a Malpractice, he threw himſelf upon his Knees for Pardon, and voluntarily enter'd into a Rule to diſcharge the Order, ſo that the Time appointed for the Trial ſtood as it did, and all the wicked Count got by it was an Addition of Infamy and Vexation.

This was ſo monſtrous a piece of Deception, that his Counſel were aſhamed to own they continued to act for him; but tho' they made what Excuſes they cou'd for him in Publick, as he was their Client, they all gave him up among themſelves; and ſpared not to tell him to his Face, that if his Cauſe was good, he took all imaginable Methods to make it appear bad, to do the work of his worſt Enemies, and bring Diſgrace upon his Friends.

All this he was oblig'd to ſubmit to, and acknowledge that what had been done was wrong; but then, as was always his Cuſtom, he laid the blame on his Agent, pretending the Deſign was wholly his, tho' it was indeed his own, and he had in a manner compell'd him to the Execution. But what he ſaid on theſe Scores was little regarded——and tho' the Inſtruments of his vile Practices met with the juſt Cenſure of the World, yet he was chiefly condemn'd as the ſole Author and Abettor.

One wou'd think that in this hurry of promiſcuous Vexations——this inceſſant Round

of Disappointments, Perplexities and Fears, he shou'd have little time for amorous Amusements.

Yet had he a Mistress lived with him under the notion of his House-keeper —— a pretty young Girl, whom he had *debauch'd* by fair Promises, and still *kept* on Promises, allowing her neither Clothes, Pocket-money, nor any Convenience in Life, but the bare Honour of Sitting at his own Table, and sometimes lying in his own Bed; neither cou'd he content himself with this Companion at Home, but was continually sending his greedy Eyes Abroad in search of new Conquests, or rather of new Opportunities of rendring himself ridiculous, as if Fate did not inflict enough for his Chastisement, but he must search new matters of Mortification for himself.

There lived in the same Street where he had hired a House during his Stay in ***** a Gentleman pretty far advanc'd in Years, who was lately married to a very agreeable Woman, much younger than himself. Her Person pleas'd the inconstant Heart of Count *Richard*, and the Circumstances she was in flatter'd his Vanity with a Prospect of Success; he found means to get acquainted with the Husband, in order to be introduced to the Wife, and soon after he was so, took an Opportunity of discovering his Passion.

The Lady was virtuous, but extremely Gay, and nothing was more pleasing to her than an Occasion to laugh at the Follies of those who preended to admire her: She was perfectly well

well acquainted with the Character of Count *Richard*, and thought ſhe cou'd not have a better Subject for Diverſion for herſelf, and her Companions — ſhe therefore made no Attempts to check his Flame, or the Hope ſhe eaſily perceiv'd he had entertain'd of gaining her, but rather put in practice all the Arts of Coquetry to heighten his Deſires —— ſometimes ſhe wou'd look on him with a kind of Languiſhment in her Eyes, which made him think her juſt ready to fall into his Arms; then, all on a ſudden ſtart into the utmoſt Gaiety, and anſwer the Preſſures her former Behaviour embolden'd him to make with one or other of thoſe Songs, which by frequent going to Ballad Opera's ſhe was well furniſh'd with ——one Moment ſhe was coy even to Shineſs, the next all coming kind and eaſy— in fine, ſhe gave him all the room imaginable to think ſhe might be won, but that there was ſomething wanting on his Part, and which ſhe expected before ſhe wou'd comply ——he reflected that the three great Charms to Womankind are Flattery, Treats, and Preſents — the firſt he had in a moſt plentiful manner beſtowed on her, the ſecond he had little Opportunity of doing, becauſe ſhe had given him to underſtand her Husband was pretty much inclin'd to Jealouſy, and ſhe cou'd not go Abroad or at leaſt ſtay long without him ——it muſt therefore be the third; and as his Situation at preſent was the leaſt convenient to him, for it wou'd neither befit his Quality nor the Reſpect he profeſs'd for her, to make her an Offer of any thing of a ſmall Value.

He hesitated not long however, how he shou'd behave; he was distractedly in Love, and his Passion must be gratified; in order to which he went to a Jeweller and bought a fine Diamond Ring, which he immediately carried to her, and intreated her to wear for his Sake— the pleasure with which she receiv'd it made him know he had taken the right Method, and now hoped he shou'd soon be at the end of all his Wishes; but she soon convinced him he had but made a beginning; for the very next Visit a Lace Woman brought in, as if by chance (but indeed by her own Appointment a fine Head-dress, which she seemed mightily taken with, tried on before him, to let him see how well it became her, and then cried, it was a sad thing to have a covetous Husband —— and then in the same Breath, *yet if he were at Home*, said she, *I don't think he wou'd refuse me.*——

Count *Richard* must have been dull indeed, if he had not seen she wanted him to give it her; and tho' he wished the Woman at the Devil for bringing it when he was so unlucky as to be there, yet as he had gone so far, he thought he must not run the Risque of disobliging, or perhaps losing his Mistress, by not humouring her in what she express'd so great a Fancy for, so told her in as Cavalier a manner as he cou'd, that she had no occasion to regret her Husband's Absence for such a Trifle——for if she wou'd permit him, he wou'd supply his Place—— to these Words she made no Answer, but held down her

her Head, with ſo ſignificant a Look as made him aſſured in his Mind that ſhe deſign'd he ſhou'd ſupply her Husband's Place in ſomething more agreeable to him than this.

Tranſported with the Thought, he took a Bank-Bill out of his Pocket, with which he was to have paid one of the moſt importunate of his Lawyers, and gave it to the Lace-Merchant for the Head-Dreſs, telling the Lady, that he look'd upon himſelf as extremely happy, in being favour'd with her Acceptance of it.

After this, he never came, but ſhe contrived it ſo as to have Snuff-Boxes, Buckles, Tweezers, Smelling-Bottles, or ſome other curious Toys brought in, few of which ſhe did not find ſome Pretence or other to make him lay down the Money for.

By what has been ſaid of the Count's impatient Diſpoſition, it may ſeem ſtrange that he wou'd part with a thing ſo precious to him as Money at all Times, but more eſpecially now when he ſo much wanted it, without a more valuable Conſideration than any he had yet receiv'd. But artful as he was, the Lady he had to deal with was infinitely more ſo, ſhe wou'd often raiſe his Expectations to the higheſt Pitch — make him imagine himſelf on the Verge of all he wiſh'd, and then by ſome Stratagem which he ſaw not the Contrivance of, diſappoint, and ſend him away curſing his ill Fate, yet ſtill hoping a more favourable Opportunity.

Various Times has ſhe planted ſome of her Female Acquaintance (who were in the Plot

with her, and with whom she diverted herself at his Expence) in the next Room, these had their Cue of Entrance by a certain Signal she gave, whenever her Lover grew more bold, and attempted to take greater Liberties than she intended to allow him, and came in as if by accident.

Sometimes she wou'd tell him her Husband was to Sup abroad, and promising to be denied to all other Company, appoint her believing Lover to come at the very Hour she knew he wou'd be at Home—— it wou'd be endless to recount the various Interruptions her fertile Brain invented, and yet seemed all the work of Chance, and she pretended to regret no less than himself.

At last, having sufficiently teiz'd him this way, she bethought herself of another Game to play upon him——he had never seen her Hand, so she sate down and wrote to him in her Husband's Name the following Billet.

To RICHARD *Count* DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

" Rank neither is, nor ought to be a Sanction for base Actions, and as I am a " Gentleman and a Man of Honour, have a " right to call any Man to Acconnt who " offers me an Injustice — you, my Lord, " have attempted to wrong me in the tenderest Point, I therefore expect you to " meet me To-morrow about Nine in the " Morning in the Field behind the College-Garden, to give me that Satisfaction

" which

" which Character and Peace of Mind re-
" quire —— as the Quarrel concerns only
" ourſelves, I ſhall come alone, and deſire
" you will do the ſame, to

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

LEONARDO.

" *P. S.* Pleaſe to ſend an Anſwer by the
" Bearer."

This ſhe ſent by a Perſon ſhe could confide in, charging him to ſay he had it from her Husband, and to bring the Anſwer to her.

The Count was extremely ſurprized and vexed at receiving it; he was vex'd both at the Diſcovery of his Deſigns upon the Lady, becauſe he feared it would occaſion a total Diſappointment of them, and alſo at the Neceſſity there was of his fighting her Husband, or being expoſed by him as a Coward.

The latter of which, however, ſeem'd to him the leaſt Evil; for he imagined that he might evade any ſmall Reproaches he might have on that Head, and in caſe any groſs Affront ſhould be offer'd, he might have recourſe to Law for an Inſult on the Peerage.

To bring himſelf off as handſomely as he could, he made his Excuſe in theſe Terms.

To Monſieur LEONARDO.

SIR,

" Tho' I am altogether a Stranger to what " you mean, and look upon it as an Indecency " to accuſe a Man of my Quality with be- " ing guilty of Injuſtice, unleſs you had " Proofs, which my perfect Innocency aſſures " me you cannot have, that I deſerve it, I " ſhould not ſcruple to meaſure Swords with " you, if Reaſons of more weight than any " Provocation you can give did not at this " Time with-hold me——— to be plain with " you, I ſuſpect you are inſtigated by the " Chevalier *James* to force me into a Quar- " rel, which, 'tis poſſible, he may depend " enough upon your Proweſs to fancy, will " rid him of a Perſon, who, if he lives, will " ſoon have an Opportunity to chaſtiſe his " Preſumption ——— taking this for granted, " you will not wonder I poſtpone the Satis- " faction you demand of me, 'till the Con- " teſt between me and that Impoſter is de- " cided ——— when I have done with him, I " may perhaps give you Cauſe to repent the " Freedom you take with a Perſon ſo much above you.

R. DE ANGLIA.

Nothing had ever afforded more Diverſion to the Wife of *Leonardo* and her Companions than this Epiſtle ——they found the Coward, the

the Calumniator, or the vain Coxcomb in every Line; but this being the laſt Trick they intended to put upon him, ſhe ſat down and wrote to him once more, to let him know all ſhe had done was but to revenge herſelf, (like the merry Wives of *Windſor* in the Play) on him, for the mean Opinion he had of her Virtue, in attempting it in the manner he had. Theſe were the Terms in which ſhe expreſs'd herſelf.

To RICHARD *Count* DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

" I am tempted to make you my Confident " by two Motives, the firſt is my Regard for " your Lordſhip, the other is that which I " have for myſelf —— Know then, to eaſe " you of all the Apprehenſions you may be " under on Account of *Leonardo*, that he " is perfectly ignorant of the Honour you " intended him by making him a Cuckold; " and to clear my own Character of a virtu- " ous Wife; know alſo, that I never encou- " raged your Attempts but with a View of " puniſhing them, I wiſh I could add that alſo " of reforming you; but I believe that has " long ſince ceas'd to be a Hope —— Cha- " rity, however, you muſt own, was part of " my Intention in accepting the Preſents you " made me, ſince I took them with one " Hand, and gave them with the other to " your poor Houſe-keeper, who, I am in-

" form'd,

" form'd, ſtands in need of them ——— For
" my part, I deſire to retain nothing of your's
" but the Memory of the fine Things you
" have ſaid to me, which will be a laſting
" Jeſt with me and thoſe Friends, who, un-
" ſeen by you, were Witneſſes of them.

" I cannot take my Leave of you without
" expreſſing ſome Surprize, that a Man ſo
" bold in Love ſhould be ſo timid in Arms,
" ——— the Lover and the Warrior, for the
" moſt part go together —— at leaſt it is a
" Maxim with us Women, that the Brave
" are always faithful; but your Lordſhip, I
" perceive, chuſes rather to dare that Thing
" called Vengeance from above, than a drawn
" Sword below —— the Eye goes a great way
" in influencing your Paſſions —— Ills out of
" Sight, hanging o'er your Head, are far
" leſs dreadful than a Weapon pointed at
" your Breaſt ——— be of Courage, therefore,
" you are in no Danger of the *one*, on my
" Score at leaſt, whatever you may be of the
" *other* from the Hand of Juſtice ——— I be-
" lieve the Name of a certain young Noble-
" man gives you a Tremor every time you
" hear it; ſo I will forbear to mention it, and
" am, with a true Senſe of your Lordſhip's
" Merits, and the Happineſs you deſigned
" me,

Your moſt humble,

FIDELIA.

This

This Letter she accompanied with one to his House-keeper, and a Packet, containing all the Presents she had received from the Count *de Anglia*. To her she wrote in this manner:

To FLAVIA.

House-keeper and Heart-keeper of the noble Count DE ANGLIA.

Pretty Lass, for Maid I cannot call you,

" I send you here some Trinkets which " my Eyes (I assure you no other Part of me) " has earn'd for you of the Right Honourable " Peer above-named: Wear them for my " Sake, and whenever you look upon them, " say to yourself, *Other Women get such fine* " *Things by the Sincerity of their Lovers; but* " *I owe these to the Falshood of mine* ——— " Do not let him take them from you, I " charge you, since you do not owe them to " him, but to

Your unknown Well-wisher.

It would be little possible to represent Count *Richard*'s Astonishment when he found the Letters sign'd *Leonardo* and *Fidelia* were both wrote by the same Hand, and that all the Pains he had taken, and all the Expence he had been at, was only to render him ridiculous to a parcel of insignificant Women; when he came to that Part which mentioned the Re-

turn

turn of the Preſents he had made her, he ran haſtily to *Flavia*'s Apartment, and found her buſy in admiring the Things had been juſt then brought to her: She was not, however, ſo much taken up, but the Letter ſhe had received with them ran in her Mind, and on the Count's asking what ſhe had got there, ſhe ſhew'd him both the one and the other.

He never was more at a Loſs in his Life, than he was now, for what to ſay on this Occaſion; but reflecting that he had to do with a ſimple, harmleſs Creature, wholly unacquainted with the World, and therefore eaſily impoſed upon, he told her, it was true that he had made thoſe Preſents to a Lady, but ſhe was a married Woman, and one whom he had no other Deſign upon than meerly to engage her Intereſt with her Husband, in order to borrow a Sum of Money of him againſt the Trial came on; *but*, added he, *I find her Vanity has miſtaken my Civilities, and conſtrued that into a Liking of her Perſon, what was intended only to ſerve my own Turn with her Husband.*

This Turn had all the Effect he deſired it ſhould; *Flavia* believed what he told her, and was perfectly eaſy as to the Score of Jealouſy; but when ſhe heard him ſay he was glad the other had return'd the Ring, Head-dreſs, and all the valuable Toys, becauſe he believed it would be in his Power to diſpoſe of them for very near what they coſt him, ſhe was ready to die with Grief.

O my

O my Lord, cry'd she, *you will not be so unjust to take from me what you bestowed on One who has as freely resign'd the Property to me.*

It was in vain that he endeavoured to convince her she mistook the Matter —— that he told her it was neither in his Inclination nor in his Power, at this Time, to make Compliments so expensive to any Woman in the World, without a View of gaining double Advantage to himself; all his Arguments on this Score were thrown away: The same Simplicity which had render'd her so credulous as to the Motive of giving the Lady those Things, made her no less obstinate in persisting to keep them, since they were given to her.

As the Girl was necessary to his Pleasures, he was unwilling to put her out of Humour, and therefore talk'd to her a long time in the persuasive Strain; but finding all his soothing had not the least Effect, began to lose all Patience, and told her, that if she was a Fool, he was not mad, to let so much Money lie dead in Baubles in her Hands, when he wanted it on such material Occasions, and that therefore she must part with them.

He had just began to talk to her in these commanding Terms, when one of his Footmen interrupted what he was going to say further, by telling him a Gentleman entreated to speak with his Lordship. On which he went to the Dining-Room, leaving *Flavia* in Tears.

After he was gone she anew reflected on the Unkindness and Injustice she was treated with,

in

in being robb'd of what was a free Gift to herſelf, and reſolving not to part with, if ſhe could any way avoid it, with what ſhe look'd upon ſo much her own, ſhe took the Opportunity of his leaving the Room, to pack them up in her Handkerchief, and taking the Letter with her, went directly out of the Houſe, in order to take Advice how ſhe ſhould proceed, ſo as to have the uninterrupted Poſſeſſion of this Treaſure.

The Perſon ſhe went to conſult was her Uncle, a very ſhrewd Man. He had been a Pawnbroker, a Stockjobber, and a Gentleman's Land-Steward, and having been engaged in Law-Suits himſelf, knew all the Querks and Evaſions of that Profeſſion. He no ſooner heard the Story, and peruſed the Letter, than he told her, that the Count had no Right to demand any of the Things which had been ſent to her. He then began to calculate the Value, and found it amounted to more than the Friendſhip of her Lord was worth, in his preſent Circumſtances——— therefore adviſed her rather to part with him than the Gifts.

As ſhe had neither Senſe nor Delicacy enough to feel a real Paſſion, had the Count been a Perſon capable of inſpiring it, and had yielded herſelf to his Embraces meerly becauſe ſhe thought ſhe ſhould live like a Lady, in being the Miſtreſs of a Lord, ſhe conſented to quit him without any Reluctance, as ſhe had found no Effect of the Promiſes he had made before Enjoyment, and was now aſſured by her Uncle, that in all Probability he would ſoon be utterly undone by his Nephew, the Cheva-

Chevalier *James*, whoſe Claim, he told her, was look'd upon by all the World to be true and valid.

In fine, it was agreed that ſhe ſhould ſtay with her Uncle, and that he ſhould ſend and demand her Cloaths, and whatever other Things that ſhe had left behind her at the Count's Houſe.

In the mean time, that infatuated Man was raving like a Bull on hearing ſhe was miſſing, but much more ſo on hearing the Meſſage ſent by her Uncle: He ſwore ſhe had robb'd him, threatned to have her ſeized for Felony, and to proſecute any one who ſhould entertain her, or the Things ſhe carried with her.

But what avail'd this Storm of incoherent Indignation! —— theſe Menaces, but to rend his own Lungs! he had to deal with one who was not to be terrified; he went boldly to his Houſe, told him he was a Scandal to the Rank he held, and that he even acted below the meaneſt Servant he had in his Family, to think of rifling a poor young Creature whom his Inſinuations, falſe Promiſes, and pretended Love before had ruin'd.

For a While he thus encounter'd the loud Words of the Count *de Anglia* with louder yet; but when the Force of both was a little exhauſted, he fell into Argument, and ſo plainly proved his Neice's Right to what was given her, no matter by whom, or to whom originally beſtowed, that the Count was quite confounded, and had nothing to offer in Oppoſition. He then became as mild, as before he

he had been outrageous, confeſs'd the too great warmth of his Nature had hurried him beyond his Reaſon, and deſired a perfect Reconciliation with *Flavia*; but the Uncle would by no means conſent ſhe ſhould return; he pretended to the Count, that ſhe had reſolved to retrieve the Reputation ſhe had loſt, but the old Hypocrite in Truth had different Views for her; he thought her Youth and Beauty might entitle her to a better Proviſion, and was willing ſhe ſhould take this Opportunity to quit a falling Houſe.

Thus was the gull'd Count at once deprived of all his Hopes of *Fidelia*, the Society of *Flavia*, the Money he had laid out in Preſents; and, what was yet more ſtinging, was expoſed to a thouſand ſcurrilous Jeſts on this Occaſion——the Departure of his Houſe-keeper, and the Motive, being whiſper'd from one Servant to another, ſoon reach'd their Principals, and *Fidelia* and her Friends, who beſt knew the Foundation of the Story, were above all delighted with the Conſequences of their Frolick.

O did ever Man of Quality take ſuch Pains to render himſelf ridiculous and contemptible! —— Did ever Vice and Folly ſo predominate in any one Breaſt! —— Was ever Conduct ſo wildly inconſiſtant! —— Can any Age afford a Parallel Character to this! —— or will it be believed that ſuch a one there was!

But let us turn from the ungrateful Proſpect——let us leave the greatly ſtupid wicked Man to gnaw on his Crimes, and caſt our Eyes

Eyes where Virtue, Peace and Harmony invites——let us behold the Heir of *Altamont*, and his worthy Friends indulging innocent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Reflection that the Day, the happy Day, which they had no room to doubt would put a Period to all their Pains, was now at Hand —— with them was no Confusion, no Perplexity, no Hurry of Spirits, all was prepared, and they had no more to do than wait calmly for the blest Decision.

To make even the short Time that now remained seem yet more short, Variety of Amusements were contrived; among others a Ball was given by a Gentleman, who had been extremely intimate with the late Baron *de Altamont*, and the present Count, and tho' a Partaker with them in some of those Excursions which are so much found Fault with by Persons of riper Years, had always a great Share of Penetration -- he saw the Difference between those Brothers, and that what in the one was only the inordinate Sallies of an unbridled Youth, was in the other confirm'd Vice —— he therefore loved the Baron, but never could brook the designing Temper of his Brother, and for a great Number of Years had refused to hold all Conversation with him; but he no sooner heard the Chevalier *James* was living, the foul Play had been offer'd him, and of his Arrival, after such a Series of Sufferings, than he cry'd out, as if inspired with a prophetick Spirit, This, this is he, who seems born to redeem the Repu-

Reputation of his Family, too much ſullied by the preſent Count.

He was one of the firſt who took notice of the Chevalier on his Arrival, introduced him to the beſt Company, and on all Occaſions took care to vindicate the Juſtice of his Pretenſions; which indeed none was better acquainted with, having ſeen him in his Infancy, heard his Father a thouſand times regret thoſe Misfortunes which obliged him to conceal him from the World a while, and declare the Tenderneſs he had for him, even after the Force of his Paſſion had hurried him to an unlawful Marriage with *Helene*, as was mentioned in the firſt Part of this little Hiſtory—— He alſo knew, that had that unhappy Nobleman lived but a ſmall Time, it would not have been in the Power of all her Charms, nor the Perſuaſions of his Brother, to have had his darling Son ſeparated from him, tho', perhaps, he would not have ventured to have lived publickly with him in a Kingdom where he had unjuſtly rais'd Money on his pretended Death.

Tho' now far advanced in Years, he retained all the Sprightlineſs of Youth, without its Levity, and there was none, *Macario*, *Amico*, and *Portius* excepted, in whoſe Converſation the Chevalier *James* more delighted.

There were preſent at this Ball, two Counts, eight Barons, and a great Number of Gentlemen of the beſt Families and Fortunes in the Kingdom—— As for the Ladies, they were all of them Perſons of Reputation and Condition,

dition, and never had any private Gentleman a nobler, brighter, or more polite Assembly.

The Chevalier *James* received many Compliments on his Dancing, and manner of Behaviour, and some there were, who before were dubious of his Birth, now owned themselves convinc'd, and said to each other. *He cannot be born of less than he pretends* —— *every Air* —— *every Motion speaks him of real Quality* —— others again, who remember'd the Baroness *de Altamont*, were assured of it by the great Resemblance he had of that most amiable Lady, and all agreed he wanted only to be seen, to be loved, esteem'd, and acknowledg'd for what he said he was.

But if any of this noble Company were yet not perfectly assur'd, an Adventure happen'd this lucky Night to make them so.

As they were about to sit down to a handsome Collation, word was brought in that a Gentleman just arriv'd from Abroad inquired for the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, and was very desirous of seeing him —— on which Orders were given he shou'd be admitted —— immediately enters a Gentleman in a travelling Dress, and booted as if just dismounted —— he made his Compliments only in a Bow, which had in it somewhat careless enough, but even while doing that, his Eyes wander'd round the Room in search of him he sought ——as all the Friends of the Chevalier were in continual Apprehensions of some Treachery from Count *Richard*, just as he was advancing to the Stranger, *Portius*, who

was

was much of his Age and Stature, ſtepp'd before him, and ask'd this new Gueſt what Commands he had for the Heir of *Altamont*? He look'd ſtedfaſtly on *Portius*, while he ſpoke, then roll'd his Eyes again o'er all the Company, till marking the Chevalier who kept his Poſt more backward than the reſt, *I will inform him, when I have the Happineſs to diſtinguiſh which is he*, cried the Gentleman, and then running to the Chevalier, *I am much deceiv'd*, ſaid he, if this be not the Heir of *Altamont*.

On theſe Words the Chevalier advanc'd, and met his Embrace, in which he held him lock'd for ſeveral Minutes, while the whole Company ſtood ſilent and impatiently waited what wou'd be the Iſſue.

Or length of Time deceives me, ſaid the Chevalier *James*, as ſoon as he had leave to examine the Lines of his Face, *or it is the Son of* Captain Colroy, *I now hold in my Arms*; *the ſame* return'd the other, *tho' I muſt own you have much the Advantage of me in Memory, as I doubt not but you have in all things elſe*; *for I am certainly leſs to be known for what I was, than you.*

He then turn'd to the Company, and made his Excuſes for intruding; and alſo for the Rudeneſs which his Impatience to ſee a Friend and School-fellow, whom he had long ſince thought dead, and who, but by his ſtrange Adventures, had not been known to be alive, had occaſion'd his being guilty of.

The

The Cauſe, without the help of Words, was a ſufficient Apology to every one, and the Compliments being over, the Chevalier *James* deſired to be inform'd by what Accident it happen'd that he had not ſeen him ſince his Arrival, and how he came now to be ſo happy; to which *Colroy* replied in the moſt ſatisfactory manner.

I ſhall not take up either my own or Reader's time with a Repetition of this Gentleman's Diſcourſe, which being frequently broke in upon by Interrogatories from one or other of the Company, wou'd render it extremely Prolix, but give a ſummary Account of what is material to be known.

Colroy had been at the ſame School with the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, but after the latter was taken away for the Reaſons already mentioned, and he fell into his Diſtreſſes, had not ſeen him, and believed with the reſt of the World that he was dead, till one Day by Accident paſſing along the *Quay*, he ſaw him go into a Boat accompany'd with two, whom he then thought were very ill look'd —— there was no Opportunity for either of them to ſpeak, tho' they mutually ſaw each other —— the Boat row'd faſt away, and *Colroy* run home and told his Father, that the Chevalier *James de Altamont* was not dead as People had reported; for he had that Moment ſeen him alive and well. Old *Colroy* laugh'd at his Son for his Miſtake, as he imagin'd it, and told him he was a ſilly Boy not to know his School-fellow better, than to take another for him. The young one

ſtill inſiſted he was in the right, but the Father grew angry at his Obſtinacy, and bad him ſay no more on't, for every body knew that the young Gentleman he mention'd had been dead ſome time. He was oblig'd on this to be ſilent, but was certain that it was his Father, not himſelf, had been deceiv'd —— he cou'd not help thinking of this for a great while, but Time and Accidents at length drove it from his Mind —— his Genius inclining him to the Army, when he grew up to Manhood, and a long Peace preventing him from following that Avocation at home, he prevail'd on his Father to let him go a Voluntier into *Germany*, where he ſerved in the Queen of *Hungary's* Army, and for ſome gallant Action in which he had a principal Share, was made an Officer, and had ever ſince remain'd there, till ſome Letters giving him an Account of the wonderful Accidents that had reveal'd the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, after being dead in the Opinion of the World for ſuch a Number of Years, revived in his Mind the ſight of him when carrying into Slavery, and he reſolv'd to return in hopes of being ſerviceable to him in his Trial with that inhumane Uncle —— accordingly he obtained Leave from his General to leave his Quarters, and had travelled Night and Day, fearing to come too late for the good Office he intended.

On his Arrival at the Capital he ſoon learn'd where the Chevalier lodg'd, but not finding him at home, and a Servant telling him at whoſe Houſe he then was, he came directly

rectly in ſearch of him, as he doubted not but to be forgiven by any one who was a Friend to the Perſon he came to ſerve.

This was indeed a Confirmation, not only that the late Baron had a Son whom he always acknowledg'd to be Legitimate, loved, and bred up as ſuch; but alſo that he who was call'd the Chevalier *James de Altamont* was that Identical Son—— none now cou'd be ſo blind to ſhut their Eyes againſt this Truth, and it was the Opinion of all preſent, that the Teſtimony of this Gentleman was alone ſufficient to gain a Verdict in his Favour.

The Arrival of *Colroy* put an end to their Dancing; the Recital he had to make, and the various Diſcourſes it occaſion'd, and the thanks his Zeal ſo juſtly merited from the Chevalier and all his Friends, took up ſo much of the Night, that what remain'd it was judg'd neceſſary ſhou'd be allotted to Repoſe.

Nothing cou'd have happen'd more fortunately for the Chevalier *James*, than that his firſt Interview with *Colroy* was in the Preſence of ſo many noble and worthy Perſons, who talk'd of it wherever they came, and convinc'd thoſe who had before any remains of doubt concerning that young Nobleman.

The ****** alſo, to whom the Affairs of this Kingdom were continually tranſmitted, ſeem'd alſo no leſs aſſured of his Right —— They no ſooner had Intelligence of the Day

of Trial being fix'd, than many Ladies, and other Perſons of Diſtinction, went and paid their Compliments to *Almira*, aſſuring her, that they took the greateſt Intereſt in her Happineſs, and that her noble Husband had their ſincereſt good wiſhes for his Succeſs — few there were indeed who queſtion'd it, tho' Count *Richard* had left a Party there that endeavoured to keep alive the Doubt as much as poſſible —— this they did by going to Coffee-houſes, and reading pretended Letters to a Company, with Accounts that the Chevalier *James* had endeavoured to put off Trial, and laying all to his Charge in thoſe Demurs that had been made by Count *Richard:* But this Sham-intelligence had little Effect, more authentick Relations of the Affair, as it in reality ſtood, being ſent to ſeveral Perſons of Quality, put to ſhame theſe lying News-mongers —— finding themſelves entirely disbelieved, they at laſt allowed that there might be a Poſſibility, that the Count might be Caſt in that Kingdom, *but then*, ſaid they, *his Lordſhip will appeal to a Superior Court of Judicature in* *****.

This Suppoſition ſeem'd quite ridiculous, becauſe if the Chevalier *James* proved his Birth and Identity, in the Place where he firſt ſaw Light, and had always lived, till Trapand into Bondage, it ſeem'd little probable, that thoſe of a foreign Kingdom ſhou'd imagine they cou'd have certain Lights into the Truth.

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They then had recourſe to that common Method, which Knaves and Fools put in Practice to ſilence Reaſon, which is that of laying Wagers; ſome of theſe Partizans offering to Stake great Odds that the Chevalier *James* wou'd never be Count *de Anglia*, Baron *Altamont*, nor enjoy any of thoſe Titles and Eſtates belonging to his Anceſtors.

Some weak Minds indeed there were who ſuffer'd themſelves to be impoſed upon by this poſitive way of talking; but all People of Rank, eſpecially thoſe to whom it was pretended Count *Richard* wou'd Appeal, laugh'd at it.

Above the Reſt there was one Letter which gave much ſubject for Ridicule to all thoſe to whom the Contents were imparted, which were no inconſiderable Number, it being ſent by way of *terrorem* to any who ſhou'd dare to make mention of his Name in a ludicrous or cenſuring manner, or even ſeem to doubt of the juſtneſs of his Cauſe. This Epiſtle was directed to a Lawyer, and to this Purpoſe.

To the learned and honeſt MACROLIUS.

SIR,

'I have the Pleaſure to inform you that 'every thing here goes as well as I could 'wiſh——I have, in ſpite of all my pre-'tended Nephew's Subterfuges, got the Day 'of Trial fix'd, and there is not the leaſt 'Doubt to be made of his being proved the 'Impoſture he is——*Amico*, and *Macario* 'have patch'd together all the Ragamuffians 'they can, to appear as Evidences, but moſt 'of them 'tis thought will not have the Cou-'rage to appear at the Bar, and others will 'certainly be hiſs'd out of Court.

'I thought proper to give you this Infor-'mation under my own Hand, to prevent 'your being impoſed upon by thoſe baſe 'and ſcandalous Inſinuations, which, I am 'certain, are every Week ſent over; and alſo 'to deſire you, againſt my Arrival, to take pro-'per Methods for the Puniſhment of thoſe 'infamous, impudent Wretches, who have 'libell'd me in the publick Prints, particu-'larly the Author, Printer, Publiſher, and 'whoever elſe may have vended a malicious 'and ſcandalous Book, intitled *The Memoirs 'of an unfortunate young Nobleman, lately 'return'd from a thirteen Years Slavery in 'America, &c.* I herewith ſend you a Liſt 'of ſeveral of the moſt notorious Offenders 'Names, I doubt not but your Intelligence 'will find out many more——

'Your

'Your Diligence in this Point will con-
'firm me, what I ever had, an Inclination
'to be

SIR,

Your moſt obliged and
moſt humble Servant,

RICHARD DE ANGLIA.

The Liſt encloſed took up a whole Sheet of Paper, and included moſt of the Bookſellers, Pamphlet Sellers and Publiſhers in Town.

Tho' this was ſhewn about meerly to deter every one from Writing any thing of the Truth, yet had not divine Juſtice deprived him of the Power, nothing is more ſure, than that he would have taken all the Revenge that Law could have inflicted, and even ſtrain'd Meanings, ſo as to conſtrue every thing into a Libel, if wrote by a Perſon whom he knew to be no Favourer of his Cauſe.

A Gentleman to whom this thundring Epiſtle was read, and had an excellent Memory, retain'd ſo much of it, as to create a great deal of Diverſion by a Copy which he ſent immediatly over to ******* to a Friend he had there, and who afterward ſhew'd it to ſeveral of the Chevalier's Friends.

Almira alſo, and the faithful *Patrocles*, let no Poſt go out, without tranſmitting every thing of any Moment, or that they thought would either contribute to the Service or Satisfaction of the Heir of *Altamont*,

But of all the Intelligence he receiv'd nothing gave him ſo exquiſite a Pleaſure as the Reſpect paid to his amiable Wife, and that ſhe wanted nothing but his Company to render her as compleatly happy as Woman could be. Happy State of Marriage, where both Parties equally loving and beloved, knew no Contention, but to out-do each other in giving Proofs of Tenderneſs and Affection!

But now, my Reader, imagine yourſelf on the Eve of that important Day——— A Day which was not to decide the Fate of Kings and Empires, but a Fate in which whole Nations intereſted themſelves, through that innate Regard to Juſtice and to Truth which all Mankind naturally have, when not excited by any particular Self-intereſt to bely their Sentiments! ——— Let fancy figure out the Hopes, the Fears, the Expectations, the impatient Curioſity, the every working Paſſion of the Soul delineated in the Faces of a whole People —— The Chevalier *James* himſelf ſeem'd freeſt from Concern of any Kind, yet could he not be without ſome Share of it on ſuch an Occaſion——But, as if Providence ſeem'd careful to diſſipate all anxious Emotions in his Breaſt, and confirm him in a perfect Dependence on itſelf, every thing that Day ſeem'd a Prognoſtication of a happy Event ——But there was one Thing which had ſomething in it very particular, even to thoſe the leaſt inclined to be either rais'd or depreſs'd by Omens.

He went that Afternoon, with ſome of thoſe who were of his Council, to a Tavern

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in order that they might have their laſt Inſtructions, —— The Chevalier *James*, by Accident, ſtepping to a Window before he ſat down, ſaw ſome Letters engrav'd with a Diamond on the Glaſs, Curioſity led him to examine the Subject on which this Pains had been taken, and found theſe Lines

'An honeſt Cauſe ſtands fair, and will abide
'Legions of Angels fight upon its Side.

This, tho' a Trifle in itſelf, and perhaps wrote by a Perſon who might not know or had no thought of him, ſeem'd too *a-pro-po* not to make him ſmile —— Some of the Company who look'd over his Shoulder while he was reading, told him, it was a Compliment paid him by his guardian Angel —— Another cry'd, what would Count *Richard* give to have theſe Lines reverſed in his Favour, and inſtead of what they are, to read thus.

'Ill Cauſes proſper while the Ills abide,
'And every Devil fights upon their Side.

I could wiſh, methinks, ſaid the Chevalier, that he ſaw them as they ſtand here; the unexpected Meeting with ſuch a Remonſtrance from an unknown Hand, and without deſign, might ſtrike him more than any thing could be ſaid by his beſt Friends.

While they were talking in this manner, one came in and inform'd them that a ſad Accident had befallen Count *Richard*; and being

ask'd of what Nature, answer'd, *Nay, only what he has brought upon himself, as he seems fated to be his own worst Enemy.*

He then acquainted them that the Count, willing to blaze in all the Pomp he could before his Exit into Obscurity, had sent to **** for one of the gayest and most glaring Coaches that ever any Ambassador made his publick Entry in, intending to make a Parade to the Justice-hall in it the next morning; but that those Machines of foreign make being prohibited without paying a certain Duty to the Government, he had in order to save that Charge given upon his Honour to the Commissioner appointed to inspect into those things, that it was made in that Kingdom.

The Commissioner, knowing how often he had pledg'd and forfeited his Honour, did not look upon it as a sufficient Security, therefore order'd the Coachman should be arrested and carry'd before a Magistrate —— On Examination he was not so through-paced in Deceit as his Master, confest the Truth, and was immediately discharg'd; but the Coach was seiz'd at the same time as a Forfeit to the Laws of the Kingdom.

This, said the Gentleman who gave them the Account, *it must be confest to be no inconsiderable Misfortune to a Man so passionately fond of Shew, and who perhaps after to morrow may never be in a Condition to make any.*

The Chevalier *James* shook his Head, more abash'd for the mean Degeneracy of one so near related to him, than pleas'd at any Mortification that befel him; and the Company seeing

ſeeing the Diſcourſe was far from being ſatisfactory, waved all farther Talk of that Subject, and proceeded to the Buſineſs they had met upon, which was not long before it was diſpatch'd, every thing being ſo well regulated before, that there remain'd now no more than to allot the Gentlemen, who were to plead the different Points they were to ſpeak upon. ——— This ſettled, every one return'd in good Time to their reſpective Habitations, perfectly content in their Minds, and fearleſs of ſucceeding in the Cauſe they undertook.

Not ſo the Count *de Anglia*, and the gloomy throng he had aſſembled on the ſame Occaſion: The Accident of loſing his Coach had firſt put him out of Temper, but the Countenances of thoſe on whom he depended for his Defence ruffled him much more; he thought they ſeem'd, as was in Truth the Caſe, to wiſh they could withdraw themſelves from the Engagements they were under with him, and knew not how to find Words, either to palliate or diſguiſe ſo bad a Cauſe. But as much incens'd as he was in his Mind, he was oblig'd under a forced Pleaſantry to conceal his own Diſcontent, in order to diſſipate theirs.

A great Collation was prepar'd for their Reception, the Glaſs went plentifully round ——Health to the noble Count *de Anglia*, and Confuſion to the Pretender *James*, alternately was toaſted by ſome of his Creatures, whom he had there on purpoſe, in order to keep up the Spirits of the others——Preſents in Hand, and the firmeſt Aſſurances of future Gratuities

were

were not wanting, yet all could not eſtabliſh a true Chearfulneſs among them.

But while this much to be hated, yet alſo to be pitied Man was thus vainly endeavouring to excite Gaiety in others, he reciev'd a Letter which ſtruck Ice to his own Heart; it was from that Perſon whom *Paulus* had recommended, and who, having been examin'd by the Councel, was look'd upon by them as the moſt convincing Witneſs they had. —— It was in theſe Terms he wrote.

To the Count DE ANGLIA.

My Lord,

'I am ſorry to diſappoint your Lordſhip, 'but it ſo happens that I cannot do as I 'would: —— My Wife, it ſeems, got ſome 'Inkling what I was come about, and has fol-'low'd me up —— She is juſt come, and 'ſwears, that if I offer to take an Oath on 'your Side, ſhe will go to the other Party 'and tell all ſhe knows, and prove me per-'jur'd —— I know her well enough to be 'aſſured ſhe will keep her Word, and then 'I ſhould certainly be pillory'd, and your 'Cauſe go ne'er a whit the better—— So I 'hope, my Lord, you will excuſe me —— If 'I had known I ſhould have been hindred as 'I am, I could have got two or three to have 'ſworn in my Stead, but it is now too late '——— I hope, however, it will be no Loſs 'to your Lordſhip; if it is, *Paulus* will be

'very

'very much troubled as well as I, who am,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt dutiful and oblig'd Servant,

PETRO.

Wretched Circumſtance, when it was in the Power of ſuch a Fellow as this to ſhock a Perſon of Count *Richard*'s Birth! —— yet ſo much had he built upon this Evidence, that he look'd on his Defection as half the Ruin of his Cauſe; and all that Diſſimulation, of which he was a perfect Maſter, could not enable him to clear his Brow from that heavy Melancholy this Letter had caſt him in: On his being ask'd, what had occaſion'd this Alteration, he told them he had juſt received Intelligence that *Petro* had deſerted him —— *So they will all, I fear*, cry'd one of the Counſel, in a kind of Pet, *before To-morrow Morning.*

In fine, this News made them all *alamort*, they reflected on all the Witneſſes they had to produce, and found they were ſuch whoſe Characters would render even Truth invalid, and caſt Diſgrace on the beſt Cauſe——*Charlotte*, as leaſt known, ſeem'd now moſt likely to gain Credit, and thoſe who before had adviſed the Count not to let her appear in Court, were now the firſt to approve of her Evidence; not but they knew very well all ſhe pretended to aſſert, would be contradicted by

by others more worthy of Credit; but as they must plead, when before the Judge, and had received their Fees, it was neceſſary they ſhould have ſomething to urge in Defence of their Client, for the Sake of their own Characters.

Many and great Arguments had they among themſelves what was beſt to be done in this Affair, which had ſo bad a Proſpect for their Client——at length it was propoſed, that they ſhould once more move the Court to poſtpone the Trial to a longer Day. Nothing could be ſo obliging to Count *Richard* as this Motion; he ſeconded it with all his Might, and to bring thoſe into it who ſeemed moſt averſe, he ſwore he had many Witneſſes who would certainly come, but were detained either by bad Health, bad Weather, or ſome other Pretext which he found out for theſe Ideal Evidences.

It muſt be owned, that in deceiving them he but deceived himſelf; but yet, like dying Perſons, who would give their All for one Hour's added Life, tho' they knew not, or perhaps have not the Power to employ it as they ought, he trembled his black Deeds ſhould appear before the awful Tribunal of Juſtice, now it came ſo near, and wanted ſtill a little, little Reſpite, a little protracting of the evil Day.

Perhaps the Gentlemen concern'd for him were no leſs loth than himſelf that the Affair ſhould come to an Eclairciſſment, and therefore, after ſome Debate, agreed to the Motion,

Motion, and then withdrew to prepare accordingly.

But what Words are comprehenſive enough to deſcribe the Situation in which, we are told, this wicked and unfortunate Count paſt the Remander of the Night! —— they ſay he went to Bed, but ſoon aroſe, call'd for Lights —— walked in the moſt diſturbed Emotions about his Room, then threw himſelf again on Down, in which he vainly attempted to bury thoſe Perturbations, which would not ſuffer the leaſt Slumber to cloſe his Eyes. ——At length the Morning broke, and all that enabled him to ſupport the Dawn of that tremendous Day, was the Hope given him by his Counſel, that he ſhould be able to delay, at leaſt, the ſo juſtly fear'd Event.

Tho' it was an extreme cold Seaſon, and at that time of the Year, when the Sun riſes with Reluctance on the *European* World, the Judges were on the Bench before that glorious Planet had collected half his Rays, the Counſel on each Side, attended by their ſeveral Witneſſes, waiting at the Bar —— the Court of Juſtice was throng'd with the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Perſons of both Sexes, who, all impatient for this Day, had taken Places long before the Time appointed; vaſt Crowds of People of a lower Claſs preſs'd as near as poſſible to the Steps of the Tribunal, and unnumber'd Shoals of the Populace attended at the Gates, hoping ſome Part of what was done within, would echo to thoſe without. The Plaintiff and Defendant were both within the Rails, ſeated near

near the Judge, and conſpicuous to every Beholder.

I will not trouble my Reader with any Deſcription of what manner either of them behaved in this ſolemn Place; by what has been ſaid of the Diſpoſition of both, 'tis eaſy to ſuppoſe, that the one had a ſerious and compoſed Deportment, more befitting the Place he was in, than his Years; and that in the Looks and Geſtures of the other, Deſpair and Hope alternately appear'd —— all Eyes were fix'd upon them, but for whom the Vows and Prayers of the whole Aſſembly were directed, need not, I think, be told.

But how great a Diſappointment had Expectation like to have ſuſtained, juſt as the Jury were about to be call'd, one of the Counſel for Count *Richard* ſtood up, and in a long Harangue, in which he made uſe of all the Rhetorick he was Maſter of to conceal the Weakneſs of the Reaſons he had to alledge, moſt humbly moved the Court, that the Trial might be poſtponed.

Never was a more general Aſtoniſhment than what this Motion excited——the Eyes of the Chevalier *James*, now turn'd towards his Uncle, denoted how much he diſdain'd the mean Subterfuge, while thoſe of that unworthy Man were caſt down with a Fearfulneſs that ſhewed the Confuſion of his Mind——the Judge's Cheeks glow'd with a generous Scorn, and a Murmur of Diſcontent ran through the whole Aſſembly.

It was, indeed, a bold puſh this Counſel made, and no leſs ſhew'd the deſperate Situation

tion of his Client's Affairs, than his own Eloquence, in ſo artfully gloſſing over the ſhameful Motives that occaſion'd it. But it was not in the Power of any Words to give Weight to an Argument ſuch as this—— the Court eaſily ſaw through the Sophiſtry, and over-ruled the Motion with the Contempt it merited.

Then the Gentlemen, of which the Jury was to be compoſed, were call'd over, each by his reſpective Name; and ſure, as there ſcarce ever was a Cauſe of ſo much Moment brought before a Bar, ſo there never was ſuch a Jury to decide it; all Gentlemen of the greateſt Characters, beſt Families, and moſt ample Fortunes in the Kingdom—— ſeveral of them were Members of Parliament, ——ſome were Privy-Counſellors, and none among them but what was Honourable either by his Birth or Office, as well as by his Principles. The Property which they had in that Province, which gave Birth to the Heir of *Altamont*, was computed at no leſs than a Million of Money, and their very Appearance, and the Knowledge of what they were, forbad all Hope or Fear that they could be capable of being influenced by ought but Juſtice. No good Omen for Count *Richard*, and his Adherents.

As they were call'd over, the Counſel for the Defendant excepted againſt ſeveral, and delayed ſo much of the Time with Cavils and Objections, that tho' the Court ſat at Eight in the Morning, it was near two before thoſe Twelve, which were pick'd out of

of the Four and Twenty for the Jury, were ſworn.

As the firſt Thing to be proved in this weighty Cauſe was the Birth of the Chevalier *James*, thoſe Witneſſes were firſt examined, who had it in their Power to atteſt he was really born of the late Baroneſs *de Altamont*. ——Among theſe were ſeveral Women of Condition, who frequently viſited her Ladyſhip, ſaw her Bigneſs encreaſe in Proportion, and had diſcourſed with her concerning her Pregnancy——— three there were who depoſed, they were actually in the Room when ſhe was delivered of a Son, whom they ſaw the Moment of his coming into the World. ——Theſe being croſs-examined by the Defendant's Counſel, and asked, whether the Plaintiff were that Son, were about to make ſome Reply, when the Judge told them, it was needleſs, thoſe Queſtions being put only to puzzle the Cauſe, and delay Time, what they were now upon, was to prove a Son was born, the Identity of that Son muſt be diſcuſſed hereafter.

A Maid, who lived in the Houſe at that Time, depos'd, ſhe brought Water into the Chamber, in order to wath the Child, as ſoon as it was born——a Man Servant gave Oath, that he was ſent by the late Baron *de Altamont*, to ſeveral Gentlemen in the County, to acquaint them, that his Lady had brought a Son into the World——a Nobleman alſo depoſed upon his Honour, that the Baron told him, with great Joy, his Wife had brought him a Son, who would diſappoint the

the Expectations of his Brother, the Chevalier *Richard*.

No leſs than ſeventeen had already been examined on this important Point, who all proved the Baroneſs *de Altamont* had been pregnant, and was delivered of a Son, which Son was put out to Nurſe near the Caſtle of *Altamont*, and that a Coach-way was made for her Ladyſhip to viſit the Child every Day, the Road not being commodious for any Wheel-Carriage before that Time.

But many more being yet remaining, and which the Counſel for the Plaintiff urg'd were material to be heard, there was no Poſſibility of going through the Evidence, even as to that one Article, that Night, it being then Eleven o' Clock; the Judge therefore ſaid, that the Intention of the Law was not to endanger the Lives of either Judge or Jurors, who could not be expected to ſuſtain the Fatigue of ſuch a Chain of Witneſſes, without Suſtenance or Reſt, and as the Gentlemen of the Jury were out of the Reach of Bribery or Influence, it could not be attended with the leaſt ill Conſequence to adjourn the Court 'till the next Day. To this both Parties conſented, as indeed they could not do otherwiſe, the Day being ſpent, and a good part of the Night, and the Trial but began.

Strong as the Evidence againſt him ſeem'd, Count *Richard* was not without Hope, that when *Charlotte*, and thoſe others, who were to appear on his ſide, ſhould come to be heard, their Teſtimony would, at leaſt, ſerve to confound and render the Matter ſo intricate, as to leave

the Minds of thoſe who heard it in ſuſpence; but he had, beſide this, another Proſpect of ſome Partiality in his Favour, which greatly flatter'd him.

Two of the Gentlemen of the Jury had been Purchaſers of Leaſes on the Reverſion of the *Anglia* Eſtate, which the late Baron *de Altamont*, by the Perſuaſions of his Brother, as related in the firſt Part of theſe Memoirs, had ſurreptitiouſly granted, in order to raiſe Money, and which, indeed, laid the Foundation of all thoſe Misfortunes his Son endured. ——The Gentlemen taking Poſſeſſion of the Lands they were entitled to by Virtue of their Leaſes, immediately on the Death of the late Count *de Anglia*, had ever ſince enjoyed them uninterrupted; but as they muſt devolve on the Chevalier *James*, in caſe he were allowed the lawful Heir, it gave Occaſion to Count *Richard*, who judg'd the Principles of others by his own, to imagine they would not very readily join in a Verdict, which muſt deprive themſelves of ſuch fair Eſtates.

If we conſider the great Depravity of human Nature, we muſt allow the Count had ſome Reaſon for entertaining ſo pleaſing a Conjecture; there were others beſide him, who had no leſs Dread than he had Hope of this Circumſtance, and moſt People wonder'd that the Chevalier *James* had not objected againſt them, as it not being fair the Deciſion of his Fate ſhould lie at the Mercy of Perſons ſo deeply intereſted in his Deſtruction. That he did not do ſo, indeed, ſhewed the little Inclination he had to think diſhonourably of the

the World, unleſs compell'd to it by Proofs, and alſo the ſtrong Dependance he plac'd on the Juſtice of his Claim.

This however, ſeemed to keep up the Spirits of Count *Richard* during the whole Time the Trial laſted, which was no leſs than fifteen Days (Sundays included) but as it was attended with ſome very remarkable Particulars, I ſhould think it an Injuſtice to my Reader to paſs over in ſilence what ſo much deſerves to be eternis'd to the Honour of one Party, and the Infamy of the other.

The ſecond Day was paſt in examining upwards of twenty Witneſſes, who all prov'd the Pregnancy of the late Baroneſs *de Altamont*, and the Birth of a Son.

Eight others gave their Depoſitions on the third Day, and many others were produced to prove that particular Fact; but as there had been ſo many already examin'd on that Point, the Court and Counſel thought theſe Evidences unneceſſary, as they had no new Matter to ſpeak to, and the others had ſo well ſtood the Teſt of all the cross Examinations made by the Councel for the Defendant.

On this Day Count *Richard* gave an Inſtance of his Malice, and the Pleaſure he took in blaſting the Reputations of thoſe it was not in his Power any otherwiſe to prejudice — He thought he ſhou'd at leaſt give Pain to the Chevalier *James*, to hear any thing derogatory to the Virtue of her, who gave him being, and therefore prevail'd on one of the Counſel to rake into the Aſhes of that deceas'd

deceas'd Lady, and revive a Story which but for his own Baſeneſs and Cruelty had never had Exiſtence.

The Affair was this. His miſchievious Brain had never been idle, from the firſt Month of his Brothers Marriage, to ſow Diſſention between him and his Lady, which, as has been fully ſhewn, he ſo well ſucceeded in that on the Baron's coming over to ſettle at his Caſtle he left her behind him; but that Lady following him ſome time after, they were perfectly reconciled ——— A Son was born, which more endear'd them to each other, and by conſequence deprived him of all his Expectations ——— He now again began to ſet Invention to work to break this Harmony between them, and by rendring the Mother hateful, make the Son leſs valued, and more open to any future Plots he might have againſt his innocent Life———As this could be done no way ſo effectually as by Jealouſy, a Paſſion to which he knew the Baron was too much addicted, he inſinuated, that the Baroneſs was more intimate then became her with a certain Gentleman in the Neighbourhood ——— From Hints he at length proceeded to Aſſurances, and told his Brother he had ſeen them in the Fact, and that if he would be adviſed by him he would contrive a way that his own Eyes ſhould be Witneſs of his Diſhonour ——— The deluded Baron, placing too much Confidence in his treacherous Brother, conſents to be directed by him, on which the other tells him, he muſt feign a long Journey, but return ſecretly the ſame Night when

when he would conceal him in the Caſtle, unknown to any one of the Servants, who, he told him, were all too much in the Baroneſs's Intereſt.

This the Baron complies with, and is hid; aſſoon as he is ſo, his wicked Brother ſends an Emiſſary of his own to the Gentleman, as from the Baroneſs *de Altamont*, entreating him to come that Evening to the Caſtle on a Buſineſs of the utmoſt Importance, and which a Moment's Delay might ruin. The Gentleman was a little ſurpriz'd at the Summons, not being able to gueſs what Affair of ſo much Moment ſhe could want to impart; he return'd his Compliments however, and aſſured the Meſſenger he would not fail at the appointed Time.

This Inſtrument of the moſt inveterate Malice then comes to the Caſtle, begs to ſpeak with the Baroneſs, to whom he was altogether unknown, ſays, he comes from ſuch a Gentleman, whoſe Houſe being in danger of falling, it having given a ſudden Crack, he beg'd ſhe would permit him ſhelter for that Night at the Caſtle.

The Innocent Baroneſs, little ſuſpecting the Miſchief, with her accuſtomed Sweetneſs, readily reply'd *that he ſhould be welcome*, and accordingly order'd the Servants to prepare a Bed for his Reception.

Thus train'd to be the Victim of cauſeleſs Jealouſy, and helliſh Spite, the Gentleman arrives, ——is carried to the Baroneſs's Chamber, which, not being very well, ſhe had not quitted that Day. The Diſcourſe between

tween them on his first Entrance, wou'd have been extremely comical, had not the Consequence been too Tragical to suffer it to be remember'd with any degree of Pleasantry. —— He begg'd to know her Ladyship's Commands —— she ask'd if he had secured his Furniture? And where he had sent his Family? —— *In what can I be serviceable to your Ladyship?* cried he—— *how fortunate was it you had warning of the Danger*, said she.—— In fine, whoever had heard the Interrogatories they made each other, wou'd have thought they had been at the Play call'd *Cross Questions.* ——at length he look'd with surprise at her, and she at him—— each thinking the Senses of the other in some Disorder —— *Did you not send for me Madam*, demanded he? *Is your House not falling?* said she. A little more 'tis possible wou'd have convinc'd both that some Deception had been put upon them; but a terrible Interruption broke off their Conversation before they had Time to come to any Eclaircisment.

The cruel Author of this execrable Stratagem, no sooner heard the Gentleman was come, and in the Baroness's Chamber, than he ran to acquaint his Brother, who transported with Rage and Jealousy, was flying to sacrifice those suppos'd Betrayers of his Honour; but the other thinking that it wou'd not be his Interest for him to be their Murderer, withheld and persuaded him to a more safe Revenge —— the Servants were immediately call'd up, and being commanded by their Lord, rush'd into the Baroness's Chamber, and

and dragg'd the Gentleman into a Room where the Baron and his Brother were. It wou'd be needleſs to repeat the Reproaches utter'd by the Husband, or the Aſſeverations made by the Gentleman of his Innocence, after finding of what he was accuſed; for at firſt all that paſs'd ſeem'd like a Dream —— all he ſaid was ineffectual, the Baron had a furious Paſſion in his Breaſt, and a Demon at his Elbow, which made him equally deaf to Argument and to perſuaſion. In ſpite of every thing the Gentleman cou'd urge, the Baron order'd him to be bound, and ſtood over him with a drawn Sword, while he ob lig'd his Huntſman to cut off both his Ears, then turn'd him bleeding out of the Gates— ſo cruel, and ſo ſhocking an Operation had doubtleſs not gone unreveng'd, had not the Baron, before the other was recover'd of his Wounds, left *Altamont*, and repair'd to the Capital.

The Method which the injurious Count took to have this Blemiſh on the Baroneſs's Character mention'd in the Trial, was to deſire his Counſel, when a certain Witneſs whom he named ſhou'd come to give her Evidence, to ask whether it was not the Son of *Juggan*, who run after her into the Room when the Baron order'd the Gentleman's Ears to be cropp'd.

This Witneſs, who was an honeſt ſilly Creature, preſently anſwer'd that ſhe knew no Son of *Juggan*, but that ſhe very well remember'd, that as ſhe was giving ſome Sweetmeat to the young Lord, her Lady

call'd her in a great Fright, and ſaid a Gentleman had been ſurpriz'd in her Chamber, and ſhe was afraid he wou'd be kill'd——— and then bid her go and ſee what they were doing, on which ſhe ran into the Room, and the Child follow'd her for more Sweetmeat, and that as the Gentleman paſs'd by after he was unbound to go out, ſome of his Blood dropp'd upon the Child's Frock.

The Counſel then ask'd her, what the Gentleman had been doing in her Lady's Chamber, and were going on to make other Demands; but the Judge, who ſaw into the Malice of the Deſign, wou'd ſuffer no Reply to be made; ſaying, all this was foreign to the Matter, and the Court did not ſit to be entertain'd with Scandal, but to examine into Facts, which ſilenced any further Queries on that Head.

The Count, no doubt, imagin'd himſelf mighty witty in contriving to Affront his Nephew, by bringing back the Memory of a Tranſaction which thoſe who knew not the truth of, might hereafter mention to the Diſcredit of his Mother. But it had the ſame Effect with moſt of his other Plots, only to bring Diſgrace and Hatred on himſelf; for ſeveral Gentlemen were well acquainted with this Secret, and having heard it not only from the Gentleman who had ſuffer'd by the Baron's Reſentment; but alſo from the Baron himſelf, who was afterwards perfectly convinc'd he had been impoſed upon by his Brother, and of his Lady's Innocence, of whom, in ſpite of all the Quarrels they had

had together, he always was ſo juſt as to ſay, ſhe was a Woman greatly wrong'd, and believ'd in his Conſcience ſtrictly virtuous.

How little therefore ought we to depend on Rumour; who that heard the Baroneſs had ordered a Bed to be prepar'd for a Gentleman in her Husband's Abſence, that he had been ſurpriz'd with her in her Chamber, and the contemptuous Puniſhment he had receiv'd for his ſuppos'd Crime, but wou'd ſet her down as guilty! — Yet how innocently did ſhe fall under the Scandal, and her imagin'd Lover under the Fury of a jealous Husband — O wou'd the World but put the *beſt* Conſtruction, as they are too apt to do to the *worſt*, on every Action that will bear a double Meaning, what an Infinity of Sin, and Shame, and Diſcontent wou'd be avoided! — But to return to the Hiſtory of the Trial.

The fourth and fifth Days were taken up in proving the Identity of the Perſon — *Colroy* depoſed, that he went to the ſame School with the Chevalier *James de Altamont* — that he ſaw him by Accident, when taking Boat in order to be ſhipp'd off for *America*; and that having never ſeen him ſince, till lately, he remember'd him again, and knew the Plaintiff to be the ſame who had always been reputed the lawful Son of the Baron *de Altamont*. The Maſter of the School, where he was taught to write, made Oath, that the Plaintiff was his Pupil, and that he remember'd his Face the firſt Moment he ſaw him; ſeveral Gentleman, who

learn'd at the ſame time, were alſo Witneſſes of this Fact.——An eminent Trader, who had relieved the Plaintiff in his Diſtreſſes, declared upon Oath, that the Count *Richard* had, in her Preſence, acknowledg'd him for the lawful Son of his Brother, the Baron *de Altamont*.

A Perſon, who dealt in Stuffs, proved, that he had ſold Cloths ſeveral times to be made up in Cloaths for the young Chevalier *James*, and that he knew the Plaintiff to be the ſame identical Perſon.

The Surgeon, who took care of his Wound, when ſtabbed in Play by his School-fellow, ſwore alſo to the ſame Thing; as did ſeveral Gentlemen, who had ſeen him in the Baron's Coach, and remembered him again.

One who had been Servant to the Defendant, and employed by him to conduct the Chevalier *James* on Board the Ship that carried him to *America*, gave Evidence in like manner.

On *Giraldo*, the Attorney's ſtepping up to appear as Evidence, it was objected by the Counſel on the other ſide, that he ought not to be admitted, as he had been concern'd for the Defendant, to which the other reply'd, that as he had done nothing in this Cauſe, there was no Reaſon his Witneſs ſhould be refuſed——The Count's Counſel then threw ſome Reflections on his Veracity, and were again anſwer'd by thoſe of the Chevalier *James*, that whatever he was, he had been chiefly employed by the Count in all his Suits;

Suits; and as there was nothing infamous of him upon Record, he had a Right to give his Oath, as much as any who appeared there. This the Court allowed to be juſt Reaſoning, and he was accordingly admitted, and ſworn.

The Evidence he gave was full, clear, and ſtrong; he repeated the Offers made by the Count *de Anglia* to the Chevalier *James*, wherein he acknowleg'd his Right, and deſired only a Penſion out of the Eſtate, that he might ſubſiſt in ſome foreign Country.

He alſo added, that on the unhappy Accident of the Chevalier *James's* Piece going of, by which a Man loſt his Life, the Count *de Anglia* employ'd him to carry on the Proſecution againſt his Nephew, was at the whole Expence of it, and ſaid he would give ten thouſand Pounds to have him hang'd.

This Depoſition, of which moſt People had heard ſome talk before, made every Body turn their Eyes on Count *Richard* as on a Fiend. ——The Looks they threw at him, and the Whiſpers he could not avoid hearing, made him turn pale and red by fits, nor could all his Efforts bring him to any Compoſure of Mind that whole Day.

Many other Evidences ſwore to the Identity of the Chevalier *James*; but as what they ſaid regarded only that Article, which indeed had been fully prov'd before, it would be needleſs to repeat the Particulars of what they ſaid.

The Buſineſs of the ſixth Day was to make out the kidnapping, or ſpiriting away the Chevalier *James de Altamont*, which was no

leſs

leſs plainly prov'd than the two former Articles had been —— The Cuſtom-houſe Book was produc'd, and the Entry outward of the Ship in which the Chevalier *James* was carry'd to *America*, proved the Outſailing of the Ship mention'd in the Charge —— Two of the Crew depos'd the Deception put upon him, and a Perſon who had been in *Penſilvania* and knew him there, ſwore to the ſame Effect.

All who were thought neceſſary for proving him really born of the Baroneſs *de Altamont*, of his being acknowledg'd and cheriſh'd for ſome Years by the Baron *de Altamont*, as his lawful Son, and the baſe trapaning him into Slavery; it now remain'd to examine thoſe Witneſſes the Councel for the Defendant had to produce.

The ſeventh Day, therefore, began with an Attempt to prove that the Baroneſs never had a Son ——Several Ladies of Condition had had been ſubpened on this Score, who all depos'd they never heard of her being with Child, were queſtion'd concerning their Intimacy with her Ladyſhip, to which they reply'd, they never viſited her. ——— This made the Counſel for the Chevalier *James* very merry, and occaſion'd ſome Sarcaſm's to be thrown on thoſe Gentlemen who brought People into Court, in order for the Determination of the Affair, who were intirely ignorant in every thing concerning it.

A Gentleman alſo who lived in the Neighbourhood of the Baron *de Altamont* was alſo

alſo brought to depoſe he never heard the Baroneſs had a Son, but confeſt himſelf wholly unacquainted with either of them.

Two others depoſed they ſaw the Baron frequently, and never heard him ſay he had a Son; but being ſtrictly examin'd concerning the Time in which their Intimacy with him ſubſiſted, their Evidence was of little Moment.

But not to delay the Reader's Attention with Matters of no Moment, a Cloud of Witneſſes, who pretended either to have lived near, or been acquainted with the Baron and Baroneſs *de Altamont*, made Oath they never heard any thing of her Ladyſhip's having been Pregnant, or that ſhe was deliver'd of a Son—Near twelve o' Clock at Night was it before theſe immaterial Evidences had paſt their Examination, when the Court thought it proper to adjourn till the next Day.

Early the next Morning the Judges obſerving the unuſual length of time already ſpent in this Trial, and that not only great Numbers of People were detained by it in Town to the prejudice of their Property, but alſo the Buſineſs of the Nation was poſtponed by it, deſired the Counſel to be as Conciſe and Expeditious in their Evidence as poſſible, and to call no more than ſuch whoſe Knowledge in the Affair gave them a right to be regarded.

A Popiſh Prieſt then depoſed, that he had been Employed to teach a Child to read, who was repreſented to him as the natural Son of

the Baron *de Altamont*, but could not ſay whether the Plaintiff was that Son or not.

Several made Oath that one *Juggan*, a Servant under the Cook, had a Son which ſhe ſaid was the Baron's, and that the Baron was extremely fond of him, till he was three or four Years old, but knew not what became of him afterward.

The Teſtimony all theſe gave ſignified nothing, and it now behov'd thoſe concern'd for the Defendant to produce others, who could ſpeak more poſitively, on which *Charlotta* was call'd.

This Woman, who had ſteel'd her Heart againſt all the Emotions of Duty, Gratitude, Compaſſion, and Juſtice, ſtepp'd forth undaunted, or at leaſt ſeemed to be ſo, at the awful Tribunal ſhe appear'd before; and being ſworn, declared that ſhe had lived with the Baroneſs *de Altamont* before her Marriage with the Baron, continued with her all the time ſhe lived with him, and to the Hour of her Death, and that ſhe never had the leaſt Signs of Pregnancy, or was ever deliver'd of a Child.

This wicked Creature alſo added, by way of corroborating her former Evidence, that when the Baroneſs firſt came to the Caſtle, it was whiſper'd among the Servants that *Juggan* was with Child by the Baron, but afterward made no Secret of, and that when ſhe was Deliver'd, ſomebody told the Baron ſhe had got a fine Boy: This was ſaid in the Preſence of the Baroneſs, who, without being moved at it, cryed out ſhe wiſhed ſhe had ſuch another,

another; on which the Baron reply'd in a ſurly manner, that ſhe never ſhou'd, at leaſt by him: This ſo much touch'd her, as it was ſpoke in publick Company, that ſhe burſt into Tears, and went out of the Room.

The Counſel for the Chevalier *James* then ask'd her, who were preſent when theſe Words were ſpoke, to which ſhe anſwer'd, that it being ſo long ago ſhe had forgot.

She further ſaid, that the Baron taking Care of the Child, and ſhewing a great Fondneſs to it, occaſion'd many Quarrels between him and her Lady.

This was indeed ſpeaking to the Point—This Witneſs ſwore poſitively, and left nothing to Suppoſition; as did another who was call'd immediately after ſhe had finiſh'd her Depoſition.

He ſaid he lived as a Servant with the late Baron *de Altamont*, before the Arrival of the Baroneſs at the Caſtle, and after ſhe had quitted it:—That he never heard the leaſt Talk of her being with Child, or that ſhe was delivered of a Son; but that *Juggan* had a Son born, which ſhe ſaid was by the Baron-------That the Baron took Care of him, ſeemed to love him very well, and put him to School; after which he took him home, and he ſtayed ſome time, but proving a very wicked Boy, the Baron turned him out of Doors, and he was a Vagabond about the Streets, till at laſt he ſold himſelf to a Merchant who dealt in Slaves, and was tranſported to *America*.

How great a ſhock, how much almoſt beyond all his former Sufferings, muſt it be to the noble Mind of the Chevalier *James*, to hear himſelf thus groſly, thus ſhamefully Miſrepreſented and Abuſed——Some Gentlemen, who were preſent, and knew the Falſity and Abſurdity of theſe Scandals, broached by theſe two laſt Witneſſes, felt for him little leſs than he did for himſelf, and could ſcarce forbear teſtifying their Reſentment at this publick Prophanation of Truth, in a manner contrary to the Rules of the Place they were in.

Another Witneſs then was ſworn, who depoſed he was preſent when the Plaintiff voluntarily, and of his own Accord, indented and bound himſelf to ſerve for a certain term of Years in the Plantations in *Penſilvania*.

One who pretended to know the Plaintiff in his Diſtreſs, depos'd, that he had often heard him ſay, he wou'd tranſport himſelf to the Plantations.

There were alſo ſome others who ſwore they remember'd the Plaintiff when he liv'd with the Baron, and that he was never look'd upon as any other than his natural Son.

But another being call'd, ſeem'd either to have forgot his Inſtructions, or to pay no Regard to them; for the Evidence he gave was in plain Contradiction to what had been ſworn to by the others, who ſaid the Chevalier *James* had always been reputed the natural Son of the Baron, and was never acknowledg'd by him as Legitimate, whereas this Witneſs now ſwore, he attempted all he could

to

to make him pass for such, and forbad *Juggan* to own him as her Son, saying, he intended to make him be look'd upon as born of his Wife, on purpose to disappoint his Brother *Dick*'s Expectations.

The Counsel for the Count look'd one upon another, on hearing this Deposition, with all the Tokens of Amazement and Vexation; and those for the Chevalier *James* smiled, not only at what the Witness had said, but at the Confusion in which the other Party were involv'd. But as it was afterwards discover'd, tho' not to the Court, Count *Richard* had put this into the Man's Head the Night before, as imagining his speaking in that manner would seem Impartial, and what he said, for that Reason, the sooner gain Belief. Indeed in every Circumstance relating to this Affair, from the beginning to the end, he behaved like *Marplot* in the Play, and in refining too much on Policy, overthrew every thing by the Measures he took to advance it.

The next Day was spent in examining other Witnesses, which in many Particulars contradicted themselves, and were in all Respects, the last and lowest Dregs and Drainings of that Corruption, which was too evident had been put in Practice, to out-brave Truth and blind the Eyes of Justice in his Cause.

All the Witnesses, whose Depositions were thought Material, on the Part of the Plaintiff, and all those which could be raked up on that of the Defendant, having been examin'd, and it appearing, that there were positive Oaths made

made to the Negative of a particular Fact, on the ſide of the Defendant, the contrary of of which had been atteſted by a great Number of Evidences on the ſide of the Plaintiff, the Court judg'd proper they ſhould be confronted with each other, and the next Day was appointed for that purpoſe.

This took up more time than was at firſt imagin'd, *Charlotta* being a ſecond time examin'd, ſo many Perſons were produced to contradict her Evidence, and ſuch a Number of Circumſtances atteſted, to prove that ſhe her ſelf both knew, and never, at leaſt while ſhe was in that Kingdom, had ever pretended to to deny that the Baroneſs *de Altamont* had a Son; and alſo that ſhe had fixed the Birth of *Juggan*'s Child at a wrong time; that it was late at Night before thoſe who invalidated her Evidence were fully heard.

How hardened in Iniquity! how bold in Falſhood was this perfidious Woman, who with a matchleſs Front could ſtand and hear every Word of what ſhe had ſworn to contradicted by Circumſtances too Natural and too Strong, as well as vouched by Perſons of too undoubted Characters not to merit Credit. A Gentleman who was preſent this Day, and had been very Attentive to what was alledged in Oppoſition to her Teſtimony, and the audacious, tho' weak Replies ſhe made, was ſtruck with too much Horror at her Behaviour, and when the Court broke up, and ſhe was going out of the Judgment-Hall, he came cloſe to her, and looking earneſtly in her Face, *Woman, Woman!* ſaid

ſaid he, *think of thoſe grey Hairs of yours, and tremble to reflect the time cannot be long before you muſt anſwer before a higher Court of Juſtice for your Impiety in this!*

This Salutation could not but alarm her—ſhe found ſhe had render'd herſelf the general Object of Deteſtation, and alſo that ſhe had done all this without being of any real Service to Count *Richard*, and could therefore expect no farther Inſtances of his Favour, in caſe he even ſhould continue in a Condition which could render it of any Value.

But to the Gnawings of enervate Malice—the Racks of diſappointed Avarice—the Horrors of Remorſe, and all the Hell of Guilt let us leave her, and haſten to the juſt Fate of Villany and Fraud.

Two Days more were employed in bringing other Witneſſes Face to Face, when ſuch a Scene of complicated Villany was expoſed to Light, as never any Age or Country had produced. After which one of the Judges in a grand and eloquent Charge to the Gentlemen of the Jury, in the minuteſt manner, ſumm'd up the whole Evidence to the great Satisfaction of all preſent, on which the Jury withdrew.

Now was the happy Point of Time arrived, which was to put a Period to the Reign of Hypocriſy and Fraud—Now was the bleſt Moment come, when Truth ſhould Triumph over Oppreſſion, and ſhine in all her native Charms, unclouded with Suſpence or gloomy Apprehenſions!

To

To the immortal Honour of that Country, and of thoſe Gentlemen in particular who compos'd the Jury, the Foreman, after having been retir'd but a few Minutes with his worthy Partners, return'd, and gave the wiſh'd-for—— the important *Fiat*, in theſe Words——

WE FIND FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

No ſooner had the glad Sentence iſſued from his Mouth, than the Hall wrung with Shouts and Acclamations, which in a few Minutes were communicated to the whole City; and in leſs than a quarter of an Hour, the Houſes were all Illuminated, and the Streets ſeem'd to be in a Blaze——People of all Conditions and Degrees were tranſported, and run up and down congratulating each other, as on a publick Victory.

Never was there ſo univerſal, ſo ſincere a Joy, the Muſick that play'd in the Streets, and even the Bells which rung from every Church, could ſcarce be heard amidſt the repeated Huzza's of the Multitude.

Count *Richard*, from his Apartment, ſaw the Lights and heard the Noiſe, and now loſt to all Hope, as he long had been to all Goodneſs, more than once attempted to lay violent Hands on his own Life, but was either prevented by ſome who ſtill had an Intereſt in his Preſervation, or by the Timidity of his own Nature.

But let us not poyſon the ſweet Reflexions of this bleſt Event, by permitting them to blend with any Thoughts of ſo execrable a Mon-

Monſter——Let us rather admire the force of Truth, which under ſuch a might of Power, and of Oppreſſion, and many other Diſadvantages, could break through all, and put to Confuſion every Impediment that oppos'd her Paſſage——Let us commemorate thoſe worthy Aſſertors of her Cauſe——Let the Poet, the Sculpture, and the Painter, exert their ſeveral Arts to tranſmit their amiable Portraits to late Poſterity, and let the Land, which gave them Birth, have our beſt Wiſhes, and be ever mentioned with Eſteem and Love.

The Love of Juſtice is certainly ingraſted in the Nature of all Men, and few there are but would chooſe rather to adhere to the Rules preſcrib'd by it, than the contrary, when no Self-intereſt intervenes ---- but how rare is it to find Examples ſuch as theſe! two of theſe truly-worthy *Jurors* loſt fair Eſtates by their own Verdict, and three others of them were nearly ally'd to Perſons deeply intereſted in this great Event; yet ſuch was their ſteady Principles---- ſuch their Love of Truth, that no Conſideration of Advantage to themſelves, or thoſe moſt dear to them, could influence them to ſhut their Eyes againſt Conviction.

Neither Count *Richard*, nor the Chevalier *James*, had been in Court during the three laſt Days of the Trial; both eaſily ſaw in what manner it would be decided; the one ſhut himſelf up to avoid being expos'd to the Inſults which he knew he muſt expect from the populace on that Occaſion, and the other to enjoy, with a few ſelect Friends, the Pleaſure of having removed all Doubts of the Legality of his

his Claim, in thoſe who wiſh'd him well; and ſhewing his Enemies, that unfriended as they thought him, he had a ſure Protection from that Power who beſt knew his Innocence, and the Wrongs he had ſuſtain'd.

But when the Verdict was once given, in vain he hoped to ſhun the tumultuous Rejoicings of the Populace, or the Congratulations of thoſe of his own Rank ---- Scarce could he ſteal an Hour from their Embraces to make his dear *Almira* Partaker of his Happineſs; not but a great number of Letters were diſpatch'd the ſame Night with News of his Succeſs, but then he knew the Pleaſure ſhe would receive in hearing it would be imperfect if not coming from his own Hand ------ He therefore wrote a ſhort Account to her, and another to *Patrocles*, who well deſerved that Proof of his Regard.

'Tis certain that every Poſt they had been made acquainted with the Progreſs of the Affair, and had never any reaſon to be dubious of the Iſſue; yet in what concerns us greatly to wiſh, ſome Fear will always intermingle, and it would have been little of a piece with the ſincere Love and Friendſhip of the Chevalier *James*, to have omitted any thing which might take away all Remains of Care and Anxiety from Perſons ſo juſtly dear to him.

He therefore diſcharg'd his Duty in that point, then gave himſelf to the Careſſes of thoſe who ſeem'd ſo truly to partake in his Happineſs ---- That Night all was devoted to rejoicing, after which they began a-new to think

think of Buſineſs. ---- All was not over, tho' the Trial was ---- the Writs of Ejectment were to be enforced, and many other Ceremonies, which Law requires, perform'd ----- but the chief, and that which was firſt to be conſider'd, was that Form by which the Chevalier *James*, now Baron *Altamont*, was to be initiated into the Seat of his Anceſtor in the Senate-houſe---- The whole Copy of the Proceſs, with the Verdict given, was therefore tranſmitted to the Principal Secretary of State in that Kingdom, to which this, where they now were, was but a Province, with a Petition to his Majeſty for ſending his royal Mandate for the Eſtabliſhment of the Heir of *Altamont* in all thoſe Dignities his Father had enjoy'd, and which, as appear'd by the Verdict, he had ſo long unjuſtly been depriv'd of.

Count *Richard*, now deprived of all that Power and Weight which his uſurp'd Title had given him over ſome few People, was never ſeen in publick after, but kept cloſe in his Apartment with *Charlotte*, and ſome of thoſe Evidences who had been moſt bold in their Depoſitions, but now durſt not ſtir into the Street for fear of being torn to pieces by the Multitude; but he could not keep himſelf from hearing the ſcurril Jeſts the Vulgar every Day paſs'd on him ---- Ballads were printed and ſung to great Crouds, even before his Windows, under the Title of *The cruel Uncle* --- *The Kid-napper* ---- *The wou'd-be Count*, and many other ſuch like Produces of a Genius to Poetry in Low-life. But he did not ſuffer them

them long to enjoy the Pleaſure of giving him this Mortification --- He quitted ****** by Night, without bidding Farewel to any one Perſon, and embark'd on board a Packet, taking with him thoſe who had been the chief Emiſſaries and Agents of his foul Deſigns, and now cou'd only be the Partners of his Deſpair and Shame.

Our new Baron, in the mean time, did not change his Principles or Diſpoſition with his Condition --- his Soul had ever been noble, and could receive no Acceſſion of Worth by his exterior Dignity, therefore was not in the leaſt elated by it --- he was pleaſed 'tis true with getting the better of Injuſtice, and that it now wou'd be in his power to return the numberleſs Obligations he had received from thoſe who were Friends to his Misfortunes, and to beſtow Favours where he thought them deſerv'd -----, much leſs did he forego any of thoſe compaſſionate Intentions he had form'd before he attain'd the Means of executing them --- he deſir'd a Meeting with *Anadea* at one of her Friends, and after ſpeaking with great Modeſty on the Alteration in her Husband's Fortune, entreated her to accept of a Penſion from him ſufficient to ſupport her and the young Ladies her Daughters, in a faſhion becoming thoſe who had once thought themſelves of the Nobility.

It is not to be doubted but ſhe accepted ſo generous an Offer with all the Gratitude it demanded, and perhaps now thought herſelf more free from Misfortune, than ſhe had done for almoſt

almoſt as many Years as ſhe had been the Wife of a moſt unworthy Husband.

Her Benefactor took now an opportunity of declaring, that for his Friend *Portius* which it had been judg'd improper he ſhould mention himſelf, and thereby ſaved him the Confuſion of a Lover in firſt opening his Heart --- *Anadea* reply'd, that ſhe was too well convinced, by what he had now done for her, of the Good-will he bore her Family not to be ready on all Occaſions to follow his Advice.

Many other Acts of Benevolence and Compaſſion illuſtrated his Acceſſion to the Dignity he was born to enjoy, and every way render'd him more dear to all who had the Pleaſure of Acquaintance with him.

What then is the Due of that unjuſt and cruel Man, who ſo long depriv'd him of the Power of exerciſing thoſe generous Propenſities he receiv'd from Nature; none ſure can blame the Aſperity with which he may ſeem to have been treated in ſome parts of theſe Memoirs? *Juſtice*, whom in the Beginning I invok'd, has ever ſince directed my Pen to draw him as he is, to ſhew him the horrid Picture of himſelf, and, if poſſible, make him feel that Puniſhment, which nothing but the Tribunal in his own Boſom can inflict.

F I N I S.

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